

RESURRECT...

to come back from the dead; to live gloriously again,
after the burial of your dreams, which have
awoken to new life; to return from the
morgue of give-up, from the grave of
failure; to salute ferociously the roll
call of a new day - after others
dismissed you as being of no
consequence, or wanted you
gone - and you were; to
resurrect means to live
at full charge, after
declaring your life
over; from the
ancient language
of Latin: re = again
+ surgere = to rise,
to surge
back

Resurrection

for souls in broken bodies

Beyond the Healers' Books.™

A Home-Study Course

Resurrection

for souls in broken bodies



Sam Biser

Sam Biser Press Inc.
A Volume for the Vanquished

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To my Lily of the Valley,
she who endured the drought and the plagues,
and the perils of fire that would have severed
a forest of giant trees from their aged roots -
yet she stood her place
'gainst the gales of my winter;
and by the steadying glow of her belief in me,
has this volume of mine made its way
from the dark of deepest night
to the dawn of its revealing.

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It is essential that you consult a medical doctor before you self-diagnose or self-treat any condition; for example, a symptom such as loss of appetite, which appears to be benign, could actually be a sign of something as serious as kidney failure, which requires urgent medical intervention.

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Upon my pen, as drops of dew
on a windowsill, form words
that shall instruct you, for the
path out of the state of being
broken is not one cleared by
men of the trade of healing,
but is a path made clear by
counsel from those of Higher
Realms, who set before you
laws of matter and ways of
spirit that lead to the
Meadow of Resurrection.

Sam Biser



*In the heart of night, I was led to write this Course - to rescue from their agony
a tribe of people whom no healer can raise up.*

Resurrection

for souls in broken bodies



Part One
Fateful Decisions

LESSON ONE



Forgotten by God

MY COURSE IS WRITTEN for you who feel abandoned by a Higher Power, left to suffer alone because of your poor and prolonged lack of health. Like the child above, you have been deserted by a world that cares dearly for some, but has no time for others. Your condition may not be life-threatening - but it has left you living on the emotional outskirts of life, with few or no friends or family who understand your true malady.

I understand that your exhaustion or your disease has defied so many natural therapies - and has gone on for so long - that you are justified in wondering if there is no therapy strong enough to melt your torment, no therapy that will do for *your* body what it can do for others. Your prayers have been ignored and your plight

seems not to matter - and you are justified in believing that your suffering *has* been forgotten by a God who cares for everyone else.

No! He has not forgotten you, and by the help of His hand, this volume was written to save you. Like you, I have spent my years on earth living on the other side of the tracks, that part of town where there is no energy, where you are trapped by a body that will not work, where the remedies that seem to save thousands of the physically-damned have done nothing for you. Maybe you are a little better - but you suffer from being so limited, and while you hide it, you are not well and have never been cured, and you know that *something* is wrong - but you do not know what it is - and to the wholistic healers you see, you are a nuisance. You do not respond like the good patients who follow their wonderful programs.

That is about to change.

This is your time, and these are your answers.

What you need is beyond the healers' books and beyond their standard methods - because your problems go beyond what they understand. They may have cured 25,000 people, but they cannot cure you, and it is not *your* fault. Your cure lies over the river and across the steep-stoned range of their limitations.

What they cannot see is your heart... how the flame that *should* burn within and warm a spirit, that flame of anticipation for a future of better days - has spluttered out, and in its stead is the mere pilot light of survival; what they cannot see is that slogans do not rouse you - and stories of the cures of others are not the medicine of words that can dissolve *your* despair.

You belong to a race of people - not determined by their genes, but by the weight of prior events which did more than wound you - they broke you.

Your heart has become detached from the nerve-lines of belief in happy times. Even natural medicines strong enough to rescue those who were ill unto death do not have the chemical force to

haul you back up the cliff of debility, from which you have fallen and landed at the bottom... alive, but feeling little.

You have broken - your heart, your chemistry, and your ability to come back from a withering of health... they are all gone, and no healer and no friend on this earth can understand what is going on. As you will see in these pages, God has *not* forgotten you.

*Forgotten
by God*

You will learn to resurrect your body from the hardly-living - those who live, but who have a pennies-worth of life - those who live, but have no happiness - and those who live, but whose voice is a muffled trumpet.

I write for you - forgotten by men, but not by God.

As Moses once said a long time ago, in an ancient language, to authenticate himself to the elders of Israel, closeted by bondage with their people in the land of Egypt: 'Pakod Pakadati' (*He has surely remembered you.*)

I now say to you in the hour of *your* suffering: Pakod Pakadati. You need to know that *He has surely remembered you* - not as a man recalls a lost comrade, but as One who created you, who assigned to you a mission - who benighted you by way of your suffering - to cause you to seek only Him and not the frail wisdom of others, and who now calls out your name, that you may follow Him and depart together from the dark woods of your pain.

You have been selected to serve Him and were never forgotten, but have been saved for the time in which you were most needed.

You have been hidden in the diamond mine of His making, and now it is your time to gleam.

CHOSEN TO BE CURED

That you are reading this says you have been selected for a cure.

If you have the desire within your wounded heart, you can rise beyond a physical cure to a second life inside of the wretched and

ruined hollows of this one; you face the doors of a new beginning, and from there, you can climb the stairs to a real resurrection.

*Chosen to
be Cured* Others can sell you a chemical to cure some disease of a body, but for a resurrection to occur - your own spark must ignite. You must want it more than others want it *for* you. I can shovel coal in your direction, but in a heap it will remain - without your desire to participate in your own resurrection. Undecided souls can not resurrect. Without the fertilizer of desire, miracles that could be yours - and *should* be yours - will die like a budding rose killed by frost.

You have been chosen, but to receive *your* bounty of blessings, sequestered by God for security purposes, reserved for you and no-one else, you must step forward to claim what is being offered.

And... as you take your first steps on the road up, grip hard this placard of my prophecy in your frightened hand - that you may be rooted strongly to ground during the storms which shall surely come...

'Though perilous the passage, the end has been foretold, a victory for the suffering, a new life from the old.'

LESSON TWO



Curse of the Healthfood Honeymoon

IT BEGINS IN BLISS. IT ALWAYS DOES. You have found *him*... or it, the healer or program that will cure you. I know - you said it before, but *this* time is different. The results are so sweet and so easily do they appear that you know *this is the one*, the program to which your eyes tear, 'YES, I waited all my life for this.'

Shrinking are health problems which other programs couldn't cure. No more searching for you. No more waiting for new health books with your symptoms in the index. You have entered the kingdom of healthfood heaven - a program that suits you. What could go wrong now that your body is snug in its new routines?

A season passes in the land of Camelot, and you and the new health program are *still* in love; you are so happy, you are urging others to marry your new program too. Then you have your first lover's quarrel; it's a new health symptom you haven't had before. Or maybe you realize you *still* have big problems, and they haven't changed just yet, though parts of you *are* so much better.

You do know what the problem is, *don't* you? It's because you're not dedicated enough - not like you should be. *That must be it.* You haven't done the doctor's program long enough, and yes, it's true, things went *so well*, that you did go light on the dosages, or maybe there were parts of the program you skipped? Isn't that right?

So you renew your vows. You *will* love the program *more*. That will do it. It has to; the honeymoon will live on! It must, because you'll never again find anything to help you as much as this did. But in spite of your love, the honeymoon is over. *How can it be?*

It was the perfect health romance, you and your new wholistic program, and now - it's dropping you. You are SO HURT, but you blame the break-up on yourself.

The program is so right; there must be something wrong with *your* body - or *your* attitude. You endure, because you remember the early days together. And this is the *curse* of the healthfood honeymoon; people stay married to programs they should have left years ago; they become fixated on the honeymoon and can't stop loving the *feeling* of feeling cured.

BLESSED DIVORCES

My numerous healer breakups have helped me save you.

I have fallen in love many times, but was forced to separate... from health programs I thought (and wholeheartedly *believed*) were my final destination. When I first started in natural healing

three decades ago, I had an intuition that frightened me: it was that *nothing* I found would work for me. Fortunately, I was right.

It was *good* that I was right, and that all therapies failed long before I was cured - for if any were the whole answer, I would have parked my car under their shade and turned off the motor. I *had* to go beyond the healers, for they and their therapies were all like buses that made scheduled stops, and they could drop me off only part of the way to my destination. I was going to California, and they only went as far as Iowa.

*Curse of the
Healthfood
Honeymoon*

I spent thousands of hours interviewing healers and patients; not on ordinary cases, but on the *only* cases which ever interested me, those who failed to respond or those who *partially* responded, limping like refugees with socks for shoes, from wonder-doctor to wonder-doctor, asking, 'How come I don't get well like others?'

I was one of these people myself, so I attracted a world-wide audience of people who had no changes at all, no health reversals - on programs that had saved everyone else. The annual summer storms of new cures, which nourished the bodies of the majority, did not remedy the poverty of health inside *our* bodies.

I led a band of outcasts, who had to leave the healers' clinics through the back door; none of us could ever walk out the front with epaulets of honor, as do the newly-cured whom all healers love to show off. They want us to never speak of this, for we are a dark sunspot on the glow of their reputations. We have failed them, they say, because the programs they gave us were perfect - and have healed others. And so to the desert of shame we trod - blaming ourselves for *our* inability to get well on their programs. We became a race of nomads, roaming through the back country of natural healing, seeking salvation in the camps of mighty ones who could not help us, and who could not humble themselves to acknowledge that our cure lay beyond *their* powers.

I *had* to ask questions that made healers resent me, and, in the end - reject me. I could not bring flower-baskets of praise, as do

visitors to holy shrines; what I brought instead were questions such as ... 'Why has your program caused a friend to get stroke symptoms?' or ... 'Is it possible that what you recommend could cause seizures in people who take it too long?'

Blessèd
Divorces In the end, I *had* to become the anti-healer; I would not, could not, and will *never* join the choir of their worshippers and bind my mouth with the duct-tape of silence.

I had to rise up - and step forward to the microphone of my words, and with honor, state to them, 'Whoah, there are people being made *worse* by your opinions - which you don't call *opinions*, you call TRUTH. There are people your methods are not curing, people I know, people you will never acknowledge, because you want the world to believe - that after years of working with patients, you can slaughter all diseases that wander near your competence.'

No - I say to you, it is not true. Many now leave you, uncured - as they once left medical doctors, with no country of healing who will take them in; they are the Vietnamese boat-people of natural healing; their encampments are an embarrassment to you healers who proclaim the sovereignty of your methods and the supremacy of your products.

In my years as an insider, I saw healers catch the curse of the healthfood honeymoon - just as their patients did. They became rigid, because they remembered (just like us), and clung to what their own programs did for them, and how *their* discoveries saved their own lives - and because of this, they locked-out any real changes in their thinking. That would have made them unfaithful to the programs that saved them ... and made their careers.

Why do health programs that produce such happy results in one department of your body not work on *all* of you? And why do programs that work ... then *stop* working?

UNSOLVED PROBLEMS GROW MOLDY

When hidden problems are not solved, you deteriorate.

The reason for the curse of the healthfood honeymoon is that wholistic programs that claim to be *solving* your problems are *not*.

*Curse of the
Healthfood
Honeymoon*

Through the years, readers wrote me and said, 'You've got to talk to Dr. Wonderman - he's figured out the basic cause behind all disease, and he's curing everything.'

Then they told me about the doctor's theory that, for example, blockage is the cause of all disease, or how parasites are behind everything evil. No, they're not, because parasites are a force of nature to eliminate weakness, but *why* is that weakness there? And as for blockage, yes, it *can* be a cause of illness, but what if a blockage, such as a subluxation (a vertebrae out of place in the spine), is actually locking up one part of the body to prevent a *worse* problem from occurring elsewhere. Yes, this does happen.

We've heard how a clogged colon is the cause of all disease - and how we need either colonics, coffee enemas or strong herbs to cleanse us, and then we will be cured. Again, this *could* be true.

But what if the clogged colon was the *result* of being broken, and if it is, the colon can't work, because the person is not being nourished by their life. Such a person could fill themselves with bran, and plates of fibrous vegetables - and still be constipated. Bowel cleansing for thousands of people is a symptom-relieving measure, not a wholistic cure - because their problems go deeper.

This was true for my wife. She was stuck for years, at the back end. She went on a popular bowel cleansing formula, lost much weight, and went to the bathroom like a normal human; that had never happened before. But a cure, no it wasn't!

Six months later, she still had no energy. So she did the whole intestinal program she had skipped before, and she did the liver cleanses real hard, but she still had no energy. The colon cleanser

LESSON THREE



Cleansed of Life

IT IS A GRAND DECEPTION, and it robs the poor in health of the strength they need to rise from the bed of their misery. It is a snare that entangles the desperate; the jaws of its steel trap close 'round the feet of their victim, to prevent his escaping onto the path that leads to his freedom.

The trap is baited with a lure of success; the scent of recovery draws forth the victim - who cannot see the cage above his head until it drops down onto him, securing his defeat by bleeding off the remains of his physical power. The steel bars which surround their prey are the stories of other health-seekers who have found their cure by vigorously-cleansing their polluted bodies.

In the hunger for recovery lies the power of the trap.

A DEADLY SNARE

Cleansing as practiced can destroy the broken.

You see a cure before you, but it is not *yours* - and it belongs to others who have a different physique. If you follow them into the woods of health therapies - to do as they do, you will weep as weakness overcomes you, and as the cure you believe in becomes your cage. Cleansing has cured thousands; it will not save *you*.

You need a different cure, and it does include cleansing - when you are ready, but it is not the kind of cleansing you see others doing. You do not need purges, or fasts, or strong herbs - to jostle your body into letting go of the poisons that health leaders say we are so full of. There is more to resurrection than cleansing, and if you put cleansing first, you will never rise.

You *do* have pollution problems, and yes - there are malicious poisons hiding within the crevices of your tissues, but if you go after them like a madman with a hatchet, you will not be smiling at the outcome. What worked for others can be your doom - and do not doubt me, for I am frightened at your *allegiance* to the idea that through purification, you will assuredly heal. Oh no, no you will not, for something *else* will happen.

I have seen the monsters which can be released by opening the caves of cleansing before it is time to do so. Curiosity - it is said, can kill a cat, but cleansing, I am afraid, can kill the broken. For you to be strong, that is what I strive for; that is what I want for you, but if you pull the trigger of cleansing, thinking it will blow away all you suffer from, I cannot save you, for some wounds are self-inflicted.

It is good for you to be excited by the health recoveries of the others - and to *want* that for yourself, and to believe it is coming. But I warn you: you are different, and the road that leads to a cure for others is an active minefield for you.

I have seen the explosions and have talked to people who have been injured by their own quest. I must quell your curiosity, lest you see an ad, or read a story - and be tempted to walk once more down a road that should be barricaded to all who are broken.

What could be so wrong with being clean? How could it not be a help - even a little? Are we not living in a world of pollutants which settle as desert dusts inside us - and make us ill?

*Cleansed
of Life*

What is the problem with cleansing, for it seems like the most wholesome, most thoroughly-natural thing a sick person should do? Ah yes; it does *seem* ever so desirable, but is it?

THE PRICE OF PURIFICATION

Cleansing takes energy - and you may not have any to spare.

Purification costs. It is not free to the body, and the price must be paid in cash (no credit cards allowed) - and what is cash but hormones, body chemicals, and other nutrients that are available for immediate withdrawal from your physical bank account.

But what if cash is tight? What if some nutrients that will be burned-up by the cleansing process are *already* at life-and-death levels, and though very little remains, it would have been enough if you had not come along and said, 'We need 2,000 units of body chemical 'xyz,' right now, to dispose of some toxins from an old junk-food period in our earlier years.'

Now what will you do? Are you assuming that you can take a few spoons of some concentrated green food with beet powder - and that should cover *all* your withdrawals? Are you sure, and do you like living on assumptions, especially when - for years, your health has not *at any time* been what you *want* it to be? If you still feel comfortable jumping off health cliffs with a bungee cord of some green sludge attached to your critical organs, then let me

proceed - or perhaps descend, to a more rough-edged bluntness. I shall say something over-the-edge, so that you get my point...

Dead people cannot cleanse, because they have no energy.

I say this to be clear, because you cannot successfully cleanse unless you have enough energy to *complete* the process, and that is NOT always the case. I know of two people who were not ill, but who cleansed themselves to death - accidentally. Their cleanse was worse than any toxicity they *thought* they had.

Maybe nothing drastic will happen as you purge the past from out of your kidney or liver or gallbladder, except that some old health symptom returns. But that is retracing, right? - a kind of healing in which the body briefly passes through old ailments on its way to becoming healthier than before. *I hope so.*

I know people who got so chemically-stressed from cleansing that things *started going wrong*; what they had been seeking was a healing, but what they got was a decline, new wounds laid on *top* of pre-existing health scars. Oh, what a horrible plot twist!

One woman I know felt obligated to do a kidney cleanse - after all, how could anyone *not* feel better with their kidneys cleaned-out? - except that she did not feel better; instead, the cleanse gave her stroke symptoms, something she never had before. I believe it was brought on by the *stress* that cleansing created in her weak body.

Health evangelists say it is *normal* to be more fatigued when on a cleanse - and yes, this is so. But don't be so taken-in by claims of renewed 'everything' that you *assume* any energy-collapse is only temporary. I met a young man who went on a popular eight-day colon-cleansing program - accompanied by a juice fast. He told me he lost all his energy on the program...and never got it back - and this wasn't a month afterward, this was two *years* later.

When you make-up your list of health priorities, do not place cleansing on top of the yellow notepad. Your first goal should be STABILITY. Even if your health is at a low level, it should be a stable

low level. An unstable system is like a bridge that starts to sway excessively. It might be able to survive high winds, or it might be a prelude to collapse. When someone is in the hospital, doctors say, 'He is in critical condition, but stable . . .,' and that last word means everything to worried relatives, because when someone is *not* stable, it means that *anything* could happen.

Your second goal is STRENGTH, a feeling of substantiality, of not being frail - of having some reserves, of not being wiped-out and on the couch because of any little extra demand on your system. When you are stable and feel stronger, it means there is a reserve, a physical bank account from which you can make withdrawals when needed; it is not something to abuse, but it is a measure of back-up strength - for days that are *tougher* than you planned . . . and they always happen.

Please do not be lured into premature cleansing by the false philosophies of healers, who make statements like: 'Your body knows *when* to cleanse and how *much* to cleanse; it will only do what is needed - so you have nothing to worry about.'

The body *does* have wisdom, to a point. But you are in charge, and you need to be. You are temporarily living in this body and must make the final decisions. For example, when a body suffers from diabetes or kidney failure, it will begin to drink more water - to flush itself of sugars or uremic poisons. This is not a cure, just a coping - and it takes human interventions to create a real cure.

If you use herbs at inappropriate times, or too great a quantity of raw foods with cleansing properties, you may initiate a cleanse which is beyond your ability to control; you may go through (and I have seen it) - an out-of-control toxin-release that is horrifying in its ability to weaken you, and YOU are the one who pulled the trigger of cleansing, because you *believed* your body would *only* do what you could tolerate, and you may find out that this is not so.

Do not be blinded by the *certainty* of the statements made by those who dominate natural healing. You - the broken, will be

the exception which no-one ever saw, the case that broke all the rules, the one that went wrong, the bad thing that happened that - until now, they never saw in all their years of practice.

Never let your center-of-gravity, your own internal guidance mechanism - drift *outside* of you and be controlled by the opinions of *another* - even if that other has a lifetime of experience. Never let the results of some wholistic analysis make your decisions *for* you, as when people are told, 'You are full of heavy toxic metals which have accumulated in your liver - or in your brain, and we need to get you on an immediate program to purify you, and you will feel so much better, just like all my other patients do.'

The toxins they have identified do need to go - in time, but the time for that elimination may not be *now*, because it may be that the toxins are doing something no-one ever told you - propping you up and holding your body together.

HEALING POISONS

The poisons you want to eliminate may be holding you together.

Poisons inside your body tissues - unless they are present in deadly quantities - can help save your life during tough periods, and if you do not understand this, you can damage someone you should love - yourself. Poisons can be Nature's back-up system to keep you going.

When the primary nutrients - or any critical nutrients, are not present in sufficient quantity, your body seeks *stronger* medicines; it can find them in heavy metals - or in limited doses of poisons it will absorb from the environment. There is always a price when the body uses these compounds, but the price may be better than being dead.

A poison does not kill you because it exists inside you; it kills you because of the *dosage*. In the lower dose, it can be the reason

you are still alive. It can be a prop - a crutch when the choice for your body was to use a toxic metal to kick the metabolism - or to face collapse.

Toxic materials can end up being substitute particles for the real elements you need; they are not a perfect fit, like clothes that were purchased for someone else, but when times are tough, they will have to do.

*Cleansed
of Life*

Cadmium is a poison in cigarette smoke, and in marijuana too. It is an adrenal stimulant that will cause your adrenals to boost stress hormone levels. The addiction to cigarettes may, for some, be a need to *maintain* their declining adrenal power.

Your body may use environmental pollutants to help save you, when your diet - or life situation, will not permit the corrections that are preferable.

This is the danger in reckless detoxification, when your healer looks at a test, sees heavy metals, thinks he has found your cure, and says, 'Aha, this is your problem, and when we remove these, you will be one healthy dude.' I saw people collapse into huge *relapses* when healers pushed their toxic metals out aggressively, to get them well faster.

Stability and strength come *before* thorough cleansing, so that the body is not as dependent on its biochemical crutches. Then you can pull them away with less risk.

TOXICITY, CHILD OF WEAKNESS

Weak people generate more toxins.

Cleansing is important; it has to happen. But if other things are not taken care of first, you may cleanse yourself into despair - always purifying, but never well.

One of the biggest problems is weakness; weak people absorb more toxins, just as weak plants attract more bugs. If toxins were

the primary cause of disease, everyone who was exposed to them would be ill - but it's not so, because some people thrive in toxic environments that chop down others.

Your body repels poisons or sucks them in, depending on your strengths - depending on your emotional pattern.

For example, weak people store emotions because they are too weak to act - to *change* the circumstances that make them angry. They store anger instead of discharging it, and people who store anger store more of the metal iron in their heart tissues, because iron is a male-energy action mineral. They don't store more iron because they live near steel factories, but because they cannot *use* the iron and so they *store* it; the nourishing mineral turns traitor on the soul who is not ready to express himself.

A weak person creates more toxins than those who are robust, because their cells break at a faster rate. Life creates wastes - as cooking produces dirty dishes, and a poor chef tends to produce a messier kitchen than an organized one who cleans as he goes.

A weak body makes a mess, and the mess can lead to a disease. Even hormones must be recycled like old soda cans; weak organs allow bags of garbage to pile up in the back alley, or wherever the body has the strength to leave them.

Therefore, toxicity may not be the cause of your condition, but the *result* of your weakness.

For example, in acute colitis, imbalances can lead to enormous amounts of foul odor passing from the intestines, and a colonic or herbal capsule cannot fix the problem, because the odors do not come from low-quality lunch-meat you ate years ago in your high school cafeteria. They come from millions of your cells which are dying; like a dead body, they stink. You cannot wash the problem away with a gallon of water inserted into your rectum. You have to fix the imbalance created by weakness, and when you do, the cells stop dying - and the odor disappears.

SUCCESSFUL CLEANSING

Cleansing is more about change than about purging.

Cleansing is more than having good bowel movements.

It is unravelling a spiral of stored emotions and interlocking toxins; every emotion, every thought of yours, is recorded in the physical matter of your cells, like the grooves on a compact disc; every toxin you ingested from air and food has modified how you express your emotions; every emotion has released some poisons or caused others to pile up.

Your toxins need to release, and they *will*, when you are *ready* to let them go - through the resurrection programs I present to you in this Course. Your emotions will release at the same time - just as water turns into vapor and drifts away when the temperature gets warm enough.

As you release those emotions of high-electrical charge, so will your imbedded toxins go from you, though there may be no vapor trail of a stinky bowel movement.

*Cleansed
of Life*

LESSON FOUR



A Mirage Made of Vegetables

IN THE HEAT OF ILLNESS, a diet of vegetables seems like an oasis of dew-splattered dates, and a shelter from fiery desert winds that can turn a man's flesh into sand. To a traveller imperiled by frailty, a diet of green appears to be a patch of clustered palms that will restore his besieged body.

But is this vision real, and can vegetable diets that stop disease also bring back the full force of a human being? Vegan healers say they *do*, but I say they do not. If your body requires resurrection, the health promises of vegetarianism dissipate into dry air - as does the vision of a *come-let-me-save-you* mirage when you step too close to its loveliness.

Disappointments grow into dead-ends - for health travellers who stick to the belief that the vegetable diets which softened their symptoms will also take them to the top of the ladder again - or will, for the first time since birth - make them whole.

The vegetarian mirage issues from the proclamations of many who saw such a diet cure them. It also comes from the mouths of people who state with ferocity that it is a more *spiritual* diet and is therefore - a more healing diet. I do not believe that.

In this lesson, I disclose information as essential for those who agree - as for those who would damn me. I stand boldly before the wind of conventional wholistic opinions and state what I believe: that a diet made wholly of vegetables is a health mirage.

DECEIVED BY HEALERS

The paradise healers paint for you is not the scene you will be inhabiting from following their diets.

Like a desert mirage, what you first see with vegetarianism is not what you end up getting.

A vegetable diet often gives the first cleansing of a lifetime and it feels good. But there is so much more to do than to scrub your decks of past poisons.

What the diet *fails* to accomplish is what you cannot see in the glare of your initial improvements, but because you are better - in some way, you believe that as you continue...you will get *all* the health benefits that vegetarian leaders have promised.

‘You must have patience,’ they urge, ‘because vegetarianism is the *only* way to gain the health you never had.’

You feel the power in vegetarian leaders; their radiance - and their dominance makes their force a thing you covet for yourself; you believe it comes from their devotion to their diets, but in this, you are deceived.

Much of what you perceive as their power has nothing to do with eating vegetables - but has to do with the vitality of their spirit, something you do not have, but which you seek from diet. They may have other things going for them, such as parents who loved the heck out of them, or a body that is more imposing than yours - but *these* things are never mentioned, only the diet.

*A Mirage Made
of Vegetables*

They state that if you follow their ways, you will be like them, a giant amongst the once-sick, but unlike them, this power will not come your way - not through a stalk or a stem. You do need power - and that is a condition bigger than health. Power occurs when you have the force of self-confidence to deliver who you are destined to be. It is a force that comes *through* your body - so it requires vigor, but it is *bigger* than the state of your body, because it is spirit.

You think you need your diseases cured and then you will have what you want. You will not. Those you seek to follow *do* have a measure of power. That is why they are leaders. That is why what works for them will not work for you - not to the *extent* you need.

You may have pain from your diseases, but the most pervasive pain a body can feel comes from a lack of power. That is what is *causing* your diseases. You do need a change in diet to get power back into your body - but the change you need is not the dietary one vegetable leaders recommend to you, because their salads are not strong enough to make the changes you require.

What you see in the first months on vegetarianism is a mirage. Keep travelling and the pleasant perception of improvement will dissipate into the air of time.

If you persist in travelling down the green highway, the diet reduces your ability to be vigorous; it caters to weakness instead of correcting it. It caters to your *inability* to digest well, by giving you sugars and starches that are easier on you, instead of helping you to digest the foods you *do* need.

The diet can lower high cholesterol by removing fats, but that does not restore your lack of ability to *use* cholesterol, a chemical essential to great health. A rise of cholesterol inside your castle may not be from diet; it can be from a system in trouble, racing its hormonal motors to avoid a shut-down.

*Deceived
by Healers*

Cholesterol is a raw dough the body uses to create stay-alive hormones. Low levels of cholesterol don't mean you are healthy; instead, they might mean you used your diet to turn-off a body alarm called 'symptoms,' but silencing symptoms (which are like the deafening clang heard in fire stations) is *not* the same as being robust.

People believe that if their disease is gone, there is nothing left to accomplish, but that is not so. You may extinguish the signs of disease, yet live in a burned-out body. Thousands do. Their war is over; their personal nation is peaceful - but they live in physical poverty. They believe they are vital and are one hundred percent gassed-up - ready for freeway traffic; they measure their vitality by when they were sick with symptoms, so yes - they *are* better, but better is not resurrected.

I have met people healed by vegetables, and I call them twenty percenters; they are disease-free, living in a two-cylinder car, and boasting about how well it drives, never understanding that they could have had a large racing engine under their skin.

Many vegetarians have lots of energy, but it is not the *same kind* of energy as a person who builds their body with the foods I shall recommend later.

Energy is not recorded accurately on a low-to-high scale, as a thermometer displays temperature. To those who discern, there are different *kinds* of energy, and while some appear equal, they are not. There is the intensity of a cello player during his finale with a symphony - and there are the wails of a child who misses his mother. Both are energy.

What kind of energy is being generated by a furnace fueled by a pure green diet? It is manic energy, the frenzy of a tired system trying to overcome its own exhaustion; the proof that *something* is wrong in the plains of vegan paradise is the lust for sweet fruits and bowls of starches. The stimulating effect of gallons of green drinks is not a nutritional need, because we are not sheep who must graze all day to stay alive.

Vegetarians and their radical allies - the vegans, are united in their disgust for stimulants such as tea, coffee and chocolate, but what they do with their glut of green drinks is worse, because it floods bodies with minerals to keep them *feeling* alive, and I must tell you: that is not the same thing as *being* alive. Stimulants are magicians, and magicians create illusions. You see something in front of you, or at least you *think* you see it - but it is not there, it is somewhere else.

Tea, coffee, and chocolate are stimulants; they do have benefit in limited quantities, but no-one is declaring them to be essential foods. Not so for green foods; healers believe only good can come from green - never a cover-up, always a cure.

There are many ways to push a body and a high potassium diet is one of them. Potassium is one of the core minerals of life; when you soak a person's wick in it by way of green drinks - they may burn hot, or appear to. You get the illusion of physical prosperity from a body being placed into hyperactive mode, though its basic pattern is slow and sluggish.

My goal is to save the broken - and to do so, blunt I must be: you cannot unbreak your body on a diet of vegetables. For years, I watched vegetarians and meat-eaters - and remembered what I felt being around them. I compared the energy of juice bars to the roar of steak houses. One is peaceful, a burned-out tranquility; but the other - oh my, what a Grand Central Station of energy, of movers and shakers who smell of power. I understand, they have their heart attacks and all, due to stupidities that can be dodged,

but the differences are clear, unless you have a cause that clouds your pupils.

Vegan and herbal leaders have said that the sicker you are, the more urgent it is that you follow an animal-free diet.

*Deceived
by Healers* I say the opposite is true. The more you are broken, the more you will *stay* broken if vegetables are your main platter.

For the broken, eating a vegetarian diet is like spending your life on an ashram - a place of spiritual retreat. You may think you feel better, that your problems are over - but they are only over because you are living at a low level. You haven't solved problems, you are *cop*ing with them by reducing the scope of your activities. That is what a vegetable diet does.

If you are willing to give up power, you can have peace. Is that a deal you want?

THE DOWN ELEVATOR

As metabolism collapses, people drop lower and lower down the list of proteins they can eat.

Diet is not a mood, though it feels like one; it is determined by the elevator of your metabolism - by what floor you are on.

Come with me as we press the button, open those doors, and ride the elevator down to tour the tower of metabolism. We'll see people who swear it was their mind - a new philosophy of food, which made them change their residence in this tower - but their mind it was not; it was instead a *weakness* in their furnace.

People start on upper floors with meat, fish and chicken and descend to lower floors as their digestion weakens. They drift down 'til they find a floor where they feel better, where the diet is less stressful - from less fats, less proteins, the things that were wrecking their arteries and their weary kidneys. Light is right!

Eventually, even fish becomes difficult to digest; the person rides the elevator down a floor and gets off to find a new dietary home - an apartment on the floor of Moo, munching vegetables - supplemented with eggs and dairy products. These are the lacto-ovo vegetarians. Everything digests well; the person feels lighter, since their metabolism was too sluggish to digest the fats in animal proteins, so they feel better and *are* better - without it.

But the new home doesn't work out for long - and the person heads for the elevator again - and as he travels down in search of a better home for his declining metabolism, he lands on the floor of the lacto-vegetarians, who avoid eggs. This is a halfway house for a person with a broken furnace, a compromise for those without the guts to go all the way - so let's press that down button again - and find something more suitable.

Here we are on another floor, the vegan villa, as we leave dairy products behind in a further attempt to purify the body - lighten its load of animal *anything*. Man, it's like taking off a backpack full of dead foods. We *will* get stronger.

We've landed in a place of wholesome starches from natural grains; let's get out and enjoy what we've been missing on other floors - energy. We're feeling so much better now that we're off of wicked animal proteins and those fatty products from the glands of cows - fit for thousand-pound cow babies, not for enlightened health travellers such as us.

You know - now that we have time to think about it, those people on the upper floors are immoral meat-eaters, slaughtering innocent animals. We don't want to be like them, and thank God we're not. Besides, now that we're doing the right thing ethically, we're feeling much better.

Gosh, there's another floor below us - and those people seem so happy down at the garden level. Let's go take a look.

It's the fruit-eaters, the fruit-dominated vegans; what a smiley bunch of folks with their bright-colored fruit smoothies. And the

energy - it's coming so quickly for everyone down here, because fruits digest so well. What a good decision - to take that elevator down. *No-one's angry down here.*

That proves it - it was right to get away from those obnoxious meat-eaters. They're sick people aren't they? - such low spiritual values, using up all the resources of the planet when they could be picking fruits off the vine like us - living with peace in their hearts... instead of trying to dominate the world.

And it looks like there's no disease here either. It's all making sense. And over there in the courtyard are some Indian spiritual gurus, preaching eternal harmony; it figures - you won't find them upstairs with the savages. Why can't *everybody* see it, it gets more obvious the longer we're down here - they are blind. Vegetables *are* the path, and anyone who refuses to accept it is the victim of the power-hoarding forces of evil - led by greedy cattle ranchers.

All we need is love, some salad, and please pass the garlic - and oh yea, could we have some grape juice over here? Some of us are feeling tired after all that arugula; we could use another swig of Nature's goodness (code words for more sugar).

SICKNESS IN PARADISE

Shush - don't tell anyone, there's disease down here; let's get those folks away from the camera trucks - it won't look good.

Quiet on the set. Everybody grin as wide as you can. Let's have a big ol' Hollywood show of teeth. Remember, this is a cause, not just a diet, so let's smile it up. We're all healthy, right?

Let's get the story straight for the press.

No-one's as healthy as we are, providing we balance our nuts with our noodles (from artichoke flour of course) and our sesame seeds with our sprouts. We get all the protein we need, don't we?

Let's be sure to tell those TV folks 'bout those fantastic studies on how men get prostate cancer from eating meat, and how more women develop breast cancer from fat in the diet, and how heart attacks and strokes are higher in meat eaters. That ought to scare another chunk of people into the doors of our blessed Church of the Holy Stalk.

*A Mirage Made
of Vegetables*

What's that I see? Protestors? Get them out of here. What are they so upset about? Oh, that's just a fringe element, and they're claiming that vegetarians are leading secret lives of sluggishness, and that they have traded away the popular kill-you-in-a-minute disease of heart attacks for something just as awful: slow-killing hardening of the arteries. These people also proclaim a dangerous blasphemy, that vegetarians are not super-beings free of cancer, but that their bodies produce slow-growing tumors - instead of fast-exploders.

I can't believe their nerve. They're saying vegetarians are being led to a life of a slug, with a slow stock-pot of a metabolism, not warm enough to put a fire in life, but not cold enough to be dead. They're claiming that the slow metabolism of a typical vegetarian is a disease in itself - more of a menace than meats eaten wisely, because the more sluggish a system - the more it deposits wastes and minerals in its own tissues, including its colon and kidneys.

Let's focus on the enemy, meat - not on our own problems. No one has to know these things until they're deeply-committed, too tied to our philosophy - and too tired, to look for a new path to a booming body.

HIGH VIBRATIONS

The right foods open your heart to matters of spirit; the wrong ones damage your antenna.

High
Vibrations

It is accepted as truth in the highlands of spirituality that food that is light promotes minds that are open to words from Above.

It is accepted as truth that meat is dense and that he who eats it descends.

What is accepted as truth is un-true, but one pillar that shall stand is this: *all* foods affect your ability to express spirit; your body is your home away from home; it is your base camp while you are here, so whatever damages your base camp also makes it harder to receive transmissions from a Higher Power.

Lightness of heart does not come from eating light foods, but from eating the *right* foods to make your body strong, even if they be meats. Your body is itself dense; it has to be - or you would not exist to stamp your feet on the ground.

The arc of spirituality - from low to high - as it is displayed in a particular person, is dependent on awareness, but what you are aware of is partly dependent on your ability to produce energy. When you are tired, it is harder to hear the soft body-less voice of a Higher Power. I cannot see how a diet conducive to a slow state of metabolism offers greater awareness.

Vegetarians assert that their foods have a higher vibration that aids in their spiritual growth. That is not so. What aids them is that their foods are *easier* for them to digest - so they feel better. What also causes them to feel more spiritual is that many of their food choices, such as fruits and nuts, are higher in copper than is meat. An excess of copper causes a sensation of anesthesia. You feel more distant from the world - and that can be interpreted as a state of raised spirituality. It is not.

When I visit Hawaii and lay on a beach, I feel more spiritual too, because I am detached from stress - until my life resumes the following week. Detachment is not the same as elevation, though it can *feel* that way.

Once again, vegetarianism is a mirage. What you see and feel is not what you get. You do not exist in a higher plane because you avoid meat. Instead, you live in a subdued state of metabolism on an island of supposed spiritual superiority that is not real.

*A Mirage Made
of Vegetables*

Light eating - or no eating - *can* be helpful when you need to be clear. I do it often while writing; I may drink only water until my work is done, to spare my body the distraction of digestion.

But that is not a way of life, only a temporary separation from what my body wants.

Vegetable eaters are not more loving, just *different* in how they express the anger which we all have, to some degree. Meat eaters tend to be more overt, more open in displaying hostility - and perhaps more volatile, while vegetarians express these emotions more covertly - more secretly, but with just as much force. It is a different *style of being*, not a higher consciousness.

RAGE OF THE BROCCOLI-EATERS

*Tribal forces from the plant brigade have been warring 'gainst
meat-gulpers - with fear as their anti-tank weapon.*

It seems there's trouble down in the village; there's smoke over the next ridge.

My God - it looks like an attack - officer down - it's a raid from out in the jungle. It seems that peace-loving forces from the mango province have gone to war against the cattle farmers. That's what it's been like all over the world, as meat-eaters defend themselves from vegetarian blowguns, loaded with spears dipped in deadly

thought-poisons - such as the idea that eating meat is barbaric, a relic of man's violent origins.

I have had these spears thrown at me; some of them have hit, triggering thoughts of early death due to meat-eating and painful guilt - as I ordered a hamburger, instead of chopped fresh greens seasoned with tarragon.

I saw the wars at first hand, whenever I sat down to eat with vegetarian healers. I wanted to be friends. I didn't care if they ate sand for dinner; it was more important to *be* together, to learn from each other, but it didn't feel like I was dining in Philadelphia - city of brotherly love. There was no cigar being smoked at the table, but there were clouds of dark disgust forming across from me.

I always tried to be agreeable with these healers, but it never helped; their war orders had already been issued by the dictates of their dogma, years before we ever sat down to dine.

For saying what I must, my picture will, I am sure, appear on the deck of most-wanted photos of outrageous meat-consuming aggressors. There is nothing I can do; peace is not possible unless I turn in my knife and fork.

NEW TERRITORY

Okay, so vegetables won't cure you, but neither will meatloaf turn you into a human giant.

Vegetables *do* have an essential role in the resurrection process - but not as a primary food. The rocket back to power cannot be fueled by salad - or greased by abstinence from animals. But it's not as simple as eating animal foods - or meat-eaters would be healthy, and they have their own bundle of problems.

Deeper into my Course we now go, as a machete of my words clears the jungle of dogma to prepare the path to your cure.



Part Two
Building Your Power Plant

LESSON FIVE



A Feast of Power

WELCOME TO THE GREAT HALL of warriors from ages past. Come - sit down. Get ready, loosen that belt and be happy. You can hear those utensils clanging - the orders being shouted - and you need what's on those platters back in that kitchen.

Feeling weak? That'll be gone soon. You're going to be eating the food of mighty ones - because you need that strength to be a bigger you. Don't expect those muscled food servers to lay before you some sautéed vegetables with pesto sauce; that won't bring you back from the hole you dropped into.

You need something that roars; regular food will not *re*-make you - and *you do know that*, don't you? - because you've already sat

at the tables set by healers; you were weak when you tried their menus - and still you are weak. Enough.

I brought you here for a new beginning, to find your power in an ancient diet of warriors - a diet that like the wide arms of the galaxies in space, reaches back in time many thousands of years. It's a diet from cultures as scattered as winds that orbit the globe. Today, this diet of Kings is as lost to the masses of modern man as are the burned archives of the legendary Library of Alexandria in ancient Egypt - which went to ashes over 2,000 years before us.

Kings rule and followers follow. To rule requires power and power requires force in one's body - and to get that force, rulers had to eat a feast like this. They knew that a diet of mostly grains, vegetables and some fruits was good for their followers, because it kept them down, it kept them docile, it kept them controllable - and that's not what we want.

Look over there, coming through the stone arch; I see a torch carried high and with a smile, announcing the start of the feast. They're coming in now - carrying trays filled with new life - to transfuse into your watery blood. Let's get started.

HEALING PLATTERS

Feast on foods that made warriors stronger than other men.

You're going to be tasting ancient recipes seasoned with spices that arouse interest in life, filled with raw animal proteins. There are so many dishes to choose from; you can start with a nibble or a generous forkful; however you start, you will feel a power that is real, a power that doesn't exist in cooked protein.

There are fish ceviches, ensembles of raw fish marinated in citrus juices; these recipes may have originated in the islands of Polynesia, but are common in Arabia, and big all through South America.¹

I love ceviches - and want you to try some; I think they make the most fantastic main meal - more flavor than ordinary baked or grilled fish, faster to make, and they do things to cure and kick a brain that no cooked fish ever will. For another style of raw fish, taste our colorful plates of sashimi and sushi from Japan; I believe they are the never-discussed reason behind the amazing global power of Japanese businessmen.

*A Feast
of Power*

Then, let's suck in the smell of a Cambodian dish of raw lamb marinated in a curry, served with seasoned coconut creme, one of my favorites. Raw or rare meats don't *have* to be put-offs, they can be some of the most tasty foods; the proteins are moist, sweeter, and easier to digest.

And look to your left, a dish with ground raw lamb, a favorite of the Mid-East peoples called kibbeh nayeh, and you could have it served with a sauce of oranges and sesame tahini - and a side of hot pita bread attached to clouds of steam, made from ovens that crisp them in an inferno of desert fire.

Next to it, there's a plate of steak tartare, as bold with flavor as the tribes of Mongolia (called Tartars) who originated it; a mix of shredded raw steak with garlic, mustard, anchovies, raw egg, and handfuls of moist spices that fill up nostrils put on alert by hours of hunger.

If you love cheeses, then this is your birthday celebration, for here are plates of English raw cheddar, French raw blue cheese, or a palette of raw cheeses in colors of creams to oranges, from bland to 'Whoah - that was strong!' - from France and Spain and Italy, cheeses made from mother-guarded recipes.

When I tasted these, it was a new experience, as if these were real - and the other cheeses of years past had the flavor depth of the perfect yellow slabs stuck inside deli sandwiches. The aroma of *these* cheeses moves in force into your room and announces the

1. One good source of ceviche recipes is 'The Great Ceviche Book' by Douglas Rodriguez.

flavor long before your tongue has time to say, 'Hi - and who are you?'

Ancient leaders didn't open their mouths for colored chunks of tofu, now sold in stores as cheese substitutes; no-one thrives on these taste-free horrors; you endure them - maybe.

Healing
Platters

The European raw cheeses can be covered with mold, which Frenchman eat and which, to my un-frightened mind, is a blessing (remember where penicillin was found: moldy bread). People in Paris don't run from it, and are healthier for eating it. No-one gets through life without friends - big and little, like the organisms in raw cheese, which do charitable acts, like make B-vitamins and stock our pharmacy with anti-disease agents we couldn't buy with a prescription. Make friends now with organisms who can surround you with spiked clubs - or tremble later when a street gang of not-so-nice micro-organisms shows up late one evening in your neighborhood, to make trouble for your friend-less body.

This is a feast, and feasts never end with the main course, and we're not stopping either.

We'll start our next course with blackberries covered with gobs of fresh, raw cream, a source of raw fats your body makes hormones from; this cream *doesn't* clog arteries, and the reason it doesn't is that - not being heated, it isn't hard on your digestion.

Pardon me, I forgot to ask, but I hope you enjoyed the melted butter on those hot pita breads, for it was raw butter, unheated - still *capable* of fertilizing the worn-out soils of your tired body.

And we're not done; we've got another treat for you to taste: ice cream - made fresh in an ice-cream maker, from raw cream and raw milk, raw eggs and unheated raw honey, with vanilla bean shavings folded in minutes before the ice cream is served.

To eat like this is a feast - not another night out. Foods as fresh as this grow a new body inside you, to replace that old weak one.

CELEBRATE FATS

No resurrection will occur without them.



Animal fats are healing, when eaten *raw*.

Fats are a friend. On your body's journey through life, they act to seal the walls of your container, your skin, to keep your insides plumped with water - a pond of life - surrounded by a sea of dry air. Like the shell on a turtle, the fats keep you moist - just as the bones of your structure keep you walking straight and tall.

*A Feast
of Power*

The skin of you reflects the sheen on the water of your internal pond. There is a compliment given to women who have a young shine on their skin; we call it a peaches-and-cream complexion, but it's not caused by peaches. This glow is what my wife Sandra got from raw cream and raw cheese every day.

On this Resurrection Feast, you'll have ruddy cheeks (they'll be beacons), bright eyes (like those piercing lanterns of Alaskan Huskies) and thick lustrous fur - I mean hair. Sandra has thicker hair than ever; I don't see how one more hair follicle could fit on her head.

Once you're on your new feasting program, people *will* make comments on your appearance, because you'll stand out from the pale-faced folks on other programs; they'll be the ones needing the face-lifts, as their faces sag from eating cooked proteins that can't keep their muscles and ligaments tight.

As for taste, the Asian seasonings make my Resurrection Feast the most taste-layered, best-digesting food I have ever eaten. My wife and I have eaten so many cuisines; to us, the Cambodian and Vietnamese and Thai seasonings are *fabulous*; their seasonings are so rich - so BIG in filling you with flavor, that by comparison, other foods have an anemia of excitement.

You'll be getting herbs *with* your foods - as part of your daily meal-time joy.² Your stomach will say, 'Everything else you gave me was food to endure; this is food to *feast* on.'

HOW KINGS RULED

How Kings
Ruled

This resurrection feast is the food that gave men power.

The proteins and fats in these recipes are RAW; compare them not to sprouts or carrot juice, for when I say these foods are raw - this is another *category* of eating, another class of foods.

You need to understand how it changes people, how it grows their force. Eating such raw animal foods is how kings and their courts of dominators kept power over their subjects, the human toilers who remained a stable of submissive workhorses.

This is the only food I know with enough force to grab you hard enough to yank you up - and by eating it raw, this force has not been baked, fried, or roasted back into the evening air.

Once you feel 'it' - the change, you'll never turn from the food of warriors, because you'll know that without this feast of power, you *won't* be well; others can get well without it (good for them!) - but you won't.

The table I have laid out for you is the beginning of the Sam Biser Resurrection Program. It is how I live. Every night, in my little family room, my wife and I feel like we're in this great hall, up on the slopes and far into the forests of Northern Europe - and we feast on such platters; they can be simple to prepare. If they weren't, I couldn't eat like this.

2. Two books I can recommend (for their seasonings, not diet recommendations) are 'It Rains Fishes: *Legends, Traditions and the Joys of Thai Cooking*' by Kasma Loha-Unchit and the classic 'Thai Food' by David Thompson. I am *not* recommending the cooked and fried proteins or the heavy use of starch in the Thai diet; these books are guides to great *methods* of seasoning - as well as seasonings available, but not commonly-used.

In our early years, just like well-scrubbed children at a church social, my wife and I did the healer-approved diets - in all their popular flavors; we did the grilled fish or skinless chicken with steamed vegetables (that had a long run in our household) - and for awhile, we did the vegan approach, huge salads fortified with tofu; then there were the high protein, almost zero-carbohydrate diets (bye-bye beloved bread, see you on Sunday).

We were so loyal to all these programs, and yes, I will grimly admit, a little better - but oh so weak (sigh).

For my wife and I, to eat these proteins *raw* was to enjoy a new continent of food, and to feel the strength that the wagon of more common foods had never delivered.

MORE SPIRITUAL FROM MEAT, HUH?

Raw meat did not make us more aggressive - as proclaimed.

After starting on this feast of seasoned dishes of animal foods, my wife Sandra and I didn't turn into examples of road rage: 'Hey bud, move over, I need to be somewhere NOW - so get that car of yours into a ditch, 'cause I'm coming through.'

No, something different happened: we became calmer because we felt more *rooted* in a stronger body.

When I started in natural healing thirty years ago, I suspected that raw animal proteins could help save me - but as an insecure young man, I really *was* scared of becoming less spiritual.

I used to go to the Kosher butcher and bring home a package of raw ground beef, and before making a hamburger, I'd rip open the package and eat some raw - and it made me feel so good; I was ashamed and told no-one.

What I *suspected* back then turned true; I, my wife, and hordes of defeated ones need some kind of raw animal proteins, and we need it often. *Nothing else* can make the drastic physical changes our beaten bodies require.

LESSON SIX



A Toast to Your New Body

WHAT A HOST would I be if I didn't celebrate your stay here with a special beverage. You aren't just a visitor - you are a guest majeure, and we have come together to celebrate the *re-powered* you. It is a cause of great jubilation in my heart - as well as inside your soon-to-be victorious one; it is an event of such significance that it must be honored, and must be saluted with a communal toast, a public affirmation of your courage in so earnestly pursuing a better life - a more robust one. Let us raise our glasses in honor of the warrior you were forced to become...and to the proud victor you are about to be.

Those who have broken - have been crushed, and *that* changes their needs...and alters their path to a cure.

Whether the spirit broke *first* and then collapsed its residence, its body - or whether the body collapsed through abuse or error, which *then* broke the spirit within - the order of decay matters not; it is the end-fact we must deal with. We shall start to correct it by using liquids that lighten the heaviness, that can lift the depressiveness that is *always* there when a system is partly shut down - due to stresses it was not strong enough to rebuff.

I shall first discuss a class of beverages which will always be controversial, because when *mis-used*, they will destroy life, and often have. But when used with respect - and fear for the power within them, they have the capacity to do for broken ones what no other liquid can. I refer to those liquids which contain a most-dreaded ingredient - and that is alcohol.

If - and *only* if, you can use such fluids with wisdom, then they are not a scourge, but can be a small, though ever-essential part of your salvation.

MISUSED MARVELS

Healers ban these drinks, as the government once did, but if used with wisdom - they bring a spark to discharged bodies.

Alcohol is not evil. It is a blessing for people who are broken, if they can master one word: QUANTITY. All substances that heal are toxic at excessive doses - fats, proteins, even water. Yet disease is destined if you avoid these nutrients out of terror.

For most people, the curative dose of alcohol is one serving, a glass of wine or an ounce of a hard liquor. If your doctor and your liver approve, alcohol can offer benefits - to those who follow the speed limit of one drink per day.

Should you despise alcohol for personal reasons... or be unable to contain your desire for it, then the cabinet must be locked for you to a material that can help you rise faster, for it is a leavening

agent for a spirit that is *deadened*, as long as you hold that throttle steady... and stick to one serving only.

Alcohol is the result of fermentation, a natural process, and it has - and *should* have - a secure place in the healing of those who suffer from a diminished sense of themselves. In the right dose, a glass of the spirit beverage of your choosing is an elixir to draw forth... and call out from hiding, a person - you, who sits under a rock-pile of stresses.

*A Toast to Your
New Body*

Too much alcohol... and the person *loses* himself - but no, that is not our goal. A small dose opens the door and leaves the person in *control*, to venture out from behind curtains of constriction - to feel... for a brief bit, the lighter, truer side of who he really is, and that is a marvelous end result, one we must be thankful for - and not frightened by, for anything that can assist in the liberation of our spirit must be considered as a worthy - and ever so welcome medicine.

Some people are naturally bubbly. Without effort or alcohol - they effervesce with themselves, for they are not broken, and in their bodies and up inside their happy brains are the chemicals that permit such an effusion of self. What we seek by a brief and most limited use of beverages containing alcohol is to attempt to duplicate - to encourage and entice such a flow of spirit to leave its headwaters high up inside our head, and to cause it to venture out and unto the open meadows... where it can percolate for our own pleasure, and for the delight of any souls who share our trail.

A beverage with alcohol, whether brewed as beer or distilled as is vodka, is a mixture of materials, and though the alcohol in the drink appears to be the same as that of another, no - it is not, for each type of alcoholic beverage can produce a different *effect* on the person who drinks it. A red wine from one region has a set of minerals and other compounds within it that are not the same as those of a wine from another area - or from the *same* wine that was produced in another year under *other* weather conditions.

All alcoholic beverages have a personality, and in choosing one as a dining companion, it must be matched to the needs of your day. Some are boisterous, loud in their effects; others are soft, for times when gentleness is a medicine - most appropriate for a day in which the rawness that *can* be life was expressed in our brawls with others. Some beverages soothe, others excite.

What your choice of beverage is matters not. Do not listen to those who say that wine is better than liquors that are hard, and which contain more alcohol. All that matters is how your brain reacts to the beverage you choose. Scotch is as wonderful as ale, which is as curative as a wine, depending on the person who uses it. Let no-one bully you into using a beverage *they* prefer.

What are you drawn to...what would *you* like to try?

Beverages that are fermented, the wines and the beers, all have within them the chemicals produced by the billions of bacteria that fermented them; such chemicals can be as strong in their effects as the alcohol itself. These by-products of bacteria can be chemicals that improve the brain currents, the wind direction of the thoughts in your head - taking them up.

One drink I would like to offer you comes from my Russian background, because my family originates in the Ukraine region, the Iowa of Russia, and in Iowa and in the Ukraine, grain and not grapes is the crop. One beverage made from grain is vodka, and a special drink that can be made from it is a pepper-honey vodka. I make it with a single habènero pepper...and a tablespoon of raw wildflower honey per bottle. An ounce or an ounce-and-a-half of this makes a brain feel more awake, but it doesn't fry your tongue - or knock you out.

What is your genetic background, and what beverages did the people who preceded you make and drink? That may be a clue to the drinks most *suited* - and most effective, at helping you.

Maybe a brandy can bring out the best inside you, for it can be warming to a body when you feel chilled, or perhaps you require

the ping of a peppermint liquor, which can settle a stomach and awaken all else.

To run from alcohol is not to be strong - it is to be foolish. It is to turn away from help; it is to run from a product of nature - and why? Because others have ruined their lives by abusing it? Or is it a belief that alcohol is religiously wrong? Alcohol is not banned in the annals of the Bible. It is like everything else in life... some respect what God has placed before them - and others abuse *all* that is in their path: alcohol, people, privilege, and power.

*A Toast to Your
New Body*

What others of lesser character do with the gifts of Creation is *their* choice; it cannot determine yours.

BLACKLISTED BEVERAGES

Damned by healers, loved by the energy-starved.

Look inside the leather-bound rule books of natural healers... it's either health commandment three or four, and you'll find the prohibition against all the beverages you enjoy: black tea, coffee, and espresso.

Excuse moi if I don't feel like obeying, because errrh - I don't agree. At our feast, we're serving all these, because in moderation they can help you get strong. Avoiding them... believing they are health-saboteurs, will *keep* you in the waiting rooms of wholistic clinics.

As I said earlier, a substance considered toxic can have health benefits in a damaged body. Beware of removing it prematurely, and - in the case of these beverages, remove them only if you have to.

So - if it pleases you, enjoy the black tea we're serving (no - its not green), though, yes... I know, it contains tannic acid, caffeine and other chemicals supposedly obnoxious to health. Tannic acid can be toxic, but animals around the world - not big followers of

healers' books, eat plants containing it and thereby protect their bodies from parasites. As for caffeine in tea, it can keep people from collapsing; it sends sparks into their metabolism, and if you simultaneously supply a diet with raw proteins, then caffeine is a healing agent - and failure to use it *will* cause harm.

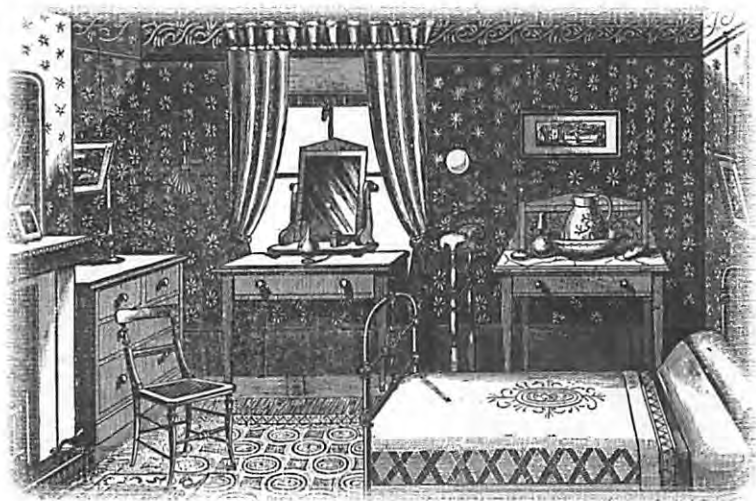
*Blacklisted
Beverages*

I have seen with astonished eyes how a woman I loved saved herself from what looked to me like a heart attack in the making (this happened more than once) by having a good cup of English tea - so excuse my eyes for not glistening with reverence when I hear healers damn the beverages that can *keep weak people going*.

The right dose of coffee, or a shot of espresso (I call it cream of joy), is like a packet of I-feel-like-me-again granules, nourishing a body which groans, 'Ah, please monsieur, let me feel something for a time-crumb of thirty minutes, or life becomes a dry, curled-up sponge.'

Your meals, your drinks, your mood at the table - they should be your daily feast, not a Korean demilitarized zone, separated by armed health sentries on one side of the table....and by bubbling lava fires of disease ready to erupt on the other.

LESSON SEVEN



A Sleep-over at Sam's

HEALING DOES NOT OCCUR as you sit in your car in traffic; it happens in bed - while you sleep, and if you don't heal during the sleep state, your condition will not change. A good sleep is a treasured gold mine of resuscitation for damaged cells and ailing organs. It is an operating room - a repair shop for the dents of your days, a hallowed hall of healing, a sanctuary for saving those whose bodies have been whipped and beaten by the trials of their time on this earth.

To sleep well is to ascend to Higher Places, to journey Home to receive refreshments from Angels who on their nightly rounds to those in distress, minister to sagging hearts and savaged spirits. When the weighted doors of your eyelids close for an evening's

slumber, a world of workers not in your address book make their descent to your bedside - with a bucketful of tools, to try to make right what you have dinged and damaged along the road of your attempts to express your heavenly self.

To enter a cave of night-time rest, and emerge from an evening's cocoon resurrected, is an outcome to be savored - and sought; it is the result of your daytime habits and cannot be produced by soft cottons and firm mattresses. What happens in bed makes a new day shine with progress, but if sleep was poor, it sours a journey before the sun has scarcely risen over the tops of trees.

We're going to head up the road to my place at the top of the mountain, where owl-hoots fill the evenings, and tomorrow, for daytime thrills not on any television - we'll watch hawks riding air currents above a billion-year old valley, practicing dives and rocket climbs that no plane can execute. Now, while the evening hills hum softly with crickets, it's time for one more lesson before you sleep.

PARTING OF THE WATERS

Sleeping well can be a miracle for people who are broken.

Your passage from the land of your debility requires a miracle, as large as the real one which occurred at the Red Sea, and which freed a race of ancient people, my people - from their jailers.

You who have broken are slaves as well, to exhaustion; you are in a state of bondage to a grim master, who keeps you locked-up and cordoned-off from others, because - without energy, you will not go far. The land of freedom is one of energy; to get there, you have to cross the sea - the land of healing sleep... to arrive at the shore of the next morning free of your ankle irons.

Good sleep is the road to the Promised Land of a new life, but for the people who need it most, sleep does not deliver. It seems

like it *should* be The Deliverer, but it doesn't happen, not for them. They are sorely tired when they lie down at night, and strangely weary when they get up. What is wrong?

The problem is that it takes energy to make more energy, just as it takes water to prime a water pump. When you are weary, so are the repair systems that operate while you sleep. Your body is a rechargeable battery; it keeps discharging, then re-charging. Two of the most important ingredients in your personal battery are the minerals sodium and potassium.

*A Sleep-over
at Sam's*

Sodium is a primary generator of electrical signals in the body and is the major mineral in blood; potassium is the main mineral inside the cells. They work as a team, a sodium-potassium pump to drive nutrients across your cell membranes. Both minerals are important to the quality of sleep; your cure does not rest in the hands of one mineral.

Some in the land of healthfoods worship potassium; it is their leading man and therefore responsible for all cures. They will do whatever it takes to banish the evil sodium overlord, so they can re-establish the kingdom of healing potassium.

Members of this tribe promote aggressive vegetable eating and daily health shakes made with green powders high in potassium, and in everything else they claim a depleted body needs. They say this is the answer to poor health, poor sleep - poor anything. But when potassium is low in the body's tissues, you cannot fix it by flooding the system with more of it. That would be like pressing harder on your car's gas pedal to get started-up when your motor is broken. It takes much *more* than potassium to raise potassium.

If you keep pouring potassium into the body, it does kick some tired bodies into higher states of activity, but more motion isn't more health, and a racing mind from potassium stimulation isn't a healthy brain - just an agitated one. Mental mania is the mark of an over-potassiumed system; it is a mineral-driven sugar buzz, because potassium is associated with a rise in blood sugar.

Then there are the sodium lovers, the sea-salt crowd who hang around the beach proclaiming that sea-salt and lots of water are the ultimate cure, the Holy Grail and superbowl champion of the new health era. To them, there is little that water fortified with sea-salt cannot correct; just follow their salty regimens and things will be looking-up long before your next electric bill comes due.

Holy cow - if resurrecting human bodies were so easy.

We Jews have an expression, 'From your mouth to God's ears.' In this case, their salt-crusted, health-freedom mini-van gets a flat tire a few towns before it reaches the divine destination.

Raising sodium isn't so simple, because the sodium level - or the balance between sodium and potassium - is often dominated by internal events (emotions), not by what passes through your mouth. You can have an outrageously-high sodium level in your body and never have used salt or eaten salty food in years. You can do it with your thinking, and I have known people like this.

The reverse is true: you can take sea-salt and water all day long and have a sodium level that sits down in the basement, next to the pickles and jars of put-up peaches - and yes, I have seen these people too.

Each tribe of mineral worshippers has its fair maidens and its statutes to BAAL - or to whatever healer they worship. They each have their victory belts, testimonials from followers that are like KA-POW - the epics of comic-book heroes such as Spiderman. I have read stories so good that they smack even sceptical me, such as revivals in four days - after a soon-to-happen demise.

I am not surprised that the potassium and sodium tribes keep their warpaint on and those drums a-thumping. I would too - if I could have kept my eyes shut (with crazy-glue made of dogma) - to the people who wander away from the tribal fires and find me in the desert and ask, 'WHAT WENT WRONG?' These people are not on *anyone's* testimonial lists; they couldn't make the cut.

What neither group understands is this: nature is curved and it works in spirals, which means that you can't fix all problems by running a truck into the barricade to break it. You may have to circle around the back door, or dig down with a steel shovel, to find a cause that sits, like mineral-seeking alfalfa roots, nine feet underneath where you *thought* the problem was. For example, if you think you suffer from low potassium or a low anything, you *know* the answer is a simple trip to the healthfood store down the road to buy a supplement and get well quick - or is it?

*A Sleep-over
at Sam's*

You sound like a fresh-from-class police rookie, who yelps to the Columbo-style veteran cop, 'Man, that was easy; we solved that crime darned-quick, didn't we boss? Let's take the afternoon off!' - and the ol' guy replies, 'That was *too* easy. Something's not right. We were set-up,' and then he proceeds to slowly figure out who the *real* crook is.

Often the true problem is not a mineral deficiency, but a low thyroid, since the thyroid controls mineral metabolism, but hold on - let's dig a tad deeper. Maybe this still isn't the *real* problem; maybe the thyroid is low because if it *were* to speed up, the person would have lots more energy and would then have to confront some violent person in their family - and maybe he doesn't have the courage to do it.

There is more to poor sleep than a cup that needs filling, a hole in your soil that needs a bucket of something poured into it. Let's dig deeper into the problem of sleep that never *does for you* what it does for others.

FAILING BATTERIES

Let's look inside the casings and see why power is going down.

The amount of sodium and potassium inside your body - and the *balance* between these two minerals, determines your vitality,

or why you don't have any. It also determines how healing your sleep will be, whether you feel enormously well in the morning - or whether you wake up so tired that you don't want to get up.

Like a battery, your body could be in two different electrical states - overcharged or undercharged. These are two responses to stress. Being over-charged occurs as a stress reaction to shocks, from small ones like bee stings - to big ones called tragedies.

An over-charged system drives large quantities of nutrients across cell membranes to fight what it sees as the emergency. This creates a *high* level of sodium as compared to potassium.

Eventually, a system that keeps fighting and cannot ever win ends in a state of lack of charge - a depleted battery. A depleted system can't push *enough* nutrients across cell membranes. This is an opposite chemical state, one of *low* sodium as compared to potassium. A person in stress can oscillate between both states, as their body rallies, then depletes, then rallies again.

Too far down either road, overcharge or undercharge, and your re-chargeable battery doesn't work well. To sleep well means to sleep curatively, and to do that, you need a good balance between sodium and potassium. I call it the Resurrection Ratio.

This ratio will be different for everyone: a high ratio needed to help one person recover from a disease could push another one into a heart attack. Let's open the hood of your motor to check the condition of your human battery, because - if you fail to make enough energy, *something* is wrong with your Resurrection Ratio.

Sodium drives the energy system. It is the lead horse, as long as it isn't too far in front of its marital partner, potassium.

When sodium is high as compared to potassium, it means you are burning up your resources in a hot flame, because *something* in your body (or your life) requires an aggressive counterattack, and that could be anything from an infection to a cancer, or the stress of losing a long-term job - after years of secure income. When the ratio is high, you are fighting.

If you have an extremely low level of sodium as compared to potassium, it doesn't mean you need more sea-salt, it means you are losing ground in some big battle of life and that your batteries are discharging. Something - or someone, has got the upper hand; a disease or a person is *breaking* you, a situation appears too big for you to solve - or you are wearing out your organs with back-and-forth indecision on something (or someone) you are going to have to deal with - and which you *should* have dealt with, but have so far avoided dealing with - due to fear. When the ratio is low, it is a sad situation: you are losing.

*A Sleep-over
at Sam's*

If your sodium-to-potassium balance is much too high, you are probably living in the future and in a state of anxiety, which high sodium creates. But if your balance is extremely-low, you may be living in the past, because dwindling energy forces you out of the present - and back into memories of another time.

You cannot fix the balance between sodium and potassium by taking supplements of minerals. I used to think so, and *wanted* to believe it could be done - but it cannot. I no longer believe it to be possible, because I have seen exhausted people take minerals to try to fix this balance, and become bedridden from their attempt to do so. I have seen people send themselves into new illnesses by taking supplements - and I do not wish this for you.

You cannot *force* this balance of key minerals to become what you want; it is too deeply rooted in the circumstances of your life. A whole sequence of changes in the way you live and eat have to occur to cause this sodium-potassium balance to become correct.

This is a ratio you let the body set for itself - by improving your habits, and one of the best ways to correct this ratio is to improve the *quality* of your sleep. I know - it goes both directions. A poor ratio damages sleep, and poor sleep damages the ratio.

The best way to break into the loop and change its direction is to change the way you water your horse - and that is the way you rest your body.

RETRAIN YOUR BATTERY

To increase power output, change core habits.

Retrain Your Battery

Your battery is not recharging each evening, not like it needs to. You are plugging it into the wall, but not much is happening. We need to increase the restorative power of your sleep. The true answer is not pills of natural or un-natural origin. The damaged sleep of the broken person is not a symptom you can medicate.

It is a consequence - an inevitable result - of wrong habits, and wrong foods, and wrong thoughts leading to wrong decisions. To get good sleep, understand that it is a sweet fruit that grows on a healthy life tree. It is actions you take all day that produce better sleep that night. You cannot err for hours, and fix a string of poor choices at bedtime. To sleep well at night, start in the morning.

The first step is *regularity* in your habits. You live in a broken system which requires order. You cannot build on chaos. So, set a schedule for arising - and do not sleep later because you are tired. Sleeping longer than you need will take you *down*. It is the same as eating too much food. Too much of what you need is a poison.

Sleep no more than eight hours in a stretch, and I think that is too long for most, and if you *must* have more sleep, do something in-between. The real danger in sleeping too long is that you place your adrenal glands - the spark plugs of your electric motor, into a deep coma, and when you awake, they don't wake up *with* you. Your eyes may clog up with mucus and you may be blowing your nose; what you are seeing is an over-reaction to the environment caused by collapsed adrenal glands - not allergies, not toxins.

Extra sleep does not cure us. It seems like it will, because you are always tired and the bed seems to sigh: '*Come to me darling; I will cure you,*' - but no, it will not work.

If you could get months off and someone paid you to lay in bed with no responsibilities, you would still be broken months later.

Extra sleep encourages a desire to escape. If you have high blood sugar and you let yourself sleep or nap too long, your sugar will rise *higher* - and keep going up as your adrenals go deeper to sleep. It is not a kindness to let yourself lay there, saying, 'I *just need more rest*.' No you don't - not *that* type of rest, not the kind that takes you deeper into deterioration.

*A Sleep-over
at Sam's*

Don't ever, *ever* go back to sleep once your body has started to wake up. If you do, you may be knocked-out for *the rest of the day* - and nothing may bring you out of it. If your body starts to wake up in the middle of the night, even if you feel tired, it means your adrenals are rising - that they want to rise and *need* to rise at least for awhile, because there is something they need to take care of, and if you force them back to bed against their will, they may *stay* asleep when you decide to rise later, because you broke the body switch that *tried* to turn your own adrenals on. It is the same as suppressing bowel urges, and then you don't feel anything when you try to go.

If you wake up in the pre-dawn hours and still feel too tired, do something until your organs are *ready* for recharge through more sleep. Walk around, read or watch television; do anything *except* getting back in that bed too soon, and what is too soon? At least half an hour, for most people.

The next step toward growing good sleep in the evening is to divide your day into cycles of work, rest, work, rest - and so on. The rest does not have to be bed rest, but it does mean feet off the ground and eyes closed to stimulation - and shut-up. No talking. This is not the same thing as taking a single nap each day, which is good - but never enough.

Too long a period of activity with no cessation can create more damage in a body that has no reserves - no tank of life force to turn to when an emergency call for more energy is issued by the tissues who desire to rest, a rest *you* decided not to grant them.

To maintain your physical power, do what the electric utility companies do. They have many electrical substations, where they *refresh* the power coming from the main generator - otherwise it would steadily decline over the long distances to your home. You need power substations to refresh *your* power over the long time till evening; these are naps that can keep your sodium-potassium balance from drifting out of range anymore than it *has* to.

Replenish your ratio frequently, to keep the needle pointing to where it needs to be.

Do whatever you can, and whatever is possible, to restore your system - even if it's a brief laydown many times a day. It doesn't have to be a nap; it does need to be a few-minute circuit breaker. As much as your situation permits, take frequent stops... many times a day with eyes closed.

The only thing I've ever seen walking out of exhausted bodies is mechanical-quality work; your creativity needs a spicy kick that won't come from grinding it out.

The French have a good phrase that applies; it goes something like this, and French grammarians, please hold your fire - I am a civilian. Here it goes: *Reculer pour mieux sauter*. It means: draw back to leap. You go backwards to plunge forward. You stop work, so that you can do *better* work.

WHAT BRAINS WANT

When your brain talks, listen up.

Exhausted people live through days that are unsatisfying; they compensate by staying up too late - to have *some* kind of a life.

This is a sleep cycle that will *keep* you broken, because the one dear organ you must repair is the brain that runs your unhappy body.

The brain is gated for repairs after dark has settled; between the hours of eight-thirty and ten, it desires to commence its daily cycle of cleansing, of DNA-maintenance and scheduled repairs to its nerve fibers. The exact beginning of this down cycle depends on your body - and on the time of year. Be aware of your personal droop point - when you noticed a dip, the beginning of a fade in energy, while you are reading a book, watching TV, or just doing nothing. When this point occurs, honor it, stop - and go to bed. If a great TV show is on, record it. It doesn't matter if your partner is perky until much later. This is not a competition - and when your brain says, 'I want to go offline,' you need to say, 'Yes sir!'

If you remain on the highway of life, your brain will strive to accommodate your ignorance of its needs, but the technicians in the repair bays will not get the time they need to fix the damage during the hours of their scheduled shifts...and you will suffer, and no vitamin or cup of coffee will compensate for a repairmen's wrench.

Sleep that begins at eleven o'clock is not as healing: no-one has the power to defy the time clocks manufactured by his Maker. If it helps to get you to bed on time, set an alarm. Others of stouter carriage may break all these rules and prosper - but you are not them, and until you are, go to bed early. Remember that one hour of sleep at this time does more for the repair of your broken brain than two hours afterward.

When the sun goes down, your bedtime should be near. The whole animal kingdom - except for night hunters - is beginning to rest; you can't change the power cycles of the universe because you have the ability to hit a light switch and stay up. Remember the saying from the motion picture, *Star Wars*, 'May the Force be with you.' When your body needs resurrection and you stay up long past dark, the Force is not with you - it is *against* you.

In the tradition of the Jews, the new day begins at sundown of the night before - not at midnight. I see this as correct. The loss of

the sun's light in the evening is a signal event in nature; not so the striking of the midnight hour on the face of a clock. To make the new day a success, start it right as it *begins* - at sundown. This is to the time to prepare for the true beginning of tomorrow.

What
Brains Want

Like a mariner who checks his compass and sets the direction of his mainsails, set before yourself the first task of your new day, for it will be the *target* that will help you rise with more snap. Do not wait till you arrive at the next morn to determine what you shall start with, for in the dullness of awaking, you may decide to sleep longer until you feel better. That is not what will make you feel stronger, but getting something done *early* in your next cycle will make you feel more potent for all matters that follow.

People don't like to go to bed early because it feels childish; it's like saying to yourself, '*Johnny, go to bed now, you're not a grown-up yet.*' This is not punishment; it's the sleep pattern of a power person. The quicker you intercept the depletion cycle, the less damage you will do to your sodium-potassium ratio. The later you go to bed, the more you push that ratio in a wrong direction. If it is too high, it will go *higher*. If it is too low, the stress of going to bed late will drive it *lower*.

If you *force* your body to stay up late, that is *enough* to stop your recovery; staying up later than your brain wants to is worse than eating wrong foods; late bedtimes raise blood sugar and blood pressure - and push the body into over-drive and into emergency resources. It is not weakness to sleep early: it is wisdom.

BEDTIME FUELING

Feed the repairmen who work the night shift.

If you want a mechanic to work harder, feed him, and give him something to drink. To get the best sleep, never go to bed hungry

and never make your repair crews go into the storage bays of your tissues to find their lunch. Feed them just before you go to bed.

Give your maintenance people a snack - a piece of fruit with a few slices of raw cheese. The Canadians have an expression, 'An apple pie without cheese is like a kiss without a squeeze.' When Canadians say cheese, they do mean cheddar.

*A Sleep-over
at Sam's*

We can't have that apple pie, but we can have a couple of slices of some green, tart, Granny-Smith apples with some raw English cheddar, so there's no excuse for not falling asleep muttering, 'I can't believe how delicious that was.'

The fats and proteins in raw cheeses fuel your adrenal glands - so that your engine doesn't dip too low and your Resurrection Ratio drift further out of adjustment...while you shnoozle.

If you don't like cheddar, fine; eat any raw cheese that makes you feel joy - there are so many types, from stinky ones to raw gooey Bries, to dry cheeses, to quiet cheeses with flavor so soft, they seem like scholars compared to those boisterous athletes with their room-dominating aromas.¹ For the most flavor, leave your cheese out for thirty minutes to get warm; cold cheeses are like hibernating bears: they can't roar for joy with their signature scent. (If you don't like cheese, try yogurt with wild blueberries.)

With our cheese and fruit, you may have a beverage to give your body a few sparks of energy to increase its ability to sleep well. Depending on how your body reacts, you can have a *small* cup of coffee or black tea, whatever brings your chemistry up just *enough* for a great sleep, but not so high that you stay awake.

You might say, 'Yikes! Coffee! Tea! How could anyone sleep better when you give their body stimulants?' Ah...but it's true. When you gently stimulate an exhausted person, they become

1. When you are shopping for raw cheese, look for the phrase *au lait cru*, or *latte crudo*. Sometimes a store has a cheese that is raw, and it is not on the label, so find a cheese man who knows his sources. Also be aware that some producers in America may call a cheese raw, yet it may have undergone a brief period of high heat. As with friends, find a small circle of cheese suppliers you can trust.

less frenzied, more calm - if they pick the *right dose* of the right stimulant - a fraction of what they might have during the day.

A substance that relaxes my wife at night (or anytime) is a *small* cup of coffee. For me, coffee is an unpleasant steroid, even when de-caffeinated, but when I have a cup of tea, I get mellow.

*Bedtime
Fueling* For those with low Resurrection Ratios, you will want to raise your sodium levels before bedtime; one of the minerals that does that well is iron. A good way to get iron is with a liquid infusion; save an ounce from your dinner red wine (we don't want to go over the speed limit). Have it with your cheese... or you can place one-quarter to one-half teaspoon of organic blackstrap molasses into a cup of hot water (be sure to brush your teeth afterward).

People with low Resurrection Ratios may feel cold inside their body, and warmth helps bring about better sleep; warm raw milk - or a hot water bottle over the stomach or groin can also deepen sleep.

If these suggestions don't help, it may be that you have a high Resurrection Ratio, and you may want to try a food with zinc, to lower your sodium - and one of the best is beef - or raw oysters or raw herrings (a common Scandinavian delicacy eaten as a ceviche, in vinegar with seasonings). We can also have some of that steak tartare on a piece of hard raw cheese - or a cracker.

Those with a high Resurrection Ratio can overheat during the night; they may benefit from an ice pack to the head before bed. Excess heat ruins their sleep, and chilling off - even a cool shower - can help bring their ratio closer to where it should be for better sleep. Any food that can heat them up is not good at bedtime, and that includes sweets of all kinds, including raw cream or raw ice cream, because sweet cream contains a high level of sugars.

You want a crop of good sleeps, but to get that, you must plant and nurture the seeds during the day - long *before* you lay down to bed. No farmer would *wait* till his crops were damaged by a lack of water, then flood his fields to bring them back.

You've learned a lot for one day, and have eaten well. Now it's time to digest what you've taken in upstairs - and below in the gut. You have turned onto a new path; in the morning, you'll feel the beginnings of power. The first changes may *not* be physical, but are often first perceived as a good change in your thinking.

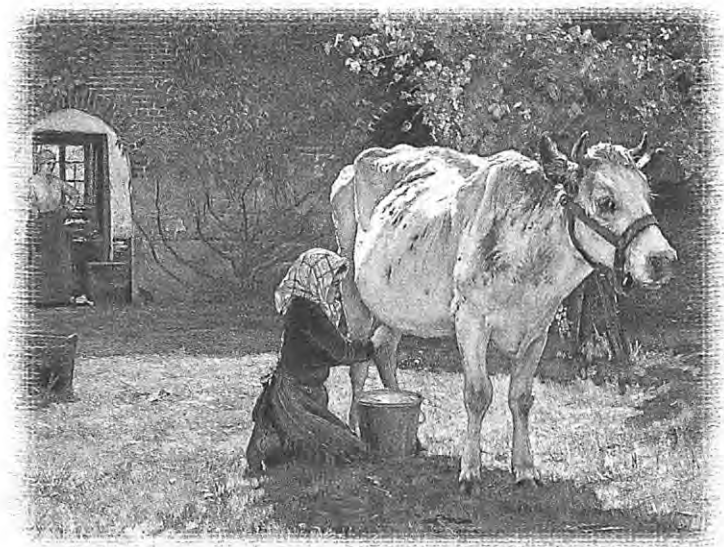
For now - focus on the earthy air; suck it clean of refreshing pine odors before we move on. We're up where air-conditioning is never needed; those hills outside your cottage walls are hard at work - preparing a midnight treat of cool mists they'll send over by air express.

Those breezes will be a tender sleeping companion for you.

Lights out.

*A Sleep-over
at Sam's*

LESSON EIGHT



Barnyard Blessings

YOU HAVE LIVED FAR FROM A FARM and have forgotten - or never did you know, the healing blessings produced by the cow - and by his scruffy friend, the chicken - and now it is time to re-acquaint you.

I myself had to get re-connected to the simple things, and I do confess: I spent years on a hunt for cures with big names, and if they were hard-to-pronounce, that made them more *special* to me. I have changed, because I have seen in my body - and in friends, the power of things with simple names, names like eggs - or milk.

The farm is a place of great heartiness, of the joy of new life, of the productivity of animals who are strong when well cared-for, and what comes from the farm can remake us who feel feeble.

Let us start today with the 'cousin' of the cow - the chicken, and with the fruit of her womb, the mighty healing egg.

You need to eat - in abundance, one of the most stolen foods in the animal world...and that is eggs. Eggs of all species, from the three-pounders that lay in ostrich nests and are shopped for by hungry lions, to the pea-sized cartons of life - a hummingbird's eggs - are the most *guarded* foods in nature, because they are the most nutritious, and are therefore, the most raided.

Animals hunt the eggs of other species, because - in military language, eggs are a high-value target; animals of all educational levels - from pre-school to community college, know what they require; it is humans who have lost the scent of what heals.

As I awoke today, and thought of you folks seeking haven in the land of healthfoods, my morning prayer was that years of sermons on the mount... Mount Parsnip, have not convinced you that heart death awaits them who have scrambled eggs on their breath.

The ministers of food fears...those war-mongers who preach that hearty food is evil, have done their work well; I notice that many of you eat with a quiver in your fork...and with your other hand on a capsule of cayenne - for you are frightened.

I have snuck into the Sunday services of those who heal by fear and have heard what they said - that your breakfast table may be a roadside bomb that could end your life.

I shall risk the rod of their wrath...while I sit in the pew in the back, keep my head down, and *whisper* this to you...

Be still my children; let these preachers damage their *own* gizzards. Do not ban eggs from your stomach, nor limit them; eggs are to be lusted after by those with frail bodies...sagging under bulging backpacks of degenerations.

AN OCEAN OF PROTEINS

To breed new life, you need the proteins of inland oceans - the world inside of egg shells.

Inside a live egg is a small Sargasso sea of abundance, a colony of critical food ingredients for growing specks of oozing genetic material into the noisy life of a *here-I-am* baby chicken.

Barnyard
Blessings

Eggs are furnaces of new life.

When you are ill, run to eggs - at the speed of an Ostrich.

Don't eggs have cholesterol? Of course, because that's one of many chemicals needed for making new life, and *repairing* yours. The cholesterol in eggs does not show up naked (heaven forbid, risking a fine from the Federal Fowl Commission) but is dressed in an outfit of nutrients - coveralls, boots, and a hard hat, wearing a loaded workman's belt of critical tools for fixin' anything.

Like a man falsely convicted of a crime, cholesterol has been sent to prison for a murder it didn't commit. Cholesterol scarcely looks innocent; its gooey fingerprints are *all over* the crime scene, splat - up against the artery walls - and all through the blood, so it looks like getting a conviction should be easy.

But cholesterol didn't do it. Just like Dr. Sam Sheppard, the man who spent nine years in prison for murdering his wife before he was freed, cholesterol is innocent. I know - *everyone* in a cell says they're innocent, and cholesterol does too - but *this* time, it's true.

Check the research - and you'll see: the amount of cholesterol in your blood is only *remotely* related to the cholesterol in your diet. We have sent the wrong man upriver, and...while an upright and saintly citizen - the egg, sits in a cell convicted of a heinous serial murder (the slaying of innocent folks in small towns across America), a slew of slimy, suspicious suspects (pancakes, home fries, and syrup) and other shady nutritional characters - are out

and free, enjoying a romp through our bodies, while the egg sits in an eight-foot cold cell weeping, 'What did I do to deserve this?'

Exalt the egg! Do not join its prosecutors as they maliciously continue their vendetta against the most resurrecting food to be found in the hidden nests of our fields.

*An Occan
of Proteins*

When Nature wants to start a life, it doesn't place that embryo inside a soybean...or on a bed of brown rice; instead, it dunks the DNA in a sac of rich egg yolk. So...let's pass by the salad bar and head for the henhouse.

BISER'S BED & BREAKFAST

Join us as we enjoy the bounty of the farm.

To get the blessings of the barnyard, we use eggs as they were laid by the chickens - and that is raw, and we use milk from the cow - raw; it does not flow out of an animal bubbling-hot from a gland that pasteurizes it - nor do their young ones hang around, waiting for their cow (or goat) mommy to boil her breast milk before she serves it to them.

Let's begin our day at the Biser Bed & Breakfast. Pull up a stool and get ready for a barnyard treat, the way Sam and Sandra have it each morning.

We start our day with what we call our Orange Julius, after the old-time creamy drink developed by Los Angeles resident Julius Freed in the 1920's. We use several ounces per serving of fresh orange or tangerine juice; we add a couple of eggs, a splash of raw milk or cream, some vanilla, and blend 'til its creamy and aerated. It's a fantastic morning drink! Drink it slow, or you'll be sorry as you slurp the bottom of your glass - and wish there was more.

Later in the day, we'll have a milkshake that tastes like the ol' malted milks sold in soda shops of the 1900's, full of raw eggs to

make it as smooth as if we added ice cream - and if we can get it, we'll add some extra raw cream, and once in a while, we have one of my wife's special mocha shakes, made by adding rich cocoa powder and a shot of espresso; it tastes so good, you don't even think of healing - just guzzling.¹

In the early evening, we sometimes have a traditional eggnog (why wait for holidays when things are *this* delicious?); and we'll get our daily dose of alcohol by adding some brandy or a favorite liqueur, along with a smidgen of nutmeg.²

Barnyard
Blessings

Eggs used raw *are* medicine, not just breakfast food. If you use enough eggs, all day and into the night as needed, you *will* feel the power. I know from my own experience, because without eggs, I would be dead.

I have war memories of colitis, of my gut being scrunched-up-with-pain, of breaking down and bleeding so continuously that I *could have* arrived in an operating room - if not for eggs.

I cannot forget how easy they were to digest. I cannot forget how I began to get better ... as soon as I began to eat eggs, which Sandra made for me soft-poached, because sometimes eggs seem more satisfying in traditional ways, with a slice of toast and raw butter.

Eggs were the passport that got me through the border town of almost-dying ... back to the village where life is lived.

1. When you make your shakes, try not to have your ingredients (eggs, milk, cream) ice-cold from the fridge. I realize that no-one wants a warm shake, but understand that eating ice-cold foods makes them *much* harder to digest. Let them come up in temperature, so they are warmer, but still pleasing to you.

2. Raw milk is more restricted than alcohol! Alcohol is available everywhere, but in many states and countries, raw milk is illegal for general sale. You may be able to obtain it in your area through a cowshare program. For more information on how to locate a supply of raw milk wherever you live, type the words, 'raw milk' into your favorite search engine. Raw milk is entirely safe - when it is produced by farmers who honor the high standards and sanitary conditions that *all* our food deserves.

What eggs can do, you *don't* yet know - for their worth is not promoted. People stargaze at the magic in mail-order bottles - not at what's *inside* an egg shell. Use eggs raw, supplemented with soft-poached - as many as you need each day, no upper limit. Eggs is how you save yourself when your bottled remedies have had a losing season.

JUICE THERAPY FARM-STYLE

Raw milk is liquids-therapy for the broken.

No gallon jar of carrot or celery juice can do for the broken person what a glass of raw milk can.

When I was a young man, I organized a small co-op of friends to travel two hundred miles a week into nearby Pennsylvania to get raw milk. I knew back then that I did not want pills that had nutrients *extracted* from foods; I wanted the foods so strong, you could never extract all of their goodness. One of them was milk.

Raw milk is a high-power healing food that has been allowed and *encouraged* to go away. Milk drunk raw is not benign... a side show which children drink with cookies. Milk cures; it can help initiate recovery from many diseases - if the milk is raw, and if it has not been homogenized to destroy the original integrity of the fat cells within it. A cup or two a day can be an infusion of liquid vigor.

Consider, and more than consider, *use* raw milk as part of your resurrection. Drink it straight or 'ferment' it to drink it soured, a drink called kefir.

If I told you raw milk - or its partner raw eggs, was harvested once every two years from the vine of a nearly-extinct Peruvian mountain shrub, you would be more excited to get them and use

them. Milk and eggs do not have that kind of romance. They are from common cows and chickens, so you ignore them as being of no importance.

What is exotic is often useless; what sits in plain view can be the cure you need.

*Barnyard
Blessings*

LESSON NINE



The Bridge to Power

FROM THE BOGS OF WEAKNESS lays a bridge that takes one to the plains of power. It is avoided by the vanquished, those defeated by the devilry of men and by the winds of illness.

Avoid this bridge never: it is your way back, there is none other - no pill to correct your weakness - no therapy to create the force you lack. To reach a new home which awaits you, a life that glows as the radiant coils of an electric oven, you *must* cross this bridge.

Your strength has been plundered by the events of your past. You have lost spirit mass and muscle mass, and *they are inseparable*. Your body is the suitcase for your soul - the luggage you need in a material world which is harsh on its inhabitants, and a frail body frightens the person who is forced to use it for his daily lodging.

You have accepted the need to exercise your body - to keep it well - but the exercises you have chosen... and *how* you perform them, are not curing the main short-circuit that exists in a body which houses a broken one. Your lantern - the light of you that shines, must ever be fed.... and it is fed by a *force* - by a stream of electrons of power, which must flow without disruption - and which must be stored within the capacitor that is your body. And what is a capacitor? It is a type of storage 'tank' for accumulating electrical charge - until it is ready to be *discharged*... at a command from you.

Your capacity to store force, to accumulate the power required to broadcast who you are into the audience of your associates, is dependent on the state of your wiring - on the condition of your nerves, and that is something I shall discuss later. But no nerve *can* - on its own - overcome the existence of a short-circuit that damages the huge computer chip that runs and regulates your body; that chip is not a piece of silicon, but the tissues of your brain, which are imprinted with the dominant thoughts of your heart.

You are infected by a short-circuit you made yourself, through ignorance of the consequences of wrong thinking. A short circuit - known in the trade as a short, is a fault in the wiring, in which electricity moves in an *unintended* path, where no path should be, and that unintended path creates a huge loss of power - a bleed in energy down a wrong channel. The result in an appliance is an overheating.... or an explosion, and - in a human, a short-circuit creates an alarming loss of health and happiness. The cure cannot be found in thinking - by itself, or in exercise - by itself, but in a *fusion of the two* - in a form of exercise which takes you face-to-face with the fault you made.

No contractor can you blame; you made this one yourself - and now you must fix it with your own hands.

As a good electrician, we shall not start snipping wires until we first take a serious look at the system - and determine exactly where the error was introduced, and with a diagnosis grounded in facts, we can then proceed to make the needed repairs.

Let's turn on our flashlights and get to work.

*The Bridge
to Power*

HARD-WIRED

The toughest defects to fix are those made in manufacturing.

Open up a panel of human thoughts, as it lays on the bench of examination, and look for the short - the place where wires *cross*.

We want to see where the current of our thinking is being led in the wrong direction - away from the main feeder lines into our energy machinery - and off into nowhere, or into other areas that are being burned by the heat of misdirected power.

We are on a hunt for clues, a burnt smell, a melted wire which was hit by too much current... or by hot-spots which are still red with agitation. Not long are we before the problem appears, and it's a dastardly one - right in the middle of the main harness, the big bundle of power lines coming in from Above, just below the point where they have entered our spirit - to power our daily life.

We can smell the smoldering where the smoke has been. We spot a wire turned backward, heading in the *wrong* direction - a reversal of flow, so instead of life-force coming down into us, it is going the *wrong* way down a one-way ramp, into our main power grid. What is this electrical short, this botch-up in the core of us?

It is the thought-wire of, *I can't...* the belief that in us, the flow of life, and its purpose for depositing us in physical bodies (which is to *overcome obstacles*) will not happen... and that we should turn away from these obstacles... and instead seek *safety*.

The flow of power than enters us from Heaven is given us that we may move *forward*, but we - with our thinking, take that force

and turn it back on itself, in a direction it was never intended to go, one of retreat. But if that were so, if *defeat* were the purpose of life, then there was no point in being born - for we could have hid out on the Other Side and not come here.

Hard-Wired And it is this electrical short - the thought-loop of *I-can't*, that must be rewired, and it will be a tough job, because it has been burned by repetition and the high heat of failure into our main circuit board, which is the set of our essential action-reaction loops...which work as follows, '*If this type of event happens, I will do this - and if such-and-such else happens, then I will do that.*'

It is because of this flaw in manufacture - which could have begun in childhood, or might have gotten burned-in during the trauma of previous lives, that we must rewire the main harness of thoughts. That is *not* easy to do, for we cannot turn off the power - the energy from Above, while you are still in a body, and so we shall have to make the repairs on live circuits. The only way to do that is to engage in a method of exercise conjoined with thinking. But what kind of physical activity - when joined with corrected thoughts, could induce the permanent rewiring that we require?

And it is a *permanent* correction we need, not the fleeting surge of power that comes when we read inspirational literature. Well...what could it be?

SAM'S GYM

Using muscles to rewire brains.

You are about to undo the damage you did to yourself. To think we can do that with exercise, why it's just thrilling - so let's get started!

Come on in to my gym in the mountains. Instead of mirrors to remind us of what went wrong, we're going to look outside at the

strength of the old blue mountains that surround us. They make me feel mightier just looking at their lovely shapes.

What is the physical key we need to open up our power?

It is not exercises that promote flexibility, for we are already *too* flexible; when people or events bark at us, we alter our path and turn backwards - so stretching and yoga, though wonderful, will not force-correct our malformed thought-circuits.

*The Bridge
to Power*

We could go jogging up here in the hills, but fatigue will wear us out further; our chemistry, the reservoirs of essential chemicals remaining in our body, is already close to depletion, so there must be something better.

We're going to do exercises most-suited to *our* condition - and when we're done, you'll be saying, 'That was what I needed.'

We are going to do what I call Zen weight-lifting, a type of meditative weight-lifting not done by ordinary folks, for we are not ordinary. By doing Zen weight-lifting, we will begin to grow the most calorie-hungry tissues in our body (our muscles). Our sinking hormones will start increasing, and because of this, we'll see a surprising shrinking of our Middle Earth - our gut. That is fantastic - but it's not the *main* reason we need to lift weights.

We are going to use weights to make us stronger *upstairs*, and what is amazing about weights is that they have the power to do that. What is a weight? It is an obstacle, right? By conquering it, we are winning against our weakness, our fear of confrontation, our fear of being blocked. Hurray for that, for weights can help us do what thinking alone cannot do: change our thought-grooves.

But why can't we just *think* our way into a new us?

Why? - because those thoughts are *un*-tested, unused in battle, and when placed under the hot glare of the arclight of stress, they will go back into thought-space and evaporate as vapors, for they are not thought-wires soldered securely into a new position, but are merely *placed* there - with nothing to *keep* them there when the inevitable furies of life shall be set against them.

Okay, so what are we going to do *differently* with weights?

We are going to use weights as one would use a time-machine, to take us *back in time*, to deliver us backward to moments in our life in which we gave up - and then, once the weight has brought us there, we will deliberately *insert* a new behavior, so that when we return to the present, our circuits will begin to flow in a new direction.

To use weights as a time machine, you have to use them slowly. When you use a weight slowly, it does things to your mind that do not happen when you jerk them around... going faster to pile up more and more repetitions.

People rush through weight-lifting sessions - just as they rush through life, trying to *avoid* moments of truth, because although truth heals, it is like iodine on a wound, at first... it hurts.

But what is the moment of truth in weight-lifting?

It is when the muscle says, 'I am sorry; I cannot do what you want.' Failure frightens people, so they try to speed up, jerking a weight up-and-down in a rush to get it over-with faster - so they don't have to *feel* the emotions of failure.

Here is how it works. Let's start with a common push-up and leg squat to make the point clear.

Rush through push-ups and maybe you can do ten or twenty, but so what? You are not trying to impress an angry sergeant; you are trying to change your life. But do a push-up real slow - and be especially slow as you *begin* to lift yourself off the ground; you will find that you cannot do more than three or four... maybe not even one.¹

You can do leg squats in the same way, with your body-weight, or with free weights, with arms spread for balance, or holding-on

1. Take ten seconds to raise yourself up, whether it is a full push-up - or a half-one, for those who are weaker...in which you raise yourself up from a kneeling position - knees on the floor, not the traditional laying-flat posture. Lower yourself in ten seconds on the way down. Your body is a weight: when you lift your body through exercise, you are doing the same thing as using a barbell.

to someone (or something), or leaning against a wall, as you raise and lower yourself.

Never hold your breath. It locks you up. Keep breathing.

When you hit the point of failure, stay there for a few seconds if possible. Fight it - and that brief fight changes you.

Fight the *I-quit* reflex, and you are engaged in pattern-reversal.

*The Bridge
to Power*

We need the solder gun of intense physical effort to glue the new thoughts in place. When I say intense, I mean *intense for you*. I do not mean heavy weights, or doing anything that might injure you, but something different - a way of placing you at the door of muscle failure even if that be but a five-pound weight, and then asking you to *try* to budge that door open.²

Even if you cannot move the weight (or your body) another inch, that is okay, for our target organ is not the muscles, but our *mind* - which must change and reverse its flow, to align itself with the river of great power coming in from Above.

We have a goal, it is growth of spirit, not big muscles. So, in Sam's Gym, you'll never hear me saying, 'Give me another ten.'

Your total repetitions on anything will probably be *less* than ten. It is the *last one* that does the transformation . . . the one that puts you over the top . . . into the *I-quit* zone. When you enter the *I-quit* zone, you have instantaneously re-created a state of defeat that you have been in hundreds of times before - from earlier in this life, or from a series of prior lives in which you let others get *their way* - because you were *too scared to fight*, and you let another steal the heart of a mate who was to be your companion, or you let someone crook you out of some parcel of land that belonged to you, or you let someone deprive you of a job that was meant to be yours - or a thousand other defeats in which you bowed your head and dropped your eyes, because you did not *think* you could

2. This type of weight-lifting is normally not done more than once a week, because you have given your muscles a big homework assignment when you go to the edge, and they need all that time to be ready for their next class.

win, and you did not understand that in accepting defeat... over and over, again and again, you were creating a permanent short-circuit in the power lines attached to you by your Creator.

In those moments of defeat, you did not understand, or maybe care, that in choosing not to fight, you altered the base-coding of your body - your DNA, which... in time, conforms itself to those thoughts of yours which are constant, and therefore *dominant*.

In your genes is the history of your character, the chronicles of your choices - burned into amino acids that replicate themselves without end. As we know, depression is genetic. Alcoholism is genetic. So many disorders that can sour our days are genetically-originated. And so is the pattern of defeat.

The *acceptance* of defeat is a disease, a disorder in which you are abandoning the power granted to you by your Author.

So... when your muscles say, 'We can go no more,' this is your time to stop, to shatter - to end that pattern that has destroyed your chances of ever being well, or of ever being happy in your heart.

When you hit that last repetition, the one that sends you into a zone of time and space called the *I-quit* zone, you are then living in the echoes of many defeats - and this instant, this micro-part of a second... it is your flash of character-transformation - and your choice. Your decision, made in the flames of the *I-quit* zone, will determine your destiny in the days and decades to come.

Will you fight - resisting the *I-give-up* urge, if only for a second or a few of them, or will you run - as you have done so many times before? This is not weight-lifting... oh no, not when you do it this way... this is the *revealing* of your deepest flaw - and by making a new choice - to *fight*, you are commencing to make a change that will result - in time, in your resurrection.

Zen weight-lifting is a spiritual exercise that makes a lasting change in you; it will deposit - in your muscles, the memory of, 'Obstacles are big barriers that appear frozen, but which melt under the heat of Mind.'

You will notice a surprising consequence - one which you ne'er expected from muscle-work, and it is this: *you will not act the same when hit by new stresses.*

You will have crossed the bridge to power; once on the other side of it, you will not react to opposition as you always did.

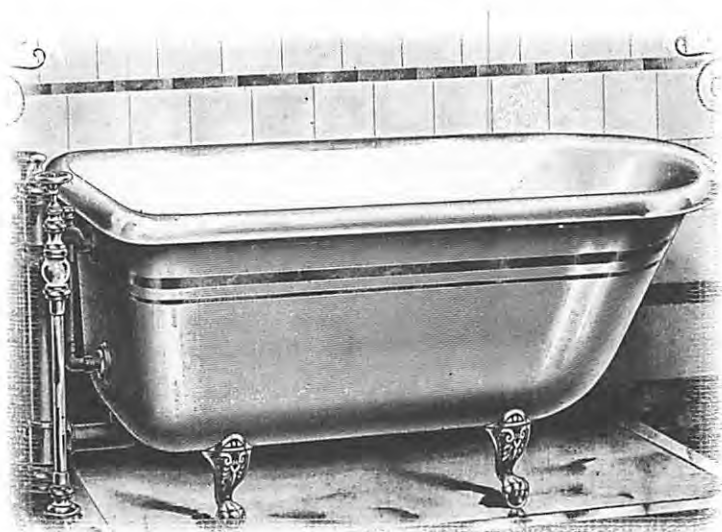
Without thinking, without ever trying, you will instinctively move forward, because the new thought of 'I-can' will be fused in place...in a way that *no* event can dislodge.

*The Bridge
to Power*

Now that we are done with our first session in Sam's Gym, we are warmed with victory over the past, and we shall step outside - into the morning air of the mountains. We will...in time, be as strong in our own way as they are. As air must move *around* them to get where it is going, people will have to move aside for *us*, for we will not quit - and when challenged, will not back down.

I salute the new conqueror now growing inside of you.

LESSON TEN



A Tub of Wonders

BEHOLD - A TUB, soon to be your restoration chamber. Inside this magic device, you will experience a metamorphosis... from feeble to fierce.

Inside this tub...SHAZAAM! Magic begins, as we re-materialize your ship from the substance of aged seas which burped-out life a billion or more baseball seasons ago. You are going home for your cure, back to the home you came from, the ocean, the big birthing pond for all species on Earth. You are here today because it was there back then - a giant sack of amniotic fluid filled with a soup of minerals - the broth of your beginnings...for only in liquid can life begin, and only by *returning* to it can you be restored.

Not by the dryness of air can you be resurrected - but only by immersing yourself in the water from which your early ancestors once crawled forth, as they left their home to dominate the land.

You must bathe in the ocean - and do it often, and if no ocean be in your backyard, then you must bring the ocean home to you; you must re-create it in your tub; you must make the Atlantic or Pacific or the Indian Ocean appear in your home. You must be a magician - and your assistant will be whole ocean salts, available 'round the world; add them to water - then plunge into brine. In going back a billion years, you can have a better tomorrow. You need to be born again - a baptism for your body, because so much has gone wrong that *only* by returning to the watery womb of life can you fix what went astray.

Start life over... in a mothering soak of warmed waters, made fertile through the father force of life-sprouting mineral salts.

You are in trouble... and only your parents can help. Though it may be years since you have heard the voice of a mother or father, would you not recognize their signature sound in a billionth of a second, were they to return? Thus it is that your cells recognize *their* primordial parents, and they *know* (all tissues have memory), that only by the power of those parents can they be healed... and that once healed, they can rise up and resurrect.

I hear the alarm in your cells; it is time... time to go home.

AN AWAKENING

What seems dead about you is but dormant.

The skies above the seashore are full of life, because the sea attracts life... because it gives life.

The shore is the barrier to the fish who thrive in that brine and who cannot ever leave it. We are so different. A long time ago, the ancestors of our ancestors left the sea; millions of us now live for

years without ever coming near it, and its presence is no longer a necessity for Man's existence.

Not so for the broken. The only way to bring back life that is dead - and long-gone, is to return to where you began - not in this life, but many sunsets ago, before you had eyebrows and toenails. A soak in sea water does much more than replenish some elements that you lost. It is an ingathering of force, intangibles that cannot be placed in a pill - you have lost the wiggle of a happy fish and the sparkle of its darting eyes.

*A Tub of
Wonders*

The sea that changed this planet of lava rocks into a world of hustling creatures is the only place in town with the goods to make you over - and you cannot swallow what it has to offer.

Just do *nothing* and let it soak into you, because the sea wants to heal you, but you cannot stand apart from it and out of it - and still suck in its treasures. You need your tub.

ADVICE TO SAILORS

How to navigate the journey home.

You are entering a tub, but it is a trip back in time, to the days of your Creation. You have sought your cures through ingestion, but a bigger one shall come to you from immersion.

Let go of *trying*, because this is a cure that happens. It is a gift from your parents - the salty waters that pushed new life from out of their deep places and onto the land of your destiny.

You will feel safe in salts, in merging with the water, in being covered by it, protected by it, and surrounded by it. You will feel safer in being wrapped by water than in being whipped by winds of open air.

Make your water the temperature of warm seas, a little more than body temperature - but less than 102 degrees. If you make the temperature too warm, you will overheat... and get the sauna

effect, i.e., things will *leave* your body instead of entering them.¹ Make the water too cool, and it shuts your pores and stops your healing; you need to stay open for business - which is the task of starting over with a re-made body.

Add a cup or two of raw ocean salts.² You can add more, and that is a matter for one's intuition, but too concentrated is like too hot; you'll get *less* of a cure, and a brine-induced cleanse could set you back. Soak any time of day, but it should be one in which you are not nervous of phones ringing or doorbells buzzing. Stay in thirty to forty minutes; allow time for ocean salts to penetrate, and to speed absorption, use a skin brush *before* you get in.

Make sure that, as much as possible, your chest is covered by the water. And set before yourself a schedule, obtained by your feelings - and hold to it. It could be twice a week, or every other day, or every day.

Transformations take time. They are different to cures, which fix a *part* of you ... but leave the rest of you much as it was. One ingredient of your cure cannot be found in bathwater, because it is not a physical substance: it is patience. No plant can mature before its cycle. Cauliflower cannot produce a crop in fourteen days, even if you pour a pile of fertilizer on it every day. You will not resurrect in a weekend - even if you stayed in salt water. No one bath can cure a broken body; there are no fast resurrections. Make this a lifetime habit, and realize that you may need a lower frequency of salt baths as your strength returns.

I remember that when I first visited Maui, I tried a famous spa - and felt nothing. Then - I discovered ocean soaks for an hour a day; it was like an archeologist finding lost treasure, because the soaks gave me a happiness, a natural ease that had disappeared

1. I suggest using a bath thermometer; I also suggest a hanging chlorine filter to help eliminate this chemical from your bathwater.

2. To locate sources of sea salts for bathing, type the phrase 'sea salts bathing' into your favorite internet search engine.

over the years. 'God, please let me stay longer.' The ocean was for me a restorer of lost might - so I began salt baths when I got home.

Never forget to jump in your tub - and soak, soak, soak.

Inside a seasalt bath, your cells know the *call of home*. There is no place like it. Not Hoboken, nor Fort Worth.

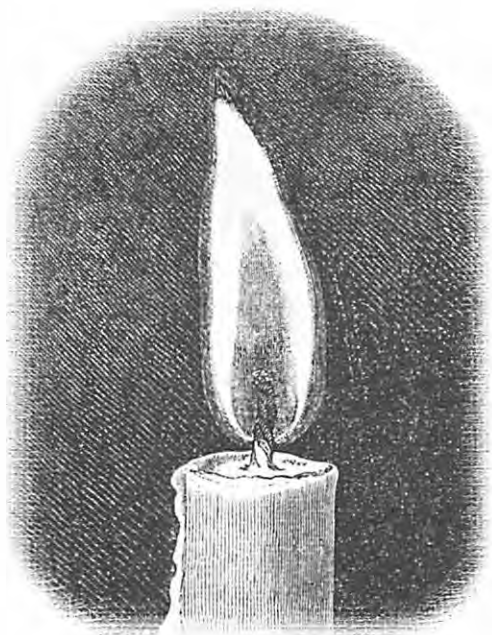
Inside that tub of wonders, you re-create your ancient birth city, the Atlantis of your journey's genesis; the journey back will - in time, remake you, as does bread dough rise-up in the oven of its maker.

*A Tub of
Wonders*



Part Three
Out of the Gully

LESSON ELEVEN



The Glow from the Attic

ON THE STEPS THAT LEAD to the attic falls the glow from above, and in that chamber o'er your head, inside chests sealed and silenced by time, are the answers you seek to the mystery of your debility.

No other place but the attic should you look. No other room, no earthly compartment, no scholared book heavy with opinion, can disclose to your eyes what has been stored and set aside for safekeeping since long before you were born - in anticipation of your great need to understand.

Wherever you abide in this world of great fury sits above you a quiet room, an attic of old knowledge - lit by a candle of love.

On the steps to that attic only *your* feet may ascend; no-one but you is allowed through the old bolted door; once inside, to your voice alone will padlocks drop their clutch and stuck lids creak open and fall backward on dry hinges, to reveal yellowed pages, and on them, written in a clear hand with information no man could surmise, will be prescriptions for *your* recovery.

To the stairs let us head, that we may sit upon the landing.

WHERE ANGELS FLY

Up in the attic are not bats or birds, but Messengers.

You have friends who wait for you upstairs in the attic; they want to select for your cure the records you need to see. They have not forgotten how you suffer. They wish to speak to you.

No pain of yours will turn them away; no poverty in body or bank account will weaken their devotion to your cause. They are yours. Talk to them; they are real 'people,' as real as a bus driver or a barber - not balls of Light without personality.

One of the advisors in my attic is slender and speaks softly with the wisdom of a priest: he seems to be my senior advisor. The other is the opposite - wise but not so lofty; he seems to love great food, and has the puncturing humor of a nightclub comic, always pointing out with a witty line where I am wrong in my thinking. I get ready to laugh... and then wince, when he is near.

All of us have 24/7 tech support for a lifetime, but we don't use the service - because we don't think to, or because we don't think we are *worthy* of such help - though it comes prepaid with our birth certificate.

No man suffers alone. His Guardian Angels suffer with him.

ISLANDS IN THE SKY

*From homes above yours can your friends plainly see what to
you is not visible from the ground.*

It is easy to see the wide floor of a valley when you climb to a higher vantage point, a rock that overlooks it all.

*The Glow
from the Attic*

You *do* need friends in high places - *really* high places, because from their homes above, they can see, with the wide-angle lens of an elevated perspective, what you cannot resolve with the close-up lens of Man's limitations. To win your battles, you need *their* eyes. Up to the attic shall we go, to see what you may expect.

I began my trips to the attic years ago, knowing that I needed help. I did not expect much...just comfort. I was young, smitten by the brilliance of people who lived down in the valley alongside me - people who were older; people who knew things; people who healed others; people who seemed powerful; people who seemed confident in areas I wasn't...which was everything.

I wanted to find the *right* people, because I knew that when I did, everything would be better, because they could advise me, and it all happened as I wanted: I found them, and I did as they said - and in many flavors of error, I was *damned* by their counsel.

Until recent years, I never understood how much detailed information was waiting for me upstairs in my attic. I got into situations where there was no-one to ask; I didn't need a vague feeling of comfort from above; I needed specific knowledge, and when I heard the advice, I followed it - because by then I was too scared not to...and yes, it worked.

I heard stories of how famous healers would get into a healing jam with a tough patient, and how they would pray and then hear a formula or a suggestion, and suddenly, someone was saved. I was so dazzled, but I never understood I could do it too; we *all* could if we kept trying.

I started small because small is how I judged my power. I used to ask them Upstairs when it was good to call someone I needed, and they would tell me - and I made wonderful contacts. Other times, I either didn't ask or ignored what I heard, and someone who *had* been friendly would take the phone, a little angry, and say, 'Sam, not a good time. I'll call you later.'

The questions I got answered were from the mundane, like, 'How many doses of such-and-such do I give my sick wife?' to the core issue I asked once, 'Why do I feel so broken?' and in a flash that trembled me, I saw myself in a *prior* existence walking down a dark stone passageway to the outside... to my execution.

It's all up there in your attic; whatever you *have* to know, and only your friends up there can take you to the right page. Unlike the credit card company who says, 'Don't leave home without it,' do *not* take your opinions to the attic; it's like wearing sunglasses in the shade; you might miss something big.

From the valley floor, the view is never the same as for those who look down from higher up. That's why I make so many trips to the attic these days. I have learned from my time up there, and from all the times I said to myself, 'I *never* thought of that before.' So - I make sure I don't grab hard onto what I *think* I know, and let it get in the way of what I *need* to know.

CLIMBING THE STAIRS

Let me walk with you up the steps - and tell you what it takes to return with a larger basket of help.

Through the door I daily stride - with more confidence than e'er before, so that I can *clearly* hear words of instruction that did not arise from within me, in phrases I could not write if I labored for hours - and in points of view I couldn't find in any book.

Through my trials and tumbles on the way up and through that door, I can assist you, that you may walk downstairs again with advice you cannot procure in the marketplace of men.

I have set for myself some rules I follow, to make my trips to the attic more likely to create the outcomes I desire.

My first rule is that I make my trips up the stairway when I am *most* rested - though that is not always possible, for I understand that emergencies arise that do not allow rest. Be as rested as you can be. You will listen best when you are the *least* weary.

To activate your radar receptors, do whatever helps raise your energy, whether that is a glass of water (or several of them), a cup of tea or coffee, or a snack, because a growling stomach takes your mind off the soft voices of divine visitors.

There is no official proper position for mental elevation, *except* - as they say in the military, 'At ease.' Get an ottoman to rest your feet on, or if it feels right - lay flat in bed. Sometimes, the only thing that can take my mind up is a brisk walk, because exercise can lift depressed feelings; even a partial lift helps you connect.

Now - let's use SOUND and SCENE to take your mind up to the attic. Sound and scene mean the same as they do in the movie business... the sound track and the set, the mental environment which creates the world of a satisfying film, its universe. For two or so hours in a theater, your mind lives in the world created by the sound track - and by the visuals on the screen.

To get to the attic door, we use a sound track first, because, in a film, fifty percent of your enjoyment comes not from what you see, but from the sounds you experience. Sounds such as music create an *energy-space* around you, because sounds create feelings, and feelings enlarge awareness. The movie business uses sound to take your mind to another place; that is what you need to get up to the attic. You need to *leave* your life to *fix* your life; sound can take you somewhere else - just as it does in a theater.

*The Glow
from the Attic*

Pick any music you enjoy, even if your spouse only tolerates it. This is not a time for music-in-the-middle, something those close to you can *agree* on; no compromise should there be! This is *your* journey - not a family vacation. People feel obligated to use what I call spirituëlle music at meditation time ... like monks in brown robes singing ancient hymns. This is beautiful - but only suitable if it's pleasing to *you*. I'm not trying to be a saint - and to me, a lot of what spiritually-correct people consider required-listening is drippy stuff that depresses. So if listening to rock music is what does it for you, then that's *your* way up the stairs - and amen to you. If it helps, get a music player with headphones, so you can listen to *your* ideal meditation music, without embarrassment or comments from others to keep it down. Let'em play that sonata elsewhere.

Do your music for a few minutes - enough to enliven you - not enough to satisfy you. Spend the next five to ten minutes using sound a second way, a mystical way - a favorite of holy men and warriors since long before the first Olympics.

You need to do what *they* did, which is to tune your mind to what I call the DIVINE FREQUENCY - a high-frequency bandwave which carries information encoded within it, a different kind of information ... divine data.

To receive divine transmissions, you need to raise yourself into a higher God-state; it's like fine-tuning a satellite dish, aiming it in the right direction, to connect to signals being beamed into it.

To download data on this Divine Frequency, make the same sound as the warriors did towards the end of the motion picture, *The Last Samurai*. Just say, 'Aaaaaah.' It's the same sound you make when you quench your thirst and go, 'Aaaaah.' Make this sound as a relatively-continuous tone for several minutes or longer. You can *feel* a zone of serenity around you when you do this for a long-enough period of time for it to *take*. That means you are finally locked-in to the Source.

Now for a final minute of our warm-up before entering the attic - let's add some cinematography, the scene. View a photo, painting or image of whatever makes you feel stronger. It can be a personal photo or one torn from a magazine. Make sure it's not a photo from *The Past*, with a pain message that might cringe and crumple you, like the photo of a loved one who just passed.

*The Glow
from the Attic*

As with music, choose photos that create power within you, even if others can't relate to them.

Sometimes I like to view photos taken of the galaxies from the Hubble Space Telescope.¹ At other times, these photos feel scary because space is so big, so I go to nature scenes from the region where I live in Virginia. Whatever you look at, enter it; don't look at it as a shopper on the street peering in; be *in* it. Now, close your eyes to avoid distractions.

See yourself walking through an attic door to a place with a glow - where people are *waiting* for you.

STEP INSIDE

It's a private club of personal advisors; they've been waiting for you to arrive.

Walk in; feel the friendship. This is your refuge from struggles below, where windows rattle from storm-winds of disease and the distress of a life that disturbs. Adjust your eyes to the glow of candles. Say anything you want up here, where all is understood and no secrets are ever betrayed; you're with old companions who know you from way back - and I mean... *way back*.

Now, what's on your mind? You look tense, but you'll walk out soon with the beginnings of a smile. Long before you finish that muffin of fresh insights, you'll be saying with a sigh, 'Thank you. Now I know what I need to do, and it's going to be okay; 'cause

1. To find these images, type 'hubble space telescope photos' into a search engine.

this is something I never tried before, a new plan from spirit people who *know*, not from folks below who keep guessing.'

Step Inside

What occurs only in science fiction movies - time travel - can happen in the attic; your friends go *anywhere* for answers, and that may mean a dozen lifetimes back. I often use this information to learn more about relationships that are *not* working, or are maybe okay - but always tense. I want to know - not the details of what went on back when, but the *essence*. What was the nature of that relationship? Was it constructive? Destructive? How did it end? Did I screw-up and hurt someone? Did *they*? Was it both of us? What was I supposed to learn - and didn't?

I want to know this, because patterns of behavior - whether mine or someone else's, are energy-seeds which re-bloom when planted in the fresh soil of a new life.

Everything in nature wants to re-create itself...to live again - from oak trees to frogs. That is the way of all forms of life, which re-constitute themselves by way of physical seeds. That desire to live again also exists in things which are *invisible*...in things of the spirit - such as relationships from the past, both good and bad. The pattern is already there - and it *wants* to re-express itself.

That is why you need to be careful...why you need to consult advisors with longer memories than you. It takes less energy to *re-activate* old patterns, even destructive ones, than to create *new* ones, so...it's important to head for the attic - to stay clear of ruts hidden by the fallen leaves of time.

I know people I scarcely have a relationship with - yet if I'm honest, I feel rage when I think about them, and not because they are rude. I don't censor what I feel; I just want to know...*why*?

If I got in trouble with a person once before, I don't want to do it again - because without thinking I might drift down a pathway in space I didn't know was there. So I ask my guides in the attic.

I ask them about health problems, because they may be *energy-echoes* from a past tour of duty on earth; if so, they're ruts in your

system, baked hard by time; your friends in the attic can explain what happened - or show you a movie clip of a past life, so you'll understand *how* this disease began.

When your Angels show you a vision, it's like watching a great film such as the one titled *Sixth Sense*. Watch it the first time and see one thing; watch it a second or third time and you see things that you missed. Angels will replay a vision for you, 'cause often there's *more* going on, like maybe someone you know from *this* life is in the scene, and you didn't see them on the first run-through - because something else grabbed your eyes.

*The Glow
from the Attic*

You may be watching a clip they flash in your head and you say to yourself, 'Oh God, there I am, bleeding to death on a dirt floor' - and as that jolt discharges, you look up and say, 'No, it *can't* be,' and it's someone who *hated* you ever since you met them twelve years ago in this life; their voice gave you chills the first time you heard it. You remember it now; it was shortly after you met him, you woke up one morning and felt a black presence... it was *him* - laying on top of you in spirit form; you felt a physical weight on your chest (how could that be?); he was trying to rape you, then kill you; it was *so real*. There he is again in this vision - standing over you - with a knife; you see your chest spitting out its blood onto the floor. 'Oh God,' you say all over again. Now you get-it... why you've been weak since birth - why your heart, though not diseased, is still feeble from the imprint of an ancient stabbing.

You now know why you've had horrible lung congestion, and why remedies from the best of them leave you dull and dead, and how *could* they work?; you've never recovered from the *real* injury.

Now you can. So.... censor not your Guardian Angels.

Before you ignore a message of theirs, be sure you understand what they're saying or showing you, for you may have missed the meaning. Do not discard answers that at first make no sense.

As with Polaroid instant film, let the image develop fully *before* you decide to discard the picture.

To save you, your friends above can take you *forward* in time, to events that have not yet come-to-be. You may need to know, with a certainty, that current situations *will* change - but the *only* way to convince you may be to permit you to see things that have not happened - yet.

Step Inside

Ask your questions, then hand them a blank piece of paper; not a list of favorite answers for them to check off. I once asked whether a transition period in my life was six or nine months long; I *had* to know (which was it?) I didn't understand that the correct answer - the one I never *allowed* them to explain, was far longer...about seven years.

You are better off saying, 'What do I need to know about ____?' then stand back for whatever happens, even if that is nothing, for some things you are not *ready* to know, and on other matters you think you have-to-know something, but maybe you *don't*, because they don't matter. What you *do* need to change your life could be information you never thought to ask.

When you are finished with your time in the attic, remember to thank them; it's easy to forget when they lack physical bodies whose hands you can shake.

LIVING IN THE AFTERGLOW

The light from the attic doesn't fade when you walk downstairs.

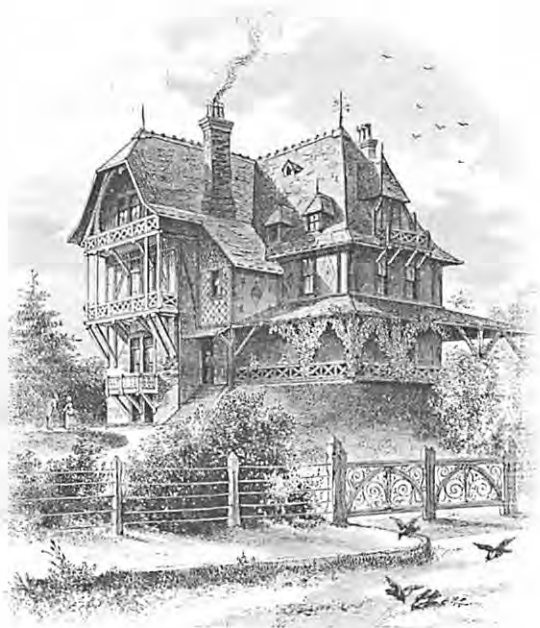
What you bring back with you *stays* with you; the more you amble upstairs, the more it sticks; what sticks is confidence that you can get *out* of the mess you are in; and, unlike the astronauts who visited the moon, you are not alone on *this* planet.

These aren't good-time-Johnny's, friends who migrate away when summer turns to fall.

These friends in the attic will mother you, or brother you, or
be whatever they *need* to be for you, until they raise you to where
you are *supposed* to be, and then they'll be around, just above you,
not to interfere, but to be *with* you, to feel what to them is food -
the glow of your joy.

*The Glow
from the Attic*

LESSON TWELVE



Where the Grass Grows Tall

ON THE PLAINS OF LIFE, along the road of your travels, is a place of natural virility, a special spot apart from others, a piece of earth and sky where under its umbrella can you finally be the heaven-powered person you were sent to be.

There, and *only* there, will you grow as strong as the summer grass grows high and happy, in a place of physical heartiness that for you exists in no other locale, in no other centimeter of earth. Be elsewhere and you shall falter; be *here*, and what the grass feels, so will you.

For every season of your passage has a place been selected.

It may be that you are now there...and know its rightness. But if troubled in body, you may be *off the path* that they Above have

picked for your blooming, and whether a block off course, a city too many down the road, or a continent away, you will not come into your own purpose until you first align your body with the magnetism of the place that has been chosen. You may think you have chosen it, but it knew *your name* before you knew your own.

Until you are of age to earn your own way, you must be where your parents or guardians have placed you. After that, they are *your* choices, and if they are the *right* ones, the people you need to meet will be there, and the things you are supposed to be a part of *will* occur. But if you make the wrong choices in rooting your feet, no food will fix the famine in your heart.

To heal your woes, you need to be on the train headed home, to the home selected for this juncture of your journey. That which separates you from this place - lack of money, business or family ties, whatever are the walls, they must be scaled.

THE POWER OF PLACE

A bird risks all to migrate to its nesting grounds; so must you.

Place is primary: better it is to eat coarse food in a land of your destiny than to feast in a place that does not want you... because you are a child of God who belongs not there, but somewhere *else*.

Place is specific: to be on the wrong corner of the street from where you *should* be is to miss the magic of the chosen longitude and latitude designated for the church of your happiness.

Place is safety: you are guarded when in position, but exposed when you are not.

Only at home in the destined location and lodging will you heal the wounds of your illness. You may say, 'When I feel better, I will go to where I know I should be.' But you may never feel better - until you are there.

One woman warned her sister, 'Don't be married to bricks and mortar.' The sister had not wanted to give up a beautiful home she had spent a lot of money on, and years to build; she needed to leave...and did, because her destiny lay over an ocean in another country, and *that* is where she found herself. Life is not built on recouping investments, but on being at the appointed place for the next act in your play to begin.

Where
the Grass
Grows Tall

A place may be right for you - for a time - and when that time ends, you *must* leave, or things that went right for you will start to go wrong. Should you tarry, the place that sheltered you may stab you. Like a hummingbird who ignores a cold front to feed a bit longer, you may imperil yourself by defying the changing of your personal seasons.

Home is where Heaven *requires* you to be.

To obey is your only option.

A chosen home is not free of problems, but they are problems you can overcome - for a home is a place of shelter, whether it is in a crowded city or on a country lane.

The broken must be brave. To unbreak your spirit, you cannot timidly pursue change. You - like Abraham in the Bible, may be asked to move to another country - or travel to the other side of the country you are in. You may be asked to move away from a region of personal troubles so that you may heal by being absent - though it may have been your lifelong homeland, or - you may be asked to move back to where your downfall occurred, to defy the people and perceptions which broke you.

When it is time for you to leave a place, when the order from Above is given, there will be signs - and you will know.

There is *always* a place for you; your presence was foretold and your accommodations will be secured in time for your arrival; each of your habitats has its *purpose*, and each of those purposes must be fulfilled before the next one can proceed.

THE PERSONALITY OF DIRT

Homes get their character from deep inside the rocks of earth.

The
Personality
of Dirt

The earth beneath our homes is more than bored, sleepy rocks; it is fields of force, whorls of energy - spirals of electricity that a painter like Vincent van Gogh could feel and make evident in the evening sky of his famous painting, *Starry Night*.

What is dead is not the rocks, but your ability to *see* forces that come from below and bend your thoughts. Some land is better for homes, or for schooling the young, and other spaces have such darkness that they should be used for garbage landfills - never for homes.

Earth-energy has personality: a place can feel happy - or it can feel scary. Earth-energy differs from one home or apartment to another; it is not a question of high or low energy, it is a question of...what kind of energy?

You don't have to be psychic to *experience* the energy of a place. All of us do - some of us know why, but the rest of us, we just feel it. A cathedral or monastery gives off the energy of sacredness; you would sense it even if you were led there blindfolded, and it has nothing to do with the tenets of the religion - it is about the energy of the earth underneath. It is something *beyond* the energy of the special people and special activities that take place there.

You have heard of the phrase, 'To every purpose there is a time.' Well - to every purpose there is a *type* of ground on which it must be situated. It is not about geology; it is about an energy that is suitable to the purpose, that is congruent with it - that helps that purpose come-into-being, and that purpose, in your case, is the expression of the force known as YOU.

You worry about pollution; I worry about land - whether it is a poison to your existence. You worry about which herb to take, I worry about whether the land underneath your tired feet is going

to STOP you from ever living - is going to STOP every cure you try, is going to STOP your heart from ever being a happy one.

You are comfortable with things, matter which has condensed and can be touched or seen, whether that be foods to eat, pills to take - or pollutants to avoid. You are not as worried about forces, even though they are ... The Rulers of All Life.

*Where
the Grass
Grows Tall*

Without gravity, you would die; it holds your feet to the earth, yet it has no color; it is a force, and so is ground energy.

The home you live in sits in a pool of energy that has risen like cream to the surface of the land. Are you the beneficiary of that pool of forces - or its victim? Have things gone better since you moved there - or did they turn ugly?¹ Do you feel better when you leave it for awhile ... or worse without its wonderful effects?

The energy that has blessed you - or damned you, may exist throughout your entire area, or it could be an isolated instance - a single tuft of either good or bad earth-energy that sits below your home or apartment - and is not present on *anyone else's* land.

If that energy is not right, YOU HAVE TO LEAVE THE LAND.

There is no way to overcome it. Your departure cannot be put off because you just signed a long-term lease or a new mortgage, or because you just invested so much in that new addition to the kitchen. Trapped you may feel, but there is an answer, a way out ... to be provided by God Above, who shall broker your release.

No guilt should you have in selling this place to someone else, because you do not know *their* destiny (their karma) - and they may need time in the place you are fleeing from, to complete their obligations to a Higher Power. It is not for you to decide. It is for you to run.

1. The ground under your house is a sponge - and it can absorb the essence of evil activities that once took place there. If the house was a former site of murder, of child abuse, or of repeated acts of an unholy nature, get help - from a priest, or from someone who has *proven* spirit abilities to void that pollution.

A TALE OF THREE HOUSES

Three different homes; three energies; three life periods.

*A Tale of
Three Houses* I fell for a view with a house; I didn't know anything about earth-energy - only how beautiful it was to look out back at the Blue Ridge mountains, some of the oldest mountains on earth. It had a big view into paradise; you could look fifty miles away into West Virginia. I had just come out of a calamity in my life, and to me, this home seemed like ... The Cure.

What I *couldn't* see when I moved in was that this house was going to create worse troubles than what I was running from. The house felt protective - just what I thought I wanted. It was off and away from life, a place where a wounded animal like me could hide in the hollows of a shaded forest. I wanted this sense of distance from people. Yea! ... I had found it.

Like many homes, it was a kettle of two fish, but not the feast I had anticipated. The first fish was the ground energy. What at first felt like sweet seclusion was instead *melancholy*. Sandra and I would spend a fun day in town, feel high with life, and then come home to our private Swiss Alps - and shortly after, feel down; we used to think it was *us*. Not any more. I was aware that the wife of the man who built it had gotten cancer up there; we heard she was lonely for a life in town, but I never considered that it was the *house* that helped to form her illness. The second bitter fish in our new kettle was the residues of the wife's depression remaining in my walls. So the malicious 'stew' we inherited was a combination of ground-energy and leftover emotional residues.

During my years there, I was the sickest I have ever been - days and weeks in bed with illness, fevers so strong they were like gas furnaces in my head, multiple trips to the emergency room - once for pain medication when I had shingles, and another time for my colitis - and oh yes, once, for the only surgery of my life.

I was unable to write, sometimes for months. Sandra did not get ill, because earth-energy affects everyone differently. Instead, she mysteriously gained forty pounds, which just as mysteriously came off her after we left.

This was not the sanctuary I expected. It was something else. Sandra called it a *death* house. At that time, I didn't understand earth-energy; I thought she was depressed and blaming it on the house - but I now understand she was picking-up on something real. After seven years there, I felt danger, but attributed it to my life - not anything about the house. I didn't get it. But I did have a stunning intuition one morning: that one of us could die there - and that it would be violent; I didn't wait to see if this was a real premonition - or indigestion from the night before.

Where
the Grass
Grows Tall

We had already wanted to go far away; we needed a change, so we moved to Los Angeles: no view, no bears in the backyard - no smell of pines... but life got better.

The new home in that city of nine million was more peaceful than the one we had left in the countryside.

From the start, Sandra called this new home a *safe* house, and it was; it had a streetlight in front, the only one on our street that did - symbolic of its safe-house quality. I was hardly ever sick in that home. It protected us from calamity during an era of wars against my business from multiple enemies. Anyone else could have gotten a heart attack, yet I got stronger: so did the business, which experienced a pearl-necklace of lucky events that saved it - and built it back stronger than it had been during our old days in the countryside.

We had stumbled onto a home that made peoples' careers. We learned that the house had the earth-energy of feeding creativity. It had been the home of two giant movie stars *before* they got big; it was also the first starter home of a world-famous symphony conductor. The conductor's wife - who now lives in a mansion,

said *this* had been her and her husband's favorite home - though it was small.

Inside this home was your Resurrection Course begun.

We knew that when the time was right, we would leave there and that the home would shelter someone else who needed safe harboring - and a boost upward. That time arrived. We no longer needed protection against enemies, and it was time to rise, time to leave, time to go home - back to Virginia.

We now had a choice - and needed to avoid a mistake people often make: they become deceived by appearances, and because of that - choose the *wrong* dwelling. There were two outstanding homes to choose from. To simplify our choice, I nicknamed them sexy Selina versus dependable Dorothy.

The first home was the girl-next-door, a natural-born beauty who needed no make-up to stop your heart; it had never been lived-in; it had been built as a dream-home, was on a cul-de-sac overlooking a pond in a park-like setting, and had a feature I had always wanted but never enjoyed - a separate office of my own.

The second home *needed* make-up to impress; the poor thing was a plain-Jane. Yes, it was true: she was high on a hill with a good view, but darn, no landscaping - not a single tree near her; she was a nice home, but not one you'd *ever* call pretty, and if we took her, I would be back in an office intended to be a bedroom.

After our experiences, we knew it's not how a house *looks* - its how it *feels*.

Sandra felt Selina was a 'jello' house, as pretty on the outside as a fancy jello-mold, but with no substance inside her, nothing but *blah* energy underneath.

She felt that Dorothy was a *rocket* house, a place that had the ability to rocket any inhabitant upward in life. We went with our intuitions, because we had no time to travel back to Virginia to check anything out - so we chose Dorothy, the rocket house, over sexy Selina. *Bravo to you, Dorothy.* And lucky us!

We finally arrived back in Virginia and the home did all that Sandra had thought; the writing pace exploded - and the Course was finished in this home. I wrote it looking out a big window facing straight into the mountains I would die for.

I have learned from the past - and I'll never let a place deceive me again. So, before you make your next move - to a new home or apartment or condo, don't swoon over some view or feature that makes your eyes go wide. By going Above for help, make yourself aware of the *true* energy of the place you crave to inhabit.

Alas, the home you *need* may not be the one you *think* you want.

*Where
the Grass
Grows Tall*

HOLY GROUND

Stay in peace - or travel to it.

There is a place, so right for you, and so right for this time in your life, that it is more than good - it is *holy*, and by holy, I mean divinely-selected... and divinely-blessed.

There is not a menu of places you can go to; there is *one* - one place that is filled with the earth-energy you need to move ahead.

If you are not now living in it, go to this place. Maybe you once had a dream of living by the shore, or of moving to the mountains, or you always wondered if the plains had a magic missing from where you are now. Stop wondering and think seriously.

Are you now living in the home a heavenly Father has chosen for you, or have you gone adrift, ending up somewhere *else* from where He has summoned you? Are you at-ease where you live, or do you somehow have a sense that you do not fit-in?

Do something about these feelings.

Between you and this holy ground may lie mountains of fear... How can I do it? How will I get resettled? How can I afford it? How can I begin life again at my age? Start the climb and endure the trials, because your personal Palestine lies over those hills.

LESSON THIRTEEN



The Call of Your Clock

THE TIME OF YOUR RISING shall be announced - not by the clang of a clock on the wall, but by a message from Above, delivered by a postman of angelic origin, who shall come to your bedside - and speak to your heart.

From feelings inside, you will receive the good news, and - like pepper on the tongue, it will awaken you to a change of seasons, and you will know that a different time has come to be; what you thought endless is now finally over - and what was breaking you is itself breaking.

Your alarm has sounded; it is time to live. Because the time is right for your rising, that which has blocked you shall step aside.

YOUR TIME

*Your moment has been prepared as a gift offered before royalty -
it could not be brought to you...until it was ready.*

Your Time

No calendar on your wall comes printed with the most holy holiday of all, the date of your rise from the bed of your suffering.

Your day was long in its coming because much was there to do. You feared for the delays, and doubted that the door to your new life would open, but oh - it surely has, and the platters of joy that are being carried your way are more grand than your requests, for you have labored to be well, and your efforts are being celebrated by the ones who watch from o'er your head.

You are to be crowned with good health, but not before the chosen hour could the ceremonies begin. Not before the day of your rebirth could the messenger sit before you and speak to you - and make it official.

He has arrived with a regal proclamation written in the ink of certainty, a message you needed to know, 'It is time - *your* time.'

'Hear ye,' he says, 'by the words of a Power Most High, have you been gifted with release from the woes of your heart and the frailty of your body, that you may stand unbroken by defeat, free of the confines of illness and the miseries of your flesh, ready to take your proper position in the parade of life. So be it ordered.'

It will be because you have earned it - and by a messenger from the realm of the majestic, will notice be delivered. No longer will you see through frightened eyes, and hence forward, you shall command the energy to attend to the blooming of your wishes. What say you, your Majesty?

WAITING FOR DELIVERANCE

Seeing your way through darkness till the messenger arrives.

Your time is coming - that I know, but getting to it, and before it arrives, *believing* in it, no matter how beleaguered, that is what is so hard.

*The Call of
Your Clock*

I know, for I have given-up many times, then fought more, then given-up again. A lot of my bruises are not from what people *did* to me, but from falling down on days I thought I was defeated - when I was only disrupted. If I could only have believed more in my coming triumph, I could have gotten through with more faith, with more delight in battles I should have known I would win.

As down as you may be, no-one gets as far as you already have - if not for those rescue teams dispatched again and again from the terrain above your head. They do not forget *their* goal, though you - through fear and fatigue, may relent on yours; their goal is your salvation, your rise to power - to the power you require to express your purpose.

Understand one thing: your purpose has many parts. They are like parts of a car, parts you cannot see ... but which are essential. All the pieces of your purpose, call them homework assignments, must be completed *before* your rise can begin; these pieces will be disclosed - one at a time, so you can focus - and by focusing, bring whatever power you *do* still have against the un-completed parts of your bigger assignments.

Once you have finished your part, miracles greater than your power to create them will occur, and events you could not have known about will happen - and situations beyond your ability to author will create themselves, and because of all this, because of the unexpected, you *will* rise.

You will meet a person who can solve your problems, a person you never heard of - who will, through no previous plan of their

own, be present in an office *you* are supposed to go to - and you will meet them. . . . or something different may happen. Someone who stood in your way and loved it, and made you *want* to give-up, will - through no action of yours, lose all desire to harm you, because a sudden change-of-life will cause them to change *their* focus.

Out in Hollywood, movie stars talk about when their big break occurred - their transformation from no-one returning their calls to all in town wanting them. And out in your town, you will have *your* break, in your health - and in all of the departments of life in which you require a break, a break from burdens so heavy, it was not possible to budge your condition, but now that the time has come, all blockades will be rolled away from your feet - and you will finally step into bright days of success - days you were afraid you did not deserve. You *do* deserve them and they shall be yours - but you must complete all your preparations, and when you do, nothing can stop your reward from being hand-delivered by God to your front door.

Your actions wind your clock; what they bring is deliverance.

BROKEN CLOCKS

It sometimes feels like your clock has stopped, or that it has gone backwards - that you are moving away from victory.

You cannot rush the clock of your resurrection. It is yours, but you cannot move its hands - and sometimes those hands appear stuck; you feel you must do something *more* to make them start moving again - but they resist you, and here is why.

The old periods in your life need to die before new ones can begin, and, as worn-out life segments die off, it feels as though nothing is happening, but not all changes in your life announce

themselves to you - and what is moving forward to a better day for you may not be visible.

Sunsets don't go straight to sunrises, except in the movies. In life, they are followed by a period of *darkness*. You will feel this as no-motion, or as a period of things getting worse.

Remember the old English saying: *The nearer the dawn, the darker the night; in going wrong, all things come right.*

*The Call of
Your Clock*

These are the periods in which you feel God has forgotten you; your needs have been ignored and things will not budge, so you try to *force* things to happen in your health or in other divisions of your life.

Desperation-driven actions make awful situations worse. You may make a good decision *prematurely*, because you are so tired of waiting. I have done this often, and have winced at the outcomes - so remember these words: a good decision at the *wrong* time is the same as a *bad* decision.

Do not let your misery rush you into a personal change ahead of schedule. When you can't stand your situation any more, you may try to force your clock to go faster, but as a dear one told me, *'If you have to push a door that hard to get it open, you may not like what's on the other side of it.'*

When you feel you must act, and don't know what to do...do nothing. When things reach a peak - pause a day or a week before making a wrong decision you may regret for years. In the slumber of your night, a new door of thought may display itself, and a new way out may become visible, one which the desperate you could not see in the heat of your day.

Tough periods need to die a natural death; that takes time. You can't just turn *off* a bad period and turn *on* a new one.

To prepare for great change, accept great emptiness.

You cannot be like a woman who says, 'I HAVE to have a man,' and is unwilling to be empty for as long as it takes for Nature to speak, 'It is now time for your new song.'

People sometimes find the love of their life just after they have given-up ever having it, or - they get a change in their body they have been waiting for - after they stop trying to beat their system into being better. If you are pushing and it isn't happening, allow a spontaneous new pattern to appear, and it *will*, when you take your hand off the whip.

Sometimes an old period must do more than fade to black, it must be destroyed - so that you can get a release. In Africa, a tribe of herdsmen called the Masai burn the ground during periods of drought, charring the stubble that is left. Once the ground burns, fresh grass grows.

SECRET CODES

Your life's journey can be revealed through its numbers.

Each year of your time here is stamped by a number; it is coded for a purpose, and is destined for its place in your pilgrimage.

The numbers of your days are the red, green and yellow traffic lights that a Higher Power uses to plainly advise you of His yearly, monthly, and daily intents - a journey determined by Him and described not in words, but in a language made of numbers.

Numbers are a high-level language of a Divine Power, for this reason: the language of mathematics, of simple numbers, is more *clear* than are the words of men - which have multiple meanings. What you can learn from numbers are the signals He *wants* you to see.

To seek knowledge from numbers is *not* to consult the occult, as rigid religionists may claim. One cannot demand that a Higher Power speak in human dialects, as in 'What's happen'n, man?' It is for us to listen to all communications from Above - and not to set terms and conditions as to *how* a Higher Power may choose to speak to us. Language - when used by Angels - and by Him above

them, is always sparse, never chatty, because more words means less clarity.

In the Ten Commandments as given by Moses, the sixth one - as stated in the English translation, reads: *Thou shalt not kill*. This is concise at four words, but in Hebrew, it is less verbose. It uses two words; the first is the word 'no' (Lo); the second is the verb form of the banned action, which is 'you shall murder' (*TeerTsakh*). So - the commandment reads: (No) + (you shall murder). This is pronounced as: Lo Teer-Tsakh. Just two words to issue one of the most fundamental commands in human history.

The fewer the words, the clearer the message.

Words can be as slippery as an icy sidewalk, because words are more prone to mis-interpretation.

Take the word pickle, a food made from fermented cucumbers. Pickle does not *always* mean cucumbers. If I say, 'I am in a pickle,' it doesn't mean, 'I fell into a fermented cucumber.' It means, 'I am in some trouble,' or 'I am in a mess.' This word, like thousands of them, has a *different* meaning - depending on *how* it is used.

Not true with numbers. If I say I have six oranges, it doesn't mean I have somewhere from three to seven oranges, it means six. You and I may be from different parts of the world, but I can show you on my fingers. We both understand; we do not doubt.

If a civilization from another world were to communicate with us, it would likely be through the numbers of mathematics. We don't have to wait for spaceships, or for radio transmissions from beyond the Milky Way - to receive a communication in numbers. We don't have to be a physicist to decode them. A Higher Power broadcasts His thinking day and night, in the language of math - the simple numbers within the dates we all use each day.

To see the bread crumbs he has left on your doorstep, the signs that lead to changes in your life - look to numbers. He left them in plain view - in a code anyone can crack, for you were meant to

read it. It is not for high priests or scholars, but for people of all creeds who suffer from *not knowing* their path.

WHAT NUMBERS DISCLOSE

What Numbers
Disclose *Your biography has been written, your future pre-announced -
and to read the great news, look to your numbers.*

No fortune teller do you need; no oracle should you consult, for hidden in a cave, lost in a den of numbers, is the coded history of your days to *come*, and it includes a record of your days already completed - written by One who makes no mistakes and charges no fees.

The calendar on your wall contains within it a bankbook of information on your life; it is a Dead Sea Scroll written about the days of one chosen person - you, written in the same symbols you see on grocery receipts, good old numerals - not in the markings of an ancient language which you could not understand.

If you can add numbers, you can read your scrolls. I use this information to confirm that my actions are the *right* ones - and are done at the *right* time, something I never used to think of. I used to be impulsive, always scared things wouldn't go my way unless I pushed.

Now - I use numbers as my instrument panel... and when the numbers say 'Slow down,' I save my energy - knowing I am not as ready as I think I am. Do as I do: use the guidance of numbers and the force of luck works *for* you. Go against numbers and, oh no, things go wrong that would go *easily* - at a different time.

When you reduce a date to a number, that represents its core frequency - a frequency which creates conditions wonderful for some purposes - but *hostile* to others. Numbers set the *tone*; you create the details; the details are like the notes of a song, but as my mother used to say to me, 'It's the tone that makes the music.'

By using your birthday and your birth name (all letters have a numerical value), you can know many levels of information about your life, from a grand God-view down to minute daily concerns. Let's start at the upper levels.

Your personal numbers reveal your dominant Life Challenge - the assigned task for this life. You can learn which lessons you avoided dealing with in past lives and *must* deal with now; if you don't, more suffering walks in your door and announces to you - 'I am here, and I'm not leaving until you learn.'

*The Call of
Your Clock*

To calculate your Life Challenge, add up the numbers of your birthday, the day, month and year. If you were born on January 2, 1950, you have a Life Challenge of Nine {1 + 2 + 15 (which reduces to 6) = 9}.¹

It is better to learn your Life Challenge now - rather than later in heaven, as you review your just-finished life with Angels to see where you messed-up...or got it right.²

The effects of your birth numbers are modified by the letters of your original birth name, and the name you are using now (if it is different). For example, if you have a One Life Challenge and your name is Arthur, this will affect your personality - because the 'A' is an action letter that starts the alphabet and you may be more of an action person. If your name is one that starts with a 'B,' like Bob - you may be more of a detail person, since the letter 'B' is two, the second letter in the alphabet and a number which tends to represent details that must follow after any beginning.

1. Always reduce the total of your birth digits to a single number, unless they equal one of two super-numbers, Eleven or Twenty-two, and when these appear, cheer the news. These super-numbers are channels of spiritual power, as if a hidden energy door has opened, giving you more awareness to assist others - but *only* if you rise to the challenge contained within such numbers.

2. There are many lovely books on numerology; I don't have any favorites, otherwise I would list them.

Get the big picture now, the same one your Guardian Angels have in their planning books; your ideal plan is written into your personal numbers so you can see it, and act on what you learn.

For example, your personal numbers reveal what type of year you are now in; some are better as door-openers, some for finales, some for travel, some for romance; each year has its own essence, and if you know this in advance, you won't be frustrated trying to *make* things happen, because you'll know instead when they will happen as naturally as water flows, without having to bang your shoulders on the doors of life, trying to bust them open.³

Your personal numbers can reveal what type of month this is, which helps you organize your current year into *zones* of purpose. You cannot be *equally* powerful at all purposes in all months - and it is better to know, as a popular country-song says, when to hold your cards...and when to fold them.⁴

Finally, your personal numbers reveal what *type* of day this will be. I use this information all the time to confirm that I'm making different types of key appointments on the best days.⁵

Whatever day, month, or year you are in, it is a time structure that exists *independent* of you, and by working *with* it, everything will go better - and everything you do will be blessed. I observe these numbers in my healing, and in my everything, for I would

3. *Calculate your Personal Year:* Begin with the universal year. For example, 2005 was a seven year for the world $\{2 + 0 + 0 + 5 = 7\}$. To get your Personal Year, just add the month and day of your birthday. So, if you were born on January the second, that would be $\{1 + 2 + 7 = 10\}$, which reduces to a One. That means the year 2005 would have been for you a One Personal year.

4. *Calculate your Personal Month:* To learn your Personal Month, add the number of the calendar month to your Personal Year. If your Personal Year is a One, and if the current month was September, we would add Nine for September to a One for the year $\{9 + 1 = 10\}$ (which reduces to one) - 1 and this would mean you are in a One Month - a month of beginnings.

5. *Calculate your Personal Day:* Add your Personal Year to the Calendar Month and the Calendar Day. So - if you were in a One Personal Year, and the date was September 1, you would be in an Eleven Personal Day $\{1 \text{ (year)} + 9 \text{ (September)} + 1 \text{ (Day)} = 11\}$.

rather be blessed by my actions, than accosted by my stupidity in ignoring a Divine Plan - one that supersedes any of my own.

Numbers go from One to Nine; the cycle then repeats, because ten reduces to a one. Let's look at the One and Nine, which I call bookends, because they represent the *beginnings* and *ends* of cycles - of your health... of everything.

*The Call of
Your Clock*

Number One is the first number, and it is an announcement of a new beginning. One is a match that lights a fire - a new period in your existence, but Nine is the opposite of One; it is a bucket of water which puts out a fire, a number which closes periods. A One opens doors, while a Nine closes them. A One inaugurates, a Nine terminates. They are Sunrise and Sunset.

My wife Sandra has a One Life Challenge. She is here to be a leader and to express herself in ways that are new to her. It fits Sandra; she spent her years serving *others*, never realizing *she* had gifts - big ones, that were not being taken out for a ride on life's roads.

As a Life Challenge, the One tells her that she *has* to do things she may be *uncomfortable* with; she is not used to saying or doing what *she* thinks. A person with a One needs to shine... to do the opposite of their past, which was to stay safely in the shadows.

Now let's jump to the other end of the rainbow of numbers, to the Nine, whether it is a Nine Life Challenge, or a Nine appearing in a year, month or day. When you see Nine, look for conclusions, - a necessary part of life, as worthwhile as beginnings.

A Nine Life Challenge is for completion - of tasks begun but not finished - of lessons started but not yet absorbed. A Life of Nine is the ending of a cycle, of a series of lives that are supposed to conclude an era of your eternal existence. A Nine Life is one of submission to service, and because it is a conclusion, it is a time to put one's lessons in practice for the good of all.

A Nine period could be the end of something that wasn't good - a lifestyle that didn't work. A Nine year, month or day could be

the end of an illness, to be followed by new beginnings, the start of your dreams coming-to-be in the following One cycle. Do not fear Nines. Celebrate them. Some doors *must* close.

And thus ends your introduction to the mathematics of time.

What Numbers
Disclose

A Higher Power lives in a world of spirit. He uses His hand to bend the sea of time in which matter must live. Numbers are the digits of His power, the fingers of His force. Align your actions to His clock.

SKIES OF CHANGE

Expect turbulence: only a whirlwind can clear what is foul.

Not pleasant are the days that precede the emancipation of the broken ones.

A torment of unbroken tension is the final passage into a new season. By a cauldron of personal bashings are we often broken from bad patterns, bad situations - and bad people; we are not released from this pot until our transformation from the bondage of brokenness has been *completed*. When you are convinced it is over, there may be more . . . a little more, and that little bit more may be a rough patch of time to get through.

As all good gardeners know, patience before a turning point in weather can save your plant-children from death; hold back that spring planting until you are *sure* the final storms of winter have ended; there is often one more blast of bad weather hidden inside the rifle barrel of the winter you wish were over today - but it is not over - it is almost over, and *almost* is not good enough. Wait.

If you force things, you may get what you *think* you wanted - a new start ahead of schedule, but you may be like the flowers that begin to grow at the wrong time of year, lured from the earth by false spring weather at the end of winter - who are then killed off when the true winter season *re-appears*.

Be patient - just as the 'dead' trees who wait to live again.

It is always longer than you expected, more than you thought you could bear, and then, it is over; the wind you once feared will then be *empty of force*; your new beginning is finally here - and no surprise can appear to take it away.

What you are waiting for is more than a *moment* in time, it is a season of circumstances in which you will rise from the black of a broken life. It is not just *you* who must be ready to rise, but the people and the world around you. Your new beginning must start its life, just like a crop, in the *right* season; time has its seasons, its character - just as any place has a personality.

*The Call of
Your Clock*

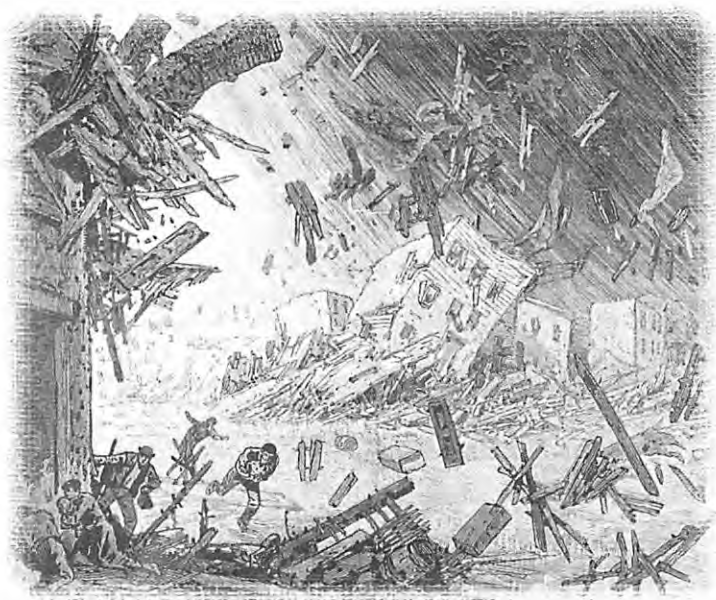
The seasons of time are more than the ticks of a clock; there is a flavor; a time can be happy in spirit - or foreboding, in which all souls fear for what is to come. You must wait for the *right* season in time in which to start your life over.

In the wine business, they speak of a season, a particular year, as being the best vintage in memory, and it is more than rain or sun, there are factors no man can control - the magnetic fields of the earth, the dusts of one region that travel to fertilize another, the growth of trees in surrounding areas (or their removal) that may influence a micro-climate... and change a crop's flavor.

Your rise is dependent on *more* than you - just as no recipe can be made with a single ingredient. When all the elements needed for your renewal have been assembled and accounted for, you shall hear a knock on your door - perhaps so faintly you are not sure anyone is there, but he is there, the Messenger who has come to say...

'It is time, your time - to live.'

LESSON FOURTEEN



When the Storm Breaks

LIKE A LION WITHOUT TEETH is a storm when it dies. Under a bed of fears you may shake, but come out, for the woes that scared you are over - though their breath may remain at your door and their growls can be heard from your window.

Unbolt the door and look outside; it is *you* who have won; the disease or dilemma that kept you in a corner has run away to die in the woods. Enjoy the moistened air that now belongs to you - not to that storm. Stand straight as a victor; uncurl that crouch from your spine. Look out on *your* day.

Though weakened, you have won. Your life may be as rubble after a hurricane - but you are here and it is *not*. You have come

from no-chance to the doorway of *a-chance* - a chance to be free of the monsters that ate the sweetness off of your days.

Your toils have been noted by scribes above, and your reward - freedom - cannot be rescinded, except by your failure to move out from your door...and into the commotion of your new life.

Time to leave the bunker.

RUN FROM THE PAST

If you linger, you may lose out on the escape of a lifetime.

There is debris all over, and it's you: the timbers of your house of flesh have been broken by the storm of your illness - and the hollering winds of your emotions.

It is over. What was gripping you has cracked its bones and was forced to let you go. You are free to leave the situation that contained you, and you must leave - *quickly*. This is not a time to analyze the mistakes that crashed your happiness; it is time to move out into the highway of life...to lay down tracks of new memories as fast as you can, to make a wall of good experiences that stand solidly between you and the pain of rough times.

Get out physically. Go to a coffee shop, a farmer's market, a park. Be around people. Go shopping, even if you lack funds to buy anything. Start new activities immediately - this week, the one after.

After a storm comes a new sun - a big one, but suns don't stay in their position, so don't linger at the doorway of your demise. Get *away* from it. You are depleted but not dead; move quickly before clouds come. The time for your rising is ripe for a parcel of time - then it's gone, and the forces that gathered 'round you will go somewhere else, so use your gift; don't leave time on the table - by fretting how things will work out. If you were going to fail for good...it would have happened *already*.

Your storm broke because it was time for it to end.

There were two locks on your life, and one has been released. The first was God's - holding you back until you made the final payments on the debts of the past.

The second lock is yours: it is you - chaining yourself to the mistakes that hurt you and others, because of the one person you can't forgive - yourself! Let go; you cannot set your own sentence; you lack the wisdom to be your own judge; when the doors open at the breaking of your storm, leave the place of rocks - at once, by opening the second lock - your pain over the past, your fear that you have messed-up so badly that maybe you don't deserve this new life. The storm broke because you were issued a release - a pardon from the past. You have to *accept* this divine passport, or you will continue to jail yourself, long after the Judge from Above has said to you...

*When the
Storm Breaks*

'Get out and start living.'

Please understand this: your power has now been turned on - maybe for the first time since you entered the realm of earth-life. A combination of events, of movements in the hidden cylinders of the universe, has set you free in a way you cannot see from the window of the restricted life you were in. For a long time after the storm, you may feel sorely empty; it hurts to keep hurting, but the difference is that before - *you were blocked*. Now, you are able to fill that emptiness with fresh life.

You have more power now than you know how to use; it's like you drove a Volkswagen Beetle for life and were then seated in a racing car. You wouldn't know how to use that new car's power, and - in your life, you don't 'get' what has just happened to you, and because of that, and because of hardened habits you picked-up, your repertoire of actions is full of the habits-of-the-fallen.

This new period requires making new habits. It's like learning to walk again after a long illness - but with a better gait.

STOP GROVELING

It's time to change how you come across.

*Stop
Groveling* To get-by while broken, you learned the ways of the weak, such as seeking approval more than self-expression. Now that you have been unlocked, it's time to change how you *act*; begin by examining one habit at a time. Stop saying, 'Whatever works for you,' and start saying, 'This is what I need.' Stop thinking, 'What are people thinking about me?' and start asking a Higher Power, 'Why have I been selected to enjoy this new life?'

Begin construction of a happy new spirit by learning to stand up to people - when you need to (victories don't occur when you kneel); large victories are made when you *think* about getting-big ...instead of getting-by.

Your downfall was not caused by food - not in most cases. You thought yourself into a hell, and the toxins you fear may not be from shabby food or the environment; those that are most vile are the end-products of being scared - of feeling dependent on the power of others, because you wrongly believed you had little or none inside yourself. Your meekness during life's confrontations has soiled your tissues with deposits of fear.

After the storm breaks, you will become aware of habits that kept you in the gully, therefore, begin to make different patterns. Bust-up the barnacles of old behaviors; better it is that you be awkwardly bold than comfortably meek.

Remember this: the strong despise the fearful, so act strongly - even if you still *feel* as small as you did before.

In time, life will treat you differently, but it won't happen fast. People who hurt you during your tough times are as hardened as cold concrete, and will always see you as weak; new people will begin to treat you differently, but it's not a quick process. It takes time for the aroma of defeat to evaporate, and until it does, what

people are reacting to is the past that lingers around you . . . not to the new person growing inside.

You may go through some tough days, or repeats of the same physical symptoms, or personal let-downs that occurred before; these events are an Indian-summer of troubles that will not last; you have entered a different era - one *bigger* than a birthday.

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Storm Breaks*

You will need a season of earth-time, three months or more, to build new habit-roots. You require a season of renovations before joy can break ground. You have been released from bondage, but with the fragility of a young plant. There are dangers.

THE SUCTION OF FEAR

You climbed out from a volcanic cone of woe, but fears from the past can suck you back into the cauldron.

The time of deliverance is one of peril. You are weak, but it is not yet time for rest.

As you begin the climb out of the awful period that just ended, you can fall again, and that downward pull is fear.

You fear that what you have endured will go on, or will repeat, or you reflect on how you almost didn't make it - though you *did*. You are frail from this fight, and cannot waste yourself on fearing. What little you have of you, you need.

To place buffers between you and past pains, do as grieving widows do: keep busy - as much as your energy allows. This is better than being a philosopher at the wrong time. Remembering at the *wrong* time is like detoxification when you are not strong enough - and that's why a certain category of people should be avoided like street thugs.

These are the people from your past who try to remind you of your errors, usually in love or money . . . that hurt you still, to keep

you as *they* remember you - and how they want to keep relating to you - as broken and below them.

Stop these folks as you would an armed burglar at your door; their words are rat poison to the blood of your birthing.

*The Suction
of Fear* Stop them, even if they *pretend* to take you back to the old days jokingly, as when they chuckle - and pierce your heart by saying, 'Remember how you lost your savings when you invested in that stock I warned you about, and you listened to that moron at your office - not to me? Remember how terrible that marriage was for you? I told you he was no good for you, but no, you didn't listen. I hope you don't screw-up like you did before. Hah, just kidding.'

No - they're not kidding - they are knifing your spirit.

Anyone who stabs you with your past - *hates* you; they mean to cause new hurts. It may be that this person did something to save you in the old days. You already paid them with gratitude; more is not required. Now they want to punish you for as long as you live for what made them angry - and what *still* makes them mad. They want you to pay at the toll-booth of their nastiness - and to do so forever. Their plan for you is eternal damnation ... by them.

Is this how you treat friends who have fallen?

If you had pulled a friend from floodwaters, would you remind him as he shivered that he almost drowned, or that he *could* have gone into brain-damage if he had been submerged too long?

No, you would say, 'You're alive. You made it. Everything will be O.K. Don't worry. We're all taking care of you.'

You would *never* say, 'I hope that CAT-scan doesn't reveal lots of brain-damage. If it does, who knows, your wife might divorce you if things get tough. Who will get custody of the kids?'

You *are* that drowning victim, and the pond you fell into was a life that was too hard for you. These people from the old days are not sharing memories to lift your hurting heart, but to suffocate it, lest you outshine them once you stand up straight. You are not

at a campfire of padres. No - the old ones are beating you with a club of old memories, trying to push you back into that icy pond.

Tell them, 'I am moving forward, and remembering any of that is painful to me, so we will talk about the future only - or not talk at all.'

If they won't stop, do this: a) *constrict the relationship* as much as you can, to reduce damaging conversations, or b) use the ultimate punishment the ancient Hebrews called *karet*, which translates as 'cut off.' In the Biblical era, it meant death, destruction of the guilty one and his entire family - annihilation of the unit of evil, the eradication of a poisonous spore of humanity.

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Storm Breaks*

For you, that means a total severance from the jovial hater, and from *anyone* connected to them - even if they *appear* to be quite different, because there is something you have failed to observe and it is this: people closely associated with a person (friends, relatives, business partners) resonate on the same frequency.

Though the kinship may not be apparent to you - it is there, and if you sever the hater but continue to tangle with those who breathe the same thought-vapors, they may, after a time, coil and plunge their teeth - also fully-loaded with toxic venom, into YOU ... as did their leader.

Another warning: you may get a call or e-mail from a person in your past, and they would like to get together again for lunch. Be careful, because you are curious; you want to know what they are like after all these years. They may be a charming person, so what harm could there be to get together for a brief chat? Beware.

Do not open old doors into a room of prior pain. Curiosity is a terrible excuse for letting people injure you again, and they will. *You* are the one who has changed, not them. They may have aged; but their intent has not withered. It is still to hurt you.

You may have to go through a period of no friends - *the purity of emptiness*, and that is the way it must be if no-one in your current circle is worthy of the risen you. Just as the storm broke when it

was time, real friends will appear when you have healed enough to stop transmitting on the I-am-broken frequency.

Until then, keep the stabbers and slashers out of the recovery room, and don't become one - to yourself.

And do not continue old business relationships in which you were treated with *any* degree of disrespect - the skunk-stench of someone's loathing.

FIRE YOUR ENTOURAGE

Most who served you must now be tossed.

When weak, you are tempted out of fear or familiarity to rely on service providers you have used before... the attorney you had for years who has a low opinion of you, one you cannot change - but you are afraid you could do worse with a new one; the owner of a local camera shop or nursery who greets you with grumpy contempt - though you are a good customer. Or the restaurant owner or real estate agent... or *anyone* you had to deal with who acts out of guilt (or pity, or any higher-than-thou motive) - and who says with believable conviction, 'My wife and I must have you over to our house one of these days,' - but who, after your naive heart becomes warmed by the kindness of his words, does secretly pray that such an event will not occur in *this* century - or in the afterlife either.

Do not let the past come back to grab your wounded heart all over again - to smash it once more, because these people will do it, and they will not stop; your weakness pleases them - and your pain provides food for their ego. I know you need help; I know you are scared to leave the professionals or business people who provided some value in your past, because *who else* will help you?

Maybe you fear a new person might be worse, but please write this in your rulebook... your new code of honor, and *before* you

who are more likely to take all your money, or to do work which must be fixed later - and at *whose* expense?

Why do I mention this in a work on resurrecting your health? Because the wrong advisor can ruin your life, by messing-up your affairs, and no food can fix the stress they create - and what they do to you, by not knowing what they *should have known*... or by not caring.

Fire Your
Entourage

You *might* find a jewel among lower level people - but you are taking huge changes, because the people you need are more likely to be found *at the top*. Lower level people, the ones you usually go to for help - don't have the power, knowledge, or connections, to pull you out of your messes.

As I found, you can change your lawyer - and change your life.

When we lived in Los Angeles, my wife and I needed advice on a specialty area of law. Our previous attorney was not returning my calls or e-mails - and I was frightened not to have the advice I needed.

We didn't know *where* to go - and not be laughed out, because we were a Mom and Pop publishing company living in a land of legal giants, of huge firms in skyscrapers who work for motion picture giants and other billion-dollar companies.

We were embarrassed to start knocking on legal doors, so we prayed - and were given a series of clues as to how to find them. We *did* find them, and because they were so good at their work, it didn't take much money to fix the problems others had created. We were never treated with the 'why-do-they-matter?' kind of thinking that we had experienced with lesser people.

Their work was so thorough that for the first time in years, I felt confidence - I felt protected - and that's a feeling that helps your health. This firm deals in cases worth hundreds of millions of dollars; they handle mine with the same fantastic expertise - and the peace of mind I got was a healing.

reach for the phone to call these people, think of how loved you are by your Holy Father Above - and by me. Here is what I say to you...

The effects of anyone's failure to honor you with courtesy is worse than poisons from pesticides.

And - if this should not be the time to sever your relationship with that person, do as the French expression says, '*Cherchez le creneau*,' - look for the crevice, the opportunity - the moment in time when you can *finally* cut your old connection to the poison vines of that person's contempt.

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I know that you *know* what contempt means, but to make sure you understand the fullness of how painful it is to your help-me heart, I want to give you *my* definition, so that you can refer to it when you feel that desperate urge to ask them for help - just one more time, thinking to yourself, 'I am in a jam now; this will be the last favor I need.'

Here is what contempt means to me...

To be repulsed at the uselessness of another; to feel exalted at how high you are, as compared to them. And that is what THEY feel about you; they loathe you, and that is why you must get new people to help you.

Cutting out old people is not enough; I am afraid that you will attract the *same kind* of person, because that is what you are used to. When you pick replacements for these people, please do what I have learned...

Go to 'A' list people, the lawyers, doctors, accountants and advisors used by the top people - and by the biggest firms.

Don't think 'A' list means 'A' for arrogant. Some are. Most are not. These gifted people rise to where they are in life not because they lusted after big clients, but because they *wanted to serve others*.

You are afraid that these people will not take up your battles, or that their fees will bankrupt you - but you are wrong. I found that out for myself. It is the low-level service providers, the ones you feel more comfortable with (because they are less powerful),

You who are broken are more likely to have affairs that are a wreck, because you made multiple foolish decisions - or because others used you, and you trusted the untrustable.

Now it will take an 'A' list person or firm to be your protector - to be your army for you. A 'B' list person is not nearly-as-good. Get your gumption up and seek out the top people who can solve the dilemmas that smaller minds have screwed-up.

*When the
Storm Breaks*

THE POWER OF GRANULATION

To create a new period, use your power to form matter.

Before the storm broke, your desires *were* blocked, just as seeds underneath a crust of hail. Now that the swirls of the storm have dissipated, the things you want are *free to happen*, but the heavens will not reach down to you - 'til you wrap yourself around their rescue cord with *your* thoughts.

The waves of your thoughts are the precursors of matter and fresh matter (a new set of material circumstances) - is what you desire.

Understand what matter is, and though you seem a victim of it - a body poor in health or a life deprived, the matter that appears to dominate your days is like a tenant with a lease, and *you* are the landlord, though you may not feel like one.

Thought is energy and energy is the root-essence of matter.

Thought makes waves - the brain-waves doctors measure with their instruments, and waves travel; that is their nature, for they are energy in motion, and all waves impact the material world, as do water waves pound the shoreline in a storm. Water waves are molecules, but what made them a wave came from *outside* of the bits of H₂O that populate the seas. It was energy which travelled.

Your mind...expressed through your thoughts, starts out as a surge of moving energy, which in time transforms into particles,

because, as we learn from physics, matter can behave both as a wave - and as a particle. Though you may feel poor in power, or bankrupt in your ability to change your circumstances, you are not. You still have some force to think - or else you would be a picture on a wall, a memory, but since you are here, however reduced in power, use what little you do have as a lever to raise your condition.

Become a matter-generating machine. This is how God creates and so can you - in the measure of your thought-wave energy and to the extent that past actions have earned you what you desire. You must proceed to deploy the power behind Creation - to make your thoughts cross the divide...and materialize *here* where you need them. Matter is not the master it oft' appears to be. Though it is a convincing ruler, you need to depose it and commence, as programmers say, to take an abstract concept and instantiate it - make it active, make it real, particularize it - make a particle out of a thought.

Thought is a granulating force; it creates granules of physical events out of the vapors of ideas. Please do not *wait* for things to get better; focus them into *being better*. Create new circumstances in your head and they will form particles of happiness, and from them, new events will gather, just as dense rain drops grow from airy clouds.

Let us granulate together.

Start by creating a short phrase, I call it a Salvation Saying, to trigger the granulation of what you need...

Why is this important? Because a saying is like a spell, a string of simple words which have a power to influence events that is not present in an ordinary sentence. A Salvation Saying is a thing of force, a unique combination of word-energies that does much more than communicate a wish; you are creating a wave-shape of uncommon and abnormal power. It is not like saying, 'I want to go to the store to get some groceries for supper.'

A Salvation Saying commands a new reality into existence - or a piece of a new reality, some change you dearly want, you need, and must-have to start being happy. It may not be a life-goal, for you may not have one, but you do want your current era to end, and this is how you make it go away, by replacing it with a saying that describes to you an immediate salvation from your dilemma.

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This saying must not include *any extra* words or syllables; it is like the combination to a safe: only the numbers that are needed - no more. It must be what I call Bible Code. To me, Bible Code is language reduced to its spiritual essence - and it only acquires such power after you have reduced it down into a small string of syllables that cannot be shortened any further.

In the Old Testament, there is a phrase describing the life of young Moses: 'He went out unto his brethren and looked upon their burdens.' One could take paragraphs to tell the *same* story of growing up into responsibility, and an amateur would, but the fewer the words, the more awesome the power of the ones that remain. Simmer your dream into a few words of Biblical power.

Now, you have *more* than a saying, you have a password, a code of sounds that activates the force you need to start life over. This saying is a personal code, and by voicing it, you release the energy needed for your restoration, just as life unlocks when dry seeds are placed into moist soil.

Your saying should be as confidential as the combination to a vault, because it is. No friend gets it; as an old English expression says, '*Do not let a friend all your secrets know, for if that friend should turn your foe, then all the world should know.*' He who knows your password could act to block you. Keep your essence to yourself - until you are thriving safely.

The Salvation Saying must be *emotional*. If it doesn't make you tremble a tad, or become moist with fervor, you may have chosen a duty-goal, one you think you should want, one that is *reasonable*, given your circumstances - but that is not the same as salvation.

You fought hard to get this far; why sell out for a seven percent improvement in your life? You can expect to become a burning bush of desire only if you fight hard to granulate realities that are *hugely* important to you.

For example, if you feel stuck in Iowa, because you ended up there after you and your husband divorced, but you grew up on the coast of Vancouver, Washington, and always longed to return, come up with a phrase like 'Vancouver by Christmas' - even if it seems impossible; say it with all your heart, just like the Jews in their ghettos sang to each other... to keep the flame alive, *L'shana Habah B'Yerushalayim* - 'Next year in Jerusalem,' and for the chosen ones, it happened: they made the migration.

Go home to happiness - or rise to your goal. In your mind, run from the world that doesn't work for you, and go to the fantasy that you would consider God's greatest miracle gift.

To force-crystallize your new world into existence from the void, repeat it to yourself as often as it takes, hundreds of times a day if need be - as much as it takes to change a down heart into an expectant one.

After you know your phrase, seal it with a song - a Salvation Song. Pick one to amplify the message of your Salvation Saying - a song that helps you *feel* it; if dry is your eye when you listen to it, it is not the one - only a pale pretender. The right melody will soak its message into your spirit; it will make you *believe* the new life is leaving the chamber of your imagining and becoming *real*.

I have found that listening to such a song through headphones, as you would through a personal music player, helps inject the essence of that spirit-medication straight into the core of you; it is different to hearing the same thing through speakers.

This is not the same song you use to get yourself up into the Attic. This is a different purpose; you are creating a specific goal, not going upstairs for advice; it requires a different melody. In our example of returning to Vancouver, you might pick a lullaby

from back home, one your father used to sing to you when you were a little girl, one that makes you forget the intervening years of sadness, and one which sends you back *there* through the magic of mind relocation... as soon as it begins to play.

Say your Salvation Saying (*Vancouver by Christmas*), then play your Salvation Song (*Dad's lullaby*). By using your phrase with a song, it makes the words strike harder into your heart.

*When the
Storm Breaks*

To complete the trine of your transformation, you will require a Salvation Scene - a photograph, a painting, a print that makes you *see* what you have a tough time imagining - the life you want, the one you need to believe in living again, but also the one you are afraid might not ever happen.

Choose an image so emotional for you... Dad putting his arms around you the night before you left home, and when you see this picture, you see yourself - back again in Vancouver - or wherever you *must* be. You need an image which may be ordinary to others, but which is extra-ordinary for you, because it *forces* you to feel again, to believe again - that whatever goal you have, it has just come to pass - it has just occurred, and because it *has*, it is taking your state of sadness and replacing it with a smile no-one has ever seen on *your* face.

You need a Saying, a Song, and a Scene - so that you may be most ready when *your* name is called, and... Oh God, the goal you thought absurd... and so wretchedly impossible, is now about to happen in the morning - when through the goodness of a friend, you will be boarding the plane back to Vancouver, on the day before Christmas.

That is how dreams of resurrection travel through their birth canal, from inside a still place of 'I-need-something,' onward and out into the jangle of this world of vibrating matter.

LESSON FIFTEEN



A Forest of Fears

A WOMAN BENDS BEFORE A WOODLAND SHRINE in prayer, and in her arms is the treasure of love for whom she is so frightened. She knows, as do we, that life can be tough, but disease can be final. When we, as this mother, walk through the forest of fears in our season of suffering, we confront a Higher Power no man can seduce, to ask of Him, 'Will you help me now?'

We kneel before the silence, fearing the rebuff of the Divine, as the forest that is Him speaks to the ear in our heart, saying words of whispers that have no sound - but will echo for years to come, telling us of the path to the left we did not see, the way out of the woods of our worries.

Like this mother, I silence myself to listen to words from space, that I may save the readers in my arms, whose prescribed days may depend on a bed of instructions I have, with His help, laid on a mattress of ink and paper.

I see the path that shall lead us to safety, and with my sturdy pen as a staff to lean on, let us walk through this forest together.

A CALL IN THE WILD

From the sounds of the forest comes a call to free you.

Hear that in the distance? It is the sound of wolves baying.

They are gathered together in the woods to hunt their prey; they are singing, celebrating their passage through the night of stars, waiting for the power of their assembled choir to assault their prey; they know their plan, the purpose of their evening's prowl, and to their victory, they raise the glasses of their throaty melody, a toast to the skies above - a salute to the moon who does bless their efforts with its yellow light, that they may succeed in their quest for their daily fare. 'Amen,' say they - to all who listen and crouch low, 'We are coming for you: we will eat tonight.'

No wind or gale will slow the pads of their feet; together they bound, across stumps and boulders that lay in their way, for they are wolves, warriors of the woods, and no stopping shall there be - until they have feasted.

You must stalk like a wolf... through the forest of your fears - with a battle cry in *your* throat, 'I am coming for you, O' ailment of my flesh, I shall slay you, and you shall lay lifeless before me.'

Not by the tearing of teeth, but by sound will you slay - and that sound that shall announce you is the howl of your assigned identity.... YOUR NAME.

The syllables of the sounds chosen to describe you, John Odin Smith or Mary Agnes Jones (your full birth name in its entirety),

echo through the world around you, sending messages to other inhabitants of the forest of men, to alert them of your powers, to signify your essence, that they may know - WHO - you are.

The others need beacons to guide them, how to treat you, in what category to place you, that they may act as needed - and that they may know, if necessary, how to protect themselves. 'Friend or foe? Wolf, jackal, or sparrow?' asks their ears - and by the sound that marks you do they know *their* place - and *yours*.

*A Forest
of Fears*

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SOUND

How sound alters destiny.

Sound is significant in the woods of the wild and the cafés of the civilized. From the bird calls of the meek to the bellows of the belligerent, your name - its sound - whether spoken or silent on a page, is your portal to life. It tells people how to *react* to you - and yea, it does more, for the sounds of your name echo also in the ears in *your* head - identifying you to yourself, and acting as a filter through which all incoming messages are interpreted.

Your sound - the name of you, is your security; it *describes* you - to yourself.

The sound of you is thought-energy expressed, and thoughts are things that create and modify matter. In this way, the name of you changes (and *not* in a minor way) the body that houses you, and it may make you ill - if the name of you was poorly-chosen.

Your name may also make you ill, if it was chosen well for its time, but is now outdated, a name that has outlasted its spiritual stay - one out-of-phase with a new physical reality struggling to be born - a state of resurrection from ills of the past.

If you have been sick for years, or broken for life, you may have the *wrong* name; and the essence of that name, the way it vibrates when people say it, could be a sound-energy that is calling into

being a disease, and the disease being called into physical reality could be the disease that has been a plague of locusts in your life, a plague you cannot shake - because, by the daily repetition of your name-sound, you keep *asking* those locusts to stay. Your full birth name is your container; it binds *you* inside of it, and like it or not, you cannot escape what it may be doing to your health.

The Jewish people sometimes changed a person's name to Chaim (pronounced haayim), a word that translates to life, when that person was in *danger of dying*. Sometimes they used the name of a saint. All these are potent actions - as long as the new name, like a pair of shoes, fits the person.

Your name is a lens. Like an eyeglass, it creates an image in your mind, not of a scene in front of you, but of ... *who you are*. But how could a name be a lens? It's just a name - and how could it affect you so much? To answer that, let me explain lenses.

What is a lens and what does it do?

A lens is a light-gathering object; it modifies the light that falls on it - and then re-transmits that light to a receiver. The receiver could be a piece of film or a digital recording material in a camera - or the recipient of the altered image could be ... *another lens*.

This is what eyeglasses do. The lens in an eyeglass changes the light rays - and sends them onward to a second lens, the one in your eyeball.

Lenses are light-benders.

Lenses change light according to the *intent* of the lens designer. If you cannot focus on faraway objects, the eye doctor prescribes a lens that bends the light rays - so that an image which would have been out-of-focus (to your eye) is now quite crisp. Lenses alter images. That is their purpose.

But how can a name be a lens, because a lens is a piece of glass? Yes it is - but it doesn't *have* to be. Light can be bent by forces, not just by pieces of glass set in front of its path. When light beams travel to earth from stars in distant galaxies, the light gets bent -

distorted - by the gravitational fields of the large objects it passes near. Scientists call these phenomenon 'gravitational lenses,' and they warp what can be seen from Earth.

In life - as in astronomy, a force can act as a lens.

Some lenses you can see - and hold in your hand. Other lenses are invisible. A name is one of them. You cannot see it - until you write it down. But when you say it, it is just sound - as invisible to your eye as the gravitational fields around our earth. A name bends light-beams of thought - oh yes it does.

*A Forest
of Fears*

Names create an idea in others as to who you are, just because of what the *sound* of your name sounds like to them. The opinion of others is formed, and changed - based on what their ear hears, and... even if they read your name, reading is speaking to oneself, so it is still sound.

When a wolf howls, it creates fear in his prey. The sound itself is frightening, even if you didn't know what a wolf was. But if a wolf chirped like a bird, the other animals would laugh, 'Oh - it's just him.' This is just the *beginning* of how a name-sound bends perceptions, which are thoughts, that - over time, change people's actions - and through actions are physical realities constructed.

When a wolf howls, it doesn't just affect *others* - it affects how the wolf sees the wolf - how he sees himself. When a wolf hears his howl, he feels stronger. His howl fills his heart with a big idea of himself and how strong he is - and what a fantastic hunter he is. The sound of him strengthens him. The sound that diminishes the confidence of his foes (they go and hide) - does the opposite to him: he enlarges.

When people hoot and holler for their team at a football game, they are using sound as wolves; they are hoping to create reality, to energize their team into a desired result... a victory.

The effects of sound are so much more than psychological.

Names are lenses that straddle the spiritual and the physical. They stand midway between two worlds, at a gateway between

the vapors of thinking... and the density of matter. Your name is a lens that stands between you, a spirit who thinks - and the real world outside you. Your name changes how you are *able* (or often *unable*) to outwardly express yourself into this world of physical realities.

*The
Significance
of Sound*

You are energy being expressed. But your energy must *first* pass through a lens on its way out the door - and that lens is your first, middle, and last names, the ones you were given at birth.

Lenses alter energy, specifically...*your* energy.

Earlier I said that lenses alter light, but light is energy, and as we know from Professor Albert Einstein, energy is matter.¹ So, lenses alter light *and* matter, since matter is just another *form* of light, a solid form. Your name IS AFFECTING the matter you own, your body. It is making it healthier - or sicker. Your name, since it is a vibration which travels, is moving out *into the world*, affecting other matter.

Your name-lens binds your energy-expression, and therefore, you will rise no higher than your name allows.

You think of your physical boundaries as being your body, but I think of your borders as being the sound-waves that describe it.

If your name...your energy-lens, is wrong for you, you cannot overcome it. Energy is primary, and matter, which is created from energy - is secondary. Your destiny - all compartments of it, is at the mercy of the life-boundaries enforced by your name.

If your name is Annie Mae Bullock, you will not go far in life, no matter how gifted you are, but change it to Tina Turner, as the popular singer did, and you *will* go to the top, if you work for it - because the new name *allows* a larger future to form. A name will not do it *for* you, but it will make bigger futures *possible*.

It is not because some names *sound* better, it is because they *are* better. Better lenses create better pictures. Some names are like

1. To be precise, energy equals matter times the speed of light multiplied by itself, or in Einstein's famous equation, $E = mc^2$.

the lenses on the throwaway cameras sold in drugstores; they will give you a picture; it is better than no picture - but it can never be a masterpiece, because the quality of the lens is *not there*.

Some names are the same - they are throwaway names, better than being called Number Thirty-two, but... they're not a *strong enough* name, not strong enough to throw the light of your spirit very far into the world. Your name is a high-level lens that bends your future into being; it is molding matter and bending events (matter in motion) to form an image that will *be* your life. Doubt it not.

Different name-sounds produce different life consequences. If you could be split into two people in mid-life, and if each person was given a different name, and then, decades later, you got back together with your 'twin' - you would learn that the lives of both of you had been remarkably different. The sound-changes in each of your names would have *split* you both onto different life-paths.

Sound does alter destiny.

Your name has sounds - and those sounds come from the way we pronounce the letters that make it up. A 'T' as in Tom is made by pressing our tongue to the top of our mouth, but an 'R' as in Ralph is an 'rrrrrh' sound, formed in the back of our mouth - in our throat. Each letter in a name produces a different *wave form*, a uniquely-shaped wave.

As we pronounce the sequence of letters in a name - and give it life, by creating its sounds from a printed series of letters, we are creating complex waves that act - create an effect - on the objects and people they collide with.

In the Bible it says, 'In the beginning was the Word,' but what is a word but the *sound* we must make to say it.

So, letters have sounds, but they also have *shapes*, and the shape affects a letter's energy - just as the shape of a room in your home (not just its size) controls how you feel when *inside* that room.

All letters create energy because of the *form* of their shape; you are not only transmitting a sound, but a different wave-form. For example, a 'T' is like an arrow: it sends force in the direction of its top; that is where your eye goes. An 'O' is peaceful, as your eye rests. Shapes create what are called (in physics) force-vectors - energy on a path in space, and these forces are being transmitted in tandem with the sound, and real-world effects are occurring from the transmission of your name-energy. All energy creates a consequence, just as all actions create a *re-action* - an effect.

Different letter-shapes - and the sounds that come with them, mold people into different types of personalities.

The vowel-dominated soft sounds of the French people seem more romantic - and the harsher consonant-driven sounds of the German people seem to fit better with their industrial precision; these are stereotypes, yet still true. Language reflects reality, yet the sounds and shapes of our shared words also strongly create our realities; they are not passive participants.

For example, let's take an 'S' - the first letter of my first name. The letter 'S' is made up of curves; it keeps bending; the person with an 'S' at the beginning of their name must learn to change, and not *resist* it - and they *are* prone to resist, by being stubborn. This is something that I, Sam Biser, am always aware of.

My last name was spelled Baiser in the old country; the word translated to dour-visage - or, in real English, 'sad face.' I always had to struggle against my depression; I still remember a day in my late twenties, when a woman who knew me well said, 'Don't you *ever* smile?' I do now, a lot - but it took years to overcome the matters that darkened me.

What is *your* name calling into being? What message is that sound-that-marks-you secretly broadcasting, like invisible radio waves, out into your universe? How is your name affecting how other people react to the *you* inside your current body? - and they *are* reacting to your name - not just to how you style your hair.

A simple change in your name is like changing the dial on a radio just a little bit - and a new station begins to play, a different tune, maybe one you love but haven't heard till now. A simple one-letter difference can transform a life; a change from Kate to Katie, or from Smith to Smyth, can add the energy of a new letter; it's like a new ingredient in an energy-recipe; the use of an initial, such as 'J' instead of Joanne, instead of a whole name, can remove a sound-energy that was damning you to the back of the bus.

The wrong name is like a screech of fingernails on a school blackboard: those who must listen to such a name will cringe - closing their doors to your needs.

Sometimes all it takes is to change one letter, and sometimes both the first, middle, and last name must be remade.

A name is a mold - a container as real as a prison, or as mighty as a mansion; it projects its sound into the void, activating some possibilities, *suppressing* others. Not all is possible for you if your sound - the name of you, is *mal-tuned* for your purpose.

APPROVAL AND TIMING

There are reasons not to rush.

Changing your name is like having the power to change your DNA, your genetics. You cannot possibly understand what all the consequences would be - *if* you were to get it wrong. Be humble before such huge power. You need help - from Above.

Take a trip upstairs for a consultation, as many as it takes you to get it right. Get divine approval before you proceed - and be prepared to say 'Thank you' in an appropriate way for the gift you are about to get. *Where* do you think the idea for the right name will come from?

Ask of God, 'If you do this for me, if you release me from the closed cage of my illness, what do I need to do for You?' You may

require your own covenant with God, and He will be happy to grant you one; you are His son or daughter as much as the great ones of ages past. You are family, not an outsider - and to you, His child, He may make certain commitments of great healing - and ... in return, require certain actions - *from* you.

*Approval
and Timing*

Three thousand years ago, an old woman was barren, 'til God made a covenant with her and her husband. No child would issue from her body 'til the time of the covenant, an age at which most women are grandmothers to others - or dead.

She was ninety years old, and into her name was inserted the Hebrew letter 'H' (a vowel in that language), from the ancient name of God, YHWH (Yahweh). Into her husband's name was inserted the same 'H' of Divine grandeur.

Her name was changed by heavenly order from Sarai (or Saray) to Sarah and his was changed from Abram to Abraham; he was to serve God by fathering an exalted race of people; she, as God's princess, was to be mother to millions.

Her child, fruit of the covenant - in which they were to serve Him alone, and honor His requirements, was named Isaac - and what was *not* possible, birth at ninety, *did* occur because it was so ordered, for a purpose, blessed - and then fulfilled, as are all His covenants. He always does what He says.

You can have your miracle through a name change - if it is His will; you do not have to be a movie star or a prophet to deserve a new name, just pay the fee that is asked of you, because it will be *less* than what your disease has *cost* you, and - in bowing before Him, your life will grow out into the larger mold of a new name.

A caution: you are anxious to begin a new life, but to exit this constricted one, you must pass through a gate - one that exists on a calender, not in a field - and that is the gate of good timing.

When you decide to change your name, choose your timing well; new names are new lives; some start dates (birthdays) are *blessed*, others are blocked. For your passage to a new identity, a

time *has* been selected, and it will be made known to you. Your haste will not hasten it, nor should you allow the wrath of your family to delay your name change past its scheduled time. Do not expect their approval.

Your family and others 'round you, got *used* to the weak you - and the mighty them. They may try to scare you from changing your name - because they know they will be evicted from their thrones, once you take your title. Ignore their crow squawks and honor your real kinfolk - the angels who shepherd you to higher ground.

*A Forest
of Fears*

Your name should be a delight to you; you should enjoy being called it. Do you? Does it *feel* like you, or is it a hand-me down like clothes from an older sibling? Close your eyes... say your name... and observe what you feel. Do you feel powerful - or diminished?

If you could have any name in the world, would it be the one you now have? Has your name - that howl of you, has it attracted what you need? If not, you *must* change the sound of your soul.

If a lion sits inside you, you cannot be announced by the sound of a canary. If an eagle, you cannot be announced by the sound of a donkey. *Who* you are must come through your name - or you will never be well, never be seen for what you are, and never will you feel the thunder of the force you were *meant* to demonstrate.

Let the trumpet that precedes your coming down the path of your journey crack through the mist of a morning's fog; let it be a clarion of certainty, and let it announce to the world that someone special is about to walk out of that forest.

Does your current name do that for you? It needs to.

LESSON SIXTEEN



A Call to Duty

FROM THE BARRACKS OF YOUR BODY comes a call that you arise; the shrillness of a trumpet's warning, the knocking at your gates - and footsteps o'er the pavement scurry with orders from the King: come at once, dress for battle, bring your saber, bring your men, and assemble in the courtyard with the rest of the regiment.

It is time for battle; through morning fogs, you hear the shouts and screams of soldiers, as onward they hurtle to the front lines of the fray; from battlements 'top the castle can be seen the sorry sights below, a piteous vision - of bloodshed and much gore. And from the roar of battle can we never turn aside, for in battle must we triumph - to save the homeland that's our core.

The outcome, it must go our way, for in this castle dear, is our fortune of life's treasures, that buffers us from tears. As we 'semble there to battle 'gainst our foe, we wonder what's the cause, of all this strife and woe. Oh tarry we may not, for time does not allow, and as we come and gather 'round, the roar does ever grow. The fight is oh so perilous, as our men prepare to fire - and when the sun arises can we see the filth that is our foe.

Oh what hairy beasts they are - as up our ramparts they do climb, and my, the dreadful stink of them, who assault our dear and 'dangered parts. What will we do, there's hordes of them, and men of us so few; it sometimes seems the battle's lost, though early is the day.

We've been outnumbered it does seem, and such a fright it is; fight we must with all our men; with numbers low and arms so weary, it takes our wit to best our foe. We go into our storeroom, of powders and of potions, to see what might be used, and as they keep advancing, we assemble such a fuse, as may blow them off the ramparts, to their deaths on cliffs below. What a fracas, what a fray, of roars and screams and shudders, and through a smoky window do we see their wince of pain; we have struck and they are wounded, what a groan they make when killed; it does seem we've found the answer that with fear will make them shake.

And on and on into the night, we battle and we swear, that once these beasts are jousting, no more, no more shall men of us be forced to smell their hair. Until the battle's over, we must fight and yea prevail, for our home's been torn asunder, and our castle it may fail.

In the distance, a flag appears - and not their banner bold, but a battered cloth of muslin - of which they are not proud. We've won this time, but they'll be back, no time for boasts and bluster; in the dim light aft' the end of night, we see them leave our forest; another day, another win - though hard this was to muster.

We must ne'er sleep so satisfied, so sure of our deliverance; a better plan we'd best devise, and sooner than much later, for if our walls are ever scaled, if home is ever tendered, there'll be no leap into the woods, for nowhere may we hide; so make us smart and make us tough, that flag of us may always fly o'er the fortress that is us.

*A Call
to Duty*

IGNORED WEAPON

The club you thought little of is the one that will save you.

Not by mouth, through potent pills or bitter liquids, shall we assault our foes, but by sending silent soldiers into our caverns deep, where he likes to hide away...until we are a'slumber.

The only way to roust him out, to dredge him up and slay him, is to drag him out of hiding, and send him on his way - and what is there that can do the job, but a substance that can trickle, and drop by drop, ooze into the crevices where perhaps our blood can not reach - and what might that substance be...but oil, healing oil.

The oil we shall use is not a thing from the isles of Zanzibar; it is so common, it is like the next-door neighbor, who is a scientist of world-renown, but to us he is the guy in shorts who trims his hedge as he smokes his pipe, an ordinary bloke...until he spoke.

And so, we shall use the oil of castor; its parent the castor bean is not a pleasant chap, but the oil is free of any toxic quality; it is the healer we must send on an expedition down into our depths.¹

The oil is cheap; the containers it comes in are not the beauties which carry perfume, but are plain bottles not worthy of store mayonnaise. Do not be conned into contempt by its shabby dress

1. Poultices cure through trans-dermal infusion, which is the passing through skin of materials that heal. Doctors call them patches; they are now used for many purposes. I call it the power of perfusion, soaking organs and tissues in healing medicine.

and mild demeanor, for this is a medicine worthy of gold placards of praise. It can go undercover, deep inside the guts of you, in the belly where sit so many organs and appendages.

It relieves them of poisons softly - and not with the boisterous mannerisms of herbal purgatives, which tire so many folks who are already weak... from just being alive.

Ignored
Weapon

The sword we need is the one we have cast aside.

HOLY OIL

No oil have I seen that carries this uncommon energy.

Castor oil carries within it a feeling of holy water - a charge of spirituality, when it is placed on the body. It is a feeling I have not experienced with *anything* else. It seems to draw down into you a peace from Above, and it is a feeling that is enormously real. It is a thing - a sentiment you need when weak - or when ill.

Lay there - and the oil places hands of healing on your body parts. The first thing I noticed is that I began to go into super-sleeps, in which I felt I had gone away to Heaven - and returned.

My castor oil sessions were at night, and when I awoke after only two hours, it felt as if I had been asleep all night, but it was a better sleep than my big rests. Something happened from this oil. Slap some olive oil on your skin, and though it is nutritious and will feed the cells of you, this spiritual lifting will not occur.

There is *something* about castor oil, and I do not know what it is, but I know that to this most ordinary and uncelebrated plant have been granted a dispensation of extraordinary powers. The powers of this lowly oil remind me of the spiritual gifts of Joan of Arc, who was only a milkmaid, not an ecclesiastic notable of high origin, thus her powers of communication with a Higher Source were disbelieved.

Gifts are given to plants - as they are to people, and often the plants or people with the biggest publicity or official credentials are not the ones which can deliver to your gates the cure your heart has cried for.

Using castor oil is like going to a shrine of healing. First you feel the holiness, then things begin to happen.

*A Call
to Duty*

MASSES OF KNOTTED SCARS

Use this sainted oil to dissolve the gristle in your gut.

Do not wait for trouble to use castor oil, because - if you are broken, the trouble is already there, and it's name is SCARS, and scars are living-death - tough, plastic-like webbing which holds together the areas of you that have broken down.

Scars appear in more than skin; they can be found anywhere - connective tissues and organs, any place in which the body was not able to repair itself. A scar is a hunk of non-functional tough tissue; it's not an area of your body that supports life. It's like the gristle that can be seen in low-quality steak and in the livers from older animals. As you degenerate due to your pained state of brokenness, more and more of you becomes gristle, and less and less of you remains as working meat (healthy tissue).

You need to soak your liver, your kidneys, your heart and your lungs - and everything near, in this blessed oil.² Damage in any of these organs makes it hard for the others to repair, so bring them all up to resurrection-status at the same time.

Hallelujah to you when you do this; when you marinate in this holy oil for three months or more; loosen the grip of your fears; prepare yourself to accept rebirths in those parts of you which

2. When the flannel you are using begins to turn brown or black (or any color) from wastes being extracted, it is time to use a new cloth. For some people, wastes will leave through the colon or kidneys, and you will never see them.

you had long ago - and with much grieving, ceded to the Lords of Disease. This is not a medicine which will dazzle with speed, and if you want the miracle - wait. It is coming, like a dawn from over the hills.

*Masses of
Knotted Scars*

I had a condition which I had accepted as my companion until my passing: that was chronic cystitis, not caused by bacteria.

Forever I was sore, and had to urinate so many times a day that each day was ruled by this tension - never being free to think of other things. Castor oil was my liberator. As the weeks of using it went on, the condition began to ease itself out of my body. No herb could ever move this trial of my flesh out of my life, but this oil was for me a liberating army, like the allied soldiers who freed Europe from the evil one.

Whenever I feel a problem returning, due to enormous stress in my life, I reach for the bottle, not the one which bubbles - but the one with castor oil in it.

The broken person is in trouble - though they may not have episodes of classic disease. Multiple things are wrong; it's more than a sluggish bowel or liver. My recommendation is to get on with a body rebuild; start with castor oil, but not as others do it. It is commonly placed over the liver and not much else - a foolish approach.

When things have gone so flat in a life, do something radical, because any minor change will leave you ten feet to the right (or to the left) of where you are now - and you have been fighting too hard to rejoice in just another shade of suffering.

Make a castor oil poultice that covers your whole torso.³ Get a piece of wool or cotton flannel that can cover you from your neck to below your navel - down to your groin (or use several small pieces together), so that all your primary organs can get blessed by this oil, and have their scars removed from them.

*A Call
to Duty*

NUCLEAR FUSION

Take ordinary matter and multiply its power, just like our sun.

The furnace that powers our sun is run by nuclear fusion, in which lighter elements such as hydrogen are smashed together under enormous pressure - and a million times more energy is released than is possible through normal chemical reactions.

The sun is a power multiplier.

So is castor oil. It does for tissues what the sun does for energy. Castor oil increases the force available for our cure. We provide well-fed, well motivated tissues - and the oil of castor will spark an explosion in their power.

A castor oil poultice is a multiplier; it multiplies the healing power existing in a body.

But there's one condition: it can only multiply force that is *already* there. If you do little to build your body, castor oil can only do little (or nothing) to cure you - and why? Because you are asking that oil to multiply an insignificant amount of healing force, and that is the same as taking a nuclear fusion force of a thousand - and multiplying it times zero. Voila, it is *still* zero.

3. Do a castor oil poultice for two hours, normally at night, but anytime is better than *not* doing it. Cover your bedding *thoroughly* with plastic to stop leakage. Soak your flannel in castor oil, then warm in a pan, or by using hot water bottles over your skin. I have also used a heating pad to keep it warm. Be sure to use castor oil that is organically-produced - and consider buying in larger quantities, such as a gallon, which can be much cheaper than smaller bottles. To locate suppliers, type these words into a search engine, 'carrier oils organic castor.'

To multiply a fire, you have to start with one!

Build yourself with my Resurrection programs, then the castor oil has *something* to work on, something it can multiply. A leader cannot win a war if his troops are missing, and castor oil cannot do it *for* you, but it can turn a thousand well-armed tough guys into a regiment of three thousand.

Nuclear
Fusion

You supply the men - tissues ready for resurrection; it supplies the miracle. It is a holy oil, but it's not an alchemist who can turn base metals into gold.

There will always be stealthy aliens outside the gates of your castle, ugly faces with hostile intentions, buggers and bacterium who see your body not as a work of heaven, which it is, but as an opportunity, something to invade, something to carry off and eat.

When beasties attack, it is too late to train an army. Your fort must be secure, its warehouses full of swords - and many knives for hand-to-hand combat - against enemy operatives from out in the woods, who have glee in their eye when they spot a human in trouble, breeches in his walls, his men missing or unfit for action.

These dark ones attack when the time is right - when it is best for them. Prepare yourself, while time is still *your* ally.

Douse yourself in holy oil!

LESSON SEVENTEEN



Ode to Joy

IN THE ROCKS OF POSSIBILITY THAT RISE BEFORE US, through the cliff of choices that appears to block our way, is carved a road not seen from the lowlands of our agonies; it leads us up to the kingdom of the cured, a place not choired by the voices of misery, but with the song of hearts fulfilled. The diseases that flourish in the valley floor of defeat cannot live in the high place of happiness to which this trail will lead, if we can only trust its windings - the course of its varied turns through jagged passes, on through places of plunging particulars, to sights not charted in any map of ours.

Disease is a pernicious weed that roots itself wherever the sun of life has fled; into the darkness of your doubts does it send its suckers, its vines of poisoned blooms, perfumed with the stench

of suffocating symptoms that wrap themselves 'round you, tight snake coils of death entwined atop a victim who gasps.

Darkness of heart and dimness of spirit are the forebears of the maladies that have settled into your body. To snap the vines of death from the source of their vigor, rip their grasping roots from the soil of your doubts. Believe that through the solid rock ahead of you is a channel to days of light, chiselled by a Sculptor who knows no rest until He has delivered you onto a high place, a solarium of joy built for your heart - which has found its path.

On the mount of your calling is a vista of delights, denied to them who dwell within the ghostèd caverns of their timidity, in dark canyons of a sorrowed past. To them of hearty heart, who have endured the frostèd slopes of their wind-scoured passage, is a sight not eyed by them of greater physique but muted courage. It is a view of paradise, to stand high above the remnants of life's obstacles, and look across and away at one's heaven-crafted plan, unfurled at the summit 'bove the storm.

No scene of shapes and shadows long, can equal the beauty of a purpose unwrapped, to see one's path sundered from the mists that guard the gates from they who cry clamorously for relief, but who fail to fund their passage with a backpack loaded with belief in Him who scored their trail with His will.

WINDS OF PURPOSE

A gale of deliverance is issued to explorers who reach their summit - and sign the guestbook at the top.

No tree, no shrub can root above the timberline, but through the thin air of passage to the peak, you will pass. And at the top, oh what wind, but this one is at your *back*, pushing you forward; all other winds 'til now have *opposed* you.

To your own grit is added another fuel: the flame of purpose. It is a mix of oxygen and fire that adds locomotive force to your life. The ploddings of the past are over - and the days *before* you are no longer doors you must fear opening; that morning at the summit, that view from the top, has altered the genes of your thinking. It was only a *moment*, when you ascended to the peak - and *saw* and *knew*, but it was a moment different in dimension to thousands of memories you have digested daily. That one speck of time, a little particle of an instant, has done something: it has changed the fur of you into that of a different animal... a proud one.

Time carries charge as an electric wire carries current. Though the skies were clear, you were hit by lightning - and it has passed through every cell of you, destroying disturbances that no man of healing had the power to alter. A current a million times stronger than the ordinary has been injected into the heart and bones of your body. You cannot go back, cannot revert to the little you of yesterday - and need never fear it, because what has occurred to you is what an asteroid from the sky has done to animals of old earth: they are gone and cannot come back, *not* as they once were.

To change the body of you, you longed for things of substance, materials you could hold, things you could purchase and swallow, but, confounded by a poverty of effects, you did, in the end, find that it was a beam of light - not controlled by you - or present in your grocery cart, that has remade the parts of you *most* in need of fixing.

CRYSTALS OF LIGHT

*I will never forget the rainbow that formed over my front lawn,
nor what I understood - since the time it shouted to my sight.*

The rainbow was as bright as a trumpet is loud. A neighbor down the road told me days later it was the brightest thing he

had ever watched. It burned like a furnace - and there were two of them.

The whole week and the morning that preceded it were heavy with doubts about my future. Then, as my wife and I had finished reviewing prior years of heartaches, she said, 'Look outside!' I ran to grab my camera, and went outside on my front lawn to record it; I felt the force of its torch over my head. It didn't just glow, as all rainbows do - it burned hot.

It was a rainbow that changed my life; every day since, I keep looking at my photograph of it, so that I may be re-excited by its power for the rest of my life. I have seen rainbows before, but this one was the Queen of Color.

From the instant it materialized over my lawn, I had a thought placed within me; it was not one of my making, and it answered an enormous mystery about my path I had never understood in twenty-eight years of turmoil. From that time on, I *knew*.

It was more than a rainbow; it was a message. When rainbows appear at critical times, they are a visual display of a covenant, a sacred contract from a Higher Power. It is not about wishing on a rainbow, it is what the Creator of it is telling you.

Within that sunfire high in His sky, He transmitted a message that was obvious, one I never *got* - and once spoken, words I can not ever forget. From then on, it gave me energy my metabolism could not produce, because it is a higher order fuel required for the flame of spirit combustion.

All who ache for such an insight receive it - when prepared and oh so ready, not always through a rainbow, but always through a burst of light *inside* the place that powers the visible body known as you.

BOLTS OF FIRE

A new road is lit by lightning inside your head.

When the moment of certainty manifests, it shakes you more than a crack of audible thunder. When it happens, it reorders the shape of your molecules; a million vitamin or mineral pills cannot equal the release of energy that occurs in a moment like this - and how it *changes* the path of your body's health in a thousandth of a second. The aftershocks of that beneficent earthquake continue, through tomorrow and beyond, to heal the cracks in your soul's container, your once-frail, but now-mending house of flesh.

Ode to Joy

When you suffer physically for years, it is easy to feel that the answer is physical. Your body hurts all over and tires so quickly; it disappoints you; it is a huge cause of your misery - so it *must* be the problem, which - if fixed, will make you happy again, or for the first time. *Are you so sure of that?*

I am not saying that physical methods lack importance: you cannot eat pudding and prosper, but as your sight has seen, you can fill yourself with the finest and evermore lack vigor, because fluid of you is leaking - the essence of you, that vapor called your spirit.

You cannot build a fortress of physical flesh on a sinking core of spirit. Ten thousand lasers could not cure the cataract that has blinded you from seeing your path, but one beam of thought from another realm and your sight is *clear* - and what you see flows in to nourish a canyon of hunger inside you - that no pot of porridge could ever fill.

The arc of the path that tortured you and took you to the peak of this insight most mountainous, stood o'er years of banishment from joy in your throat; that journey ended when a door that shut out light was opened for you to understand what was *always* on

the other side of it, just inches from your heart but miles, oh so many miles away from where you could ever see it - *your calling*.

Bolts of Fire No man or female e'er born did come to this planet of struggles without one. Not the lowly. Not the high of privilege, the people of pretension, who see only *themselves* in their jeweled mirrors, not the lost sister who has stumbled hard - and cracked her spirit on the sidewalk of her suffering.

All who are here, all who have made the passage from another realm, from a place of spirit to this sodded one of soil, came with a passport most essential: a calling - a plan beyond the filling of the belly.

Your heart that beats is powered by a pacemaker that pulses with the energy of a purpose assigned to it by a host of Angelic spirits, who delivered you to your station in life, that you might travel *upward* from that point of origin - through a passage most precarious, to the mount of your unveiling . . . to yourself.

At the hall of your inauguration is a throne of surety, of fidelity to that purpose which has been assigned to one heart, to yours - for its fulfillment. There is a door in this world, and many behind it, whose knob will *only* turn to your touch; it awaits *your* grasp, the warmth of *your* hand - and only *after* you may others enter in.

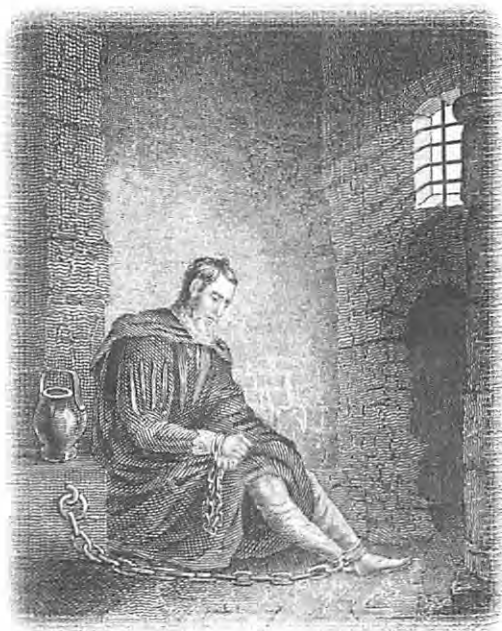
No doubt must there be that this is so. None other can fulfill what you were sent for. The cure you cry for is crying for you; it wails at you from the cradle of your purpose - and it looks up at the two arms of you as the mother and father of its birthing.

Doubt that and die.



Part Four
The Great Wars

LESSON EIGHTEEN



The Chalice of Infirmities

THE BROTH OF ILLNESS IS SERVED in a cup ladled from a pot of pewter, with ingredients selected and dunked into a brine of woe, a stew most morbid that has been your cursèd meal, for months of days that darkly pass 'fore you - as a line of prisoners... who sigh as they stand and trudge toward their daily gruel. In the winter of your displeasure, are you served a diet of days ever dismal - fit for a pauper, for a man of no means who must warm his bones with foods most foul.

The choice of one's fare is not granted to prisoners of the flesh, those who serve their term in the tower of affliction, inside walls of disease, behind bars forged of ailments that lock them in cells far removed from the avenues of life, the boulevards of the happy.

The duration of confinement is not known to the prisoners of this yard, for the warden who confines them speaks not of their outcome, or of their release from the high cells of their seclusion, far from the promenades of the populace who strut the walkways of the city, free to roam 'bout and beyond as the bears of a forest.

From the precipice on which the jailed do serve their sentence is a view of the harbor of happiness down below, by the warmth of the bay, in a celestial sea of setting sun, speckled with ships... freighted with men of might, sailors of strength, whose voyage to and fro the cities of civilization glides onward through waves of surging waters, to charted destinations on the docks of serenity, that they may enjoy at their landing, the lights of the city which shine through saltèd air... and can be seen from afar - from up in the cells of the confined, by them who cry out from the rock of their suffering, that they too might enjoy the pleasures of a stroll along the bay of the living.

Alas, it will not be, 'til the spell of their sentence be averted by a word from the warden... he who ensures the solitude of their suffering within the walls of the sickened.

To the day, to the dawn, do prisoners pray, that by the light of a morn, by the sweetness of the sun, may their release be granted, and may their illness be cut from the body of them, as are chains of slavery from a serf set free.

Oh that this shall be, that the soft supplication of this prisoner be heard and be answered, on a writ most secure, 'Yeah, may you pass through the gates of the damned, to rejoin your fellows in a land of laughter that blooms in the vale by the sea; may you swim by the bay, and - from a beach soft with sand, look up - look up high, at the place where once you were, and where once you did shiver in the cell of your suffering, and where, praised be to God Above, you ne'er again shall reside.'

UNJUSTLY IMPRISONED

*The cause of your confinement was sealed in the warrant of
your arrest - and we shall now tear it open.*

Oh what a shock, what it says on the paper. Not for crimes of greed or dereliction of duty were you sent to the tower, but as a prisoner of war - a victim of a death charge - *a death desire*, hurled at you on the battlefields of life. But how can this be - for little me has no enemies!

Ah, yes you do, but they have not proceeded against you via an open declaration of war - but by stealth. The most vile opponents may not e'er curse at you, for you would cock your musket. They delight in the demise of one who never knows - who never sees the blast of the bullet . . . as it blows-out from the hot gun of their hate.

You *are* a prisoner; those walls that prevent you from escaping are *fields of force* - that lock you inside as securely as does a tower of stone. You see the spaces around you as empty, and the objects of life as being full, but what your eyes see is the opposite to what is. Space is soup - a thick soup of transmissions, of radio and TV waves, and of transmissions from others. Solids are spaces coated with fast-flying electrons that make them visible, moving images painted on a screen of their surface. What is solid is full of space, and what is space is full of substantiality.

You are here . . . a visitor from a world of spirit, living in a body of mass that walks through a soup of spirit. You engage the world of others when mind of you intersects with mind of them - and the *union* of those ideas produces a world of thought-children . . . new ideas that in turn father more objects of thought. If the ideas you intersect with are beneficial, you accrue the power of health, an inward spiralling of force that creates an updraft of happiness.

*The Chalice
of Infirmities*

But if the ideas you intersect with are winds of wishes for your demise, and if the idea-mass that is you has *already* suffered severe damage from collisions with hostile ideas of others, then instead of being formed into a radiant mass of joy, you become de-formed, de-constructed, broken down into an organism of ailments - into a wounded person trapped inside a sack of sickness.

Any disease of man can be caused by a death charge... a tumor, an organ that dies, a nervous system that decays; whatever you need to live can be killed if enough *eau de l'malice* (water of hate) is injected into it.

For them who die of a death charge, the death certificate does not reveal what has happened. It may read... 'died of lung cancer,' but the real disease was hatred, coming from a sac of bitterness, sitting in the heart of another, from which they ejected the flesh-killing poisons they flung at you.

To surmount a death charge, hurled at you through space, you must not clutch Man's medicines and disregard a bombardment of malevolent thought-waves... a force strong enough to erode the sand of your body's physical structures.

It was the blessed thinking of a Higher Power that made you, in the womb of your infancy as a young spirit, but it can be dark thoughts of evil that can un-make you, that can dis-assemble you, in the measure of the *size* of their force, and in the measure of the *time* in which they have been spitting their hatred at you.

HOW DEATH WISHES KILL

To block a death charge, know how it works.

Know well the weapon that is being used against you.

You are in a war against the heartland of you; the diseases that disturb you are not your biggest foes; they are emissaries, sent by

your attacker - which distract you from the true army of hostile thoughts moving into battle positions around you.

To fight such a foe, you dare not be naked of armament.

You cannot believe that *your* goodness will prevail - without a war effort. You must understand the law of the battlefield, the one being used against you, the one you must turn against *them*. It is the Law of Accretion, which I state as follows...

*The Chalice
of Infirmities*

POWER ASSEMBLES, BUT WEAKNESS DISSIPATES.

This is a law that rules the conflicts of men. It is also a law of creation - and a force of de-creation, once life has past its peak - or lost its focus. It is a force that grows life, but when used *against* you, it is a directive of death.

It is used by your Creator; it must be consciously used by you. In hands of Him, from swirls of gas arc'd wide 'cross skies strewn with dusts, was a solar system assembled, a home for the planets and a bedding for you - on the crustèd habitat called earth.

From nothing was made *something* - ignited by Mind, a mind of Universal Dimension, who orders - then dis-orders His universe of many worlds, in waves of life that discharge in death to live again. Through pulsed waves of thinking, He orders matter; He creates structure from vapor. It is His Law of Accretion.

What does accretion mean?

It is a process of coming together, growing together, a uniting of separate pieces into one, a natural process of growth, gathering separate elements from an environment - and assembling them into a more organized state.

Again I say: power assembles, but weakness dissipates. That which assembles gains in force and structure, but when a thing decays, whether a galaxy or the body of you, it expresses a loss of power through dis-order - a lack of form, a dissolving of purpose, a reversion to the randomness of dust - or a collapse into a black hole, from which no visible light can escape to enjoy its freedom.

To assemble is life; to dissipate is death - a death of your force, which is what your opponent seeks. Those who are evil in intent

create *dis-array* in your thinking - and in the life you are trying to live, so that you are unable to make plans - or progress. Dis-array is disastrous. It breaks you down. It dis-assembles you. It is the opposite of an array, which is order...and organization.

What is an array? For us, it means life under control - things are as we intend them to be. To further reveal the methods of evil, let me explain what an array means in the world of science, and it will become clearer how evil operates - and how to block them.

An array is a structured collection of objects, and that could be physical, mathematical - or mental objects, such as thoughts. An array is a collection with an index (like a book has), a guide to its contents.

You are an array - a collection of thoughts and an assemblage of ideas, a set of reactions to externals...how you cope with forces outside of you; the dominant thoughts of the array that is you keep *repeating* throughout the years - and are amplified at nodes, high points on the waves of life - through actions you take.

Here is an array you are familiar with, from your daily life. This array is the cupboard in your kitchen. On one shelf are the cups and saucers, on a second shelf, soup bowls, and on a third, all the dinner plates. In this instance, the index to the array is in your head; the index does exist - but not on a piece of paper, because your array is small enough to memorize. This array of important objects makes your life easier, and because it is organized, it then allows you to focus on more important things. But...what if an intruder busted-in and purposely created a state of dis-array.

If someone broke into your kitchen and destroyed your array of kitchenware, it might be hard to operate. The cups might be in the basement, the dinner plates in the attic, and the saucers in a box under your bed - or all over the street in pieces. Such is the type of chaos that evil ones desire to create within you, but the difference is that their intent is to create *emotional* chaos, which is more deeply-damaging than a physical mess.

One way they create chaos is by alternating love with scorn or indifference; they keep you OFF-BALANCE - and they know that the state of being off-balance will spread, as a drop of black ink, into the whole glass of water... into the *other areas* of your life. They know you cannot make progress toward your goals when your every day becomes an *emotional struggle* and when confusion rules, instead of the order of a well-planned array of your actions.

When evil enters your arena... when its power to assemble, to bring into being *its will*, is *greater* than yours, then the price of your weakness is a dissipation in the array of thoughts that is you - a weakening in your force, and a growth of *their* galaxy, because that which grows acquires allies... additions to its power, more logs for its fires. The allies of them who disperse a death charge over you may be here on earth in bodies of flesh - or, they may be elsewhere - in places of spirit where you cannot sight them, and here is why...

Whoever holds hate in their heart opens a door to evil entities from other dimensions.

They come when called; hate is their dinner bell. Just as good people always help others who are good - so does evil always aid evil. From the Other Side, those who are black hear the conscious (or unconscious) call for help; they rush out of the shadows to assist their earth brethren who hate as *they* do.

Because of the death charge, you may be attacked from dark ones - and not know the origin, falsely attributing it to physical events in your body, to illness, to diet, to germs - when it may be *none* of these; it may be violence transported across the ethers by the thoughts of dark spirits who exist to hurt you - as Angels do to bless you.

When you *don't know* your spirit is under attack, you are a fort which puts up no defense; your gates are ever open, and you are so much easier to defeat. And *that* is why those who hurl a death charge have a smile as sweet as chocolate; it must be hard not to grin at one who is so pathetically *un-aware*.

THE TRUTH ABOUT EVIL

I shall make evil transparent, so it cannot hide behind a mask.

*The Truth
about Evil*

The truth of evil is that it has no pity and knows no remorse.

What is an evil person? It is one with a hunger in his heart for causing harm to another, one who stamps the metal of his anger into the flesh of an innocent person - who sends wishes that kill him....not kindness that cures pain, but wrath that breaks the stem of another's flower - another's happiness, and in doing such acts, feels enlarged and uplifted at the fall of a heart not his own.

An evil person is one who sees opportunity in suffering, who believes, and needs to believe, that his acts are good for him, that the harm he causes has no consequence beyond his pleasure, and that the one destroyed deserves his knife, or that it is good that they suffer - and in these moments, he feels the power of the God that he *wants* to believe he is like.

When I speak of evil, I am not drawing your attention to those who are outrageously evil - murderers, child molesters, rapists, and others who are so obviously stained by black. I am speaking of evil that is present - and actively-brewing, in those you see as ordinary, good folks, who - unknown to you, have a heart fixated on hate...hate for you.

They may be a blessing to others - and often are, and they may *pretend* to be a blessing to you, but that *is not* what their heart feels about you, and the way you can tell is to consciously ask yourself, 'How do I feel *just after* I have spoken with them on the phone, or been with them?'

In most cases, the knife they stick in you is invisible; it's blade is coated with an oil of smiles, but you will *feel* it - and your body may act-up, start coughing, become tense, or try in some way to warn you that *things are not right*...

In most cases, you have treated these people *exceptionally* well, partly because you have unconsciously feared, but never openly acknowledged - the hate they feel for you, and you are trying to appease it, soften it, make it go away - by pouring on the love, but what to you is love is to *them* a gasoline, because they accurately perceive your actions as coming from fear.

Evil people are secret soul assassins who oft' prefer to kill spirits, and leave the bodies to dry with pain and die, a crime not punished by courts of men who deal with physical evidence, who handle only the affairs of bodies and not the candles of light who inhabit them.

Such is your opponent.

You have become engaged in a war you did not ask for, with a person who is *not* like you, and your greatest mistake is to think that they *are* like you. You believe that deep inside - all men and women are good, that you can touch them and then change them through your love. It is your belief in their core goodness that can drive you to catastrophe; it is the essential error that damns you - because there is something horrible you have altogether missed.

You *are* partly right, but that partial truth can lead to your fall. It is true, all men *are* good - if you look deep inside, but just *how* deep? And they *will* see the light of God in time, but what is the measure of that time?

That is your error.

The change you are wanting them to make is not around the corner. It is lifetimes away; the education they need is delivered in aeons of time by a Higher Power who knows His pupil better than do you. He knows these spirits need an education as hard as they are harsh, but *you* believe their education should be through hugs and kisses. That *does not work* for one who is evil; it does not work for one who sees light in two colors: power and weakness.

When you are kind, it is seen as weakness, and what is weak is to be crushed when the right moment appears. The motive is that

to do so is *fun* - it creates pleasure for them. You are not like that, so you believe no-one could think like that - but oh....*they do*.

You say this is sick...you are right, but it is not a sickness your love can cure. I have had people tell me, 'You don't understand; he has a good side; I did everything I could to encourage that aspect of him, and to help him, and instead he turned and destroyed me.'

Yes, I know. I have been there, and have thought that and acted like that - and I paid for my innocence with a bucket of my blood.

To break a death charge, you must shed your naiveté about the nature of evil people, and you must understand that they are not easy to spot. Like all animals, their skin assumes the tones of its environment - a coat of camouflage. They usually *never* look evil.

Yes, evil people have a good...a kind side, because, to do hurtful deeds, they *need* a face that's pleasing. A scowl will not get them invited into your heart.

Somehow you became entangled with one who is evil *inside*... though others may speak well of them. Maybe you needed help, and you turned to them; maybe you felt *their* need and wanted to be a good friend to them, to lift *them* up. You did something that attracted their eyes, and if they are a family member, you may be back together with them in this life, because you once (or often) succumbed to them in a time before this, and you need to learn how to break their grip, and in doing so, free yourself from other such secret vultures who hover over the plains of men.

You may be aware they have hurt others, but you feel you are different, because you have been so helpful to them; you believe that puts *you* in a special category, of someone they would *never* harm - but because you do not understand, I say it again: there are only two categories of people to them - the powerful and the weak, and you are weak enough to arouse their appetite.

You say, 'Why would they do this? I never did anything to hurt them, and I never would, and they know that!' Again, you don't get it. They may have a reason, but they don't *need* one. They need

to feel powerful, and *their* way of getting that feeling is to knock someone lower.

Whatever pain they cause, they feel justified in causing it; you were weak, you deserved it; you *could* have been a threat, or *maybe* you will be, so you deserved it; you didn't seem to appreciate him or her - or be servile enough, or maybe you were *too* servile, and you deserved it.

*The Chalice
of Infirmities*

You cannot halt the war of evil people by confronting them - because they will deny the truth, or will do (or say) something to create great new pain inside you.

If you *have to* have emotional commerce with them, because of family relationships or business ties you cannot break now, then practice selective secrecy: only tell them what they *have* to know. You may need to disguise your path through dis-information: tell them what is not true, or is only partly true, to *deny* them access to new ways to hurt you.

Evil people do not deserve your truths: that is a treasured treat you must reserve for friends and people who would never harm you.

Broken people talk too much, because they are lonely, or for a dreadful reason, because they feel a need to *justify* their existence; the people they talk to are often not the allies they might appear to be. Do not ever be fooled by the false front of goodness of evil ones - or by their warm moods. Remember this always, dear ones: the constancy of character. The majority of people rarely change in meaningful ways - they just *appear* to.

Though seasons may pass and decades may grow between the events that angered them and the current tick of the clock, they do not stop. Their war is not some magazine subscription which you may cancel; they will campaign against you till their physical death.

Stop seeing your enemy in the glow of a God-light that is not there - at least not now, a light they won't be displaying for aeons

to come. See them for what they are *today*. Their thinking, beamed at you through the siege of a death charge - is as cyanide vapors to the pulse of your progress, and a tourniquet to your breath.

They are counting on your *ignorance* of their nature. They are counting on your foolishness in applying religious principles in the wrong way, and they will use that to *their* benefit, and to your elimination...your termination.

This love stuff can get you dead. An evil person at war with you is a rabid tiger with its fangs around your throat, and - as you are forgiving him, he is crunching your neck bones, and loving the special sound of it. Save the love for later, when you are *miles* away from his forest. Stop the sympathy - if you have any.

Your love will not prevent the puncture wounds of their death charge, and neither will your forgiveness. Forgive them - *after* you have broken free from their bilious breath. Right now, it is time to fight. Do not say to yourself, 'I am *above* all this. I will not sink to their level by being different to the loving person I am.' This is a time - *the* time - to be a warrior, and if you think that fighting to free yourself is beneath you, then you *will* end up Above-it-all, as you survey from the Other Side the corpse of the sweet life you *could* have had, and were *meant* to have, but which you stupidly surrendered.

And do not hang yourself on the tree of forgiveness, using that sacred word as an excuse, as a reason - to dignify your *refusal* to spiritually fight your attacker. You offered love, and in return, they aim to slice your carotid artery - because you are *available for the slaying*.

Do not mis-understand the nature of forgiveness; it is an act which frees you - and not them. Forgiveness is not a certificate of innocence dispensed by one who is wounded. Forgiveness only means that you have *released* their crimes from the jurisdiction of your rage - that you have cast off the cape of judge, which you are not qualified to wear, and that you are allowing these matters to

be *transferred* to a heavenly court of ultimate justice, in which the evil one will be adjudicated, and through which his punishment and reformation will be administered. It is a matter more serious than the one at hand, and involves evidence of which you are not aware; its conclusion lays beyond the gaze of your mortal eyelids; the scope and schedule of the justice to be enacted exceeds your feeble grasp. Your testimony has been noted, but your presence is not needed; only by angelic officials may these proceedings be dressed.

You are now free to grow, and it is to *this* that you must attend.

FORWARD MARCH

The way to stop another's death wish is to advance your calling.

Your flesh is in tune with the energy which *dominates* the space around it, and if you are ill, it may be that your flesh has acquired its malady from an aura of death, assigned to you by one or more who wish you harm.

That is why you must seek your calling with more fervor than you e'er applied to finding fixes for your flesh. If you have no idea of *what* you are here for, ask and chance being wrong: get closer to it and advance to the secret of why you were sent. Once it is clear what purpose you must discharge, pursue it hard. No goal of the intellect carries enough charge to repel this assault. Only a *cause* can secure the safety of your spirit estate.

A death charge transmits a desire for dissolution, for the decay of any good you are trying to create. The way to oppose it, and to break it, is with a force of construction that wraps life purpose around your bones and body.

If the energy field of a victorious person jumped into the body you now sit inside, your diseases would evaporate as steam from a kettle.

Remember a simple fact: there is an up-and-down see-saw of force that governs the outcome of a fight. What promotes life in you is death to their intent. What is medicine for your mind is poison to their passion to hurt you.

Forward To be weak-hearted, to *doubt* your importance to your Creator,
March I must warn you ... thoughts like this are not internal wonderings
 - they are public wounds.

Without realizing it, you are transmitting them deep into the world. It is like posting a message to a world of haters, on their bulletin boards in spirit realms: *'wounded person seeks predator, wants confidence beaten down, needs someone to destroy remaining spiritual force, desires early death through diseases or accidents brought about by black will of others.'*

You need to rectify the pallor in your spirit that has allowed *their* ideas to dominate you - as Julius Caesar once ruled Rome.

You need to be connected by a *cord of focus* to a field of universal energy, one that is larger than you are: that can *only* be the calling assigned to you by your Heavenly Father ... when He kissed your forehead and sent you on to earth, with a mission He sewed into your loins - and from which your cells cannot ever be severed, except at peril to your breath.

Do not tremble at the power of an enemy through the eyeglass of your weakness, for that is a clouded spectacle, a foggèd piece of glass that will not reveal what is clear to one of eagle's vision. What you cannot see from the floor of your cell is that the walls of hate that hold you in are cracked - and the cracks are defects that exist inside the character of the hater, and believe me, they are *always* there.

The hater is not an army too strong to stop; that is his outward appearance. There does exist *something* the hater is frightened by, some matter of life in which he has not been a victor. The sore of some *secret* insecurity causes him to seek pleasure in pain, and to

laugh at the wounds he creates in those he sees as enemies - or as his competitors.

He wars against you - to make his *own* pain go away, but the pain-killing effect of hurting you never lasts. He is afraid of a loss of something dear to him: loss of stature within a family, a group, or a public. He does not want any *other* stars to shine in the sky, not any that might challenge *his* glow. His theme song is, 'Me, me - always me.'

*The Chalice
of Infirmities*

Haters seek what we all want: *the security of love*. They try to get it by destroying all human competition; somehow it is *you* who awakens that hurt inside of them.

You cannot comprehend that they are *afraid* - not of you, but of some good and beautiful quality that you possess, your ability to make others laugh...or the way you tell stories; something about you *frightens* them, and though they may be dominant in all other ways, they are not *at ease*.

There is some gift you have that was never given to them...and it makes them insecure enough to want you dead, because they *cannot* live with the pain that *you* awaken in their glory-seeking heart.

Do not hate the hater who imprisons you; if you do, you will be *padlocked* to him (or to her), two Siamese twins of anger, joined at the heart in unified rage, and even if the hated one should die, you will still be joined through space and time by the glue of your venom, and because of that, your suffering will not go away - not as you expected it would, and *their* woe will become *yours* as well, for through the shared bond of your hate will you remain, ever so connected.

You must win another way.

To hasten a hater's collapse, fall in love with your calling.

When you do, what will occur is that a flow of molten magma, the hot volcanic fluid of a heart on fire with love for its mission, will gush out of you - harden, and form new soil for your life. In

the incandescence of your flame, their dark cords of hate will melt - and you will be released from the filth of their fingers.

Your love for *why-you-are-here* protects you from death charges by acting as a thyristor, a type of transistor that controls circuits. A thyristor throws a switch as a lineman on a railroad track, but it is an electrical switch - not a mechanical one. When switched on, the thyristor passes current in only one direction.

When your signal is high, your thyristor is *on*; current flows outward - and the death charge from the hater has a tough time getting in. But when your signal is low and theirs is high, their charge will control your thyristor; current then flows from *them into you* - and a death ray passes through an open door. If the force of you is not flowing out continuously...you are in trouble.

What makes a death charge so hard to break is that it is likely that the hater has had years of success, while you have endured years of demise. A single desire of theirs may have one thousand times more current than yours, and a passing whim of theirs may seem to have more force than a decades-old dream of yours.

But there is the Law of Accretion. Your thoughts accumulate, and in the measure of your *persistence*, power is contributed to the savings account of your desires.

Your current has been low; that is what has made you subject to attack. Your heart has been *cold* - not cold toward others, but it has been a heart *unwarmed* by its purpose.

I asked God how I could beat death charges that were making me too weak to live any real life. He said, 'With words.' He was right.

Words is how I create happiness. Words are my medicine and my music. Writing fresh flows of words to enlighten burdened people makes me stronger, and...during times when hate sent at me was discharging my physical strength - I could regain it only by writing.

I have been kept here by the breath of Angels blowing words to me from the radiant realms of their dwellings, and by sensing the solemn footprint of words declared to me by an Ultimate Power. I live for syllables that tell me what I do not know, that deliver an image of another world, that *this* one may be altered to reflect it.

For you, happiness lays in other fields of effort. It is something that when you engage in it, you are *warmed by yourself*. Your delight in something-you-do should be a heat lamp onto your spirit.

*The Chalice
of Infirmities*

Heat melts obstacles - in people and in the solar system. So hot is the surface of the sun that *no object could exist in it*; only a bonfire from your sun within can burn off the cold clutch of someone's death wish. You need a sunrise of yourself.

You cannot fight a death charge with your *body*. It is sent from a mind *to* a mind. It makes bodies ill enough to die, yet it arises not from bodies, but from the blackness of another's heart. You cannot move it out of you by medicines.... it is spirit-borne.

Whether or not you fear evil, you *will* need to fight it.

Being good is not good enough.

It is a war. You did not start it, but because of some weakness somewhere in you, you attracted it.

The radar of someone with wicked intent, wicked with regard to *your* happiness, has detected softness in your character, defects in your defense, and they have identified you as prey. While you may think of them as friend, or as brother, mother or whomever, *they* think differently of you, and unless you act to repel the force of their stabs, you will bleed *away and away*, until what? Your end?

You can conquer a death charge, and you can surmount what it has done to your health, but you will not prevail by way of your piety. It is a war; it is real; no pill can block it, and no healer can stop it.

You *must* win this one, because where, oh where will you run? Wherever you might flee - even if you *could*, spirit of them will

find you. Their death wish for you will not *ever* stop - until you fight.

Forward
March

No person can defeat the death charge *for* you. Only by logging fuel into your own furnace can you burn the claws of death into ashes of dust. The longer you search for a human savior, the more you shall suffer: the savior you seek is the one you decreed not worthy.

It is you.

ELECTRIFY YOUR PERIMETER

To protect your body from attack, fortify its fences.

In times of war, you must secure your borders, and these are the outer boundaries of the electrical fields surrounding your body. This is where a death charge penetrates your system, and this is where you must block it with *physical* force.

Do as the military and government does to protect its critical installations: secure the perimeter with an electrified fence. The way to do that with your body is to take the salt baths I covered much earlier. Never stop using them with *regularity*, because once in a while is *not* enough in times of war.

You need to create what is known as a valence. This is a state of electrical charge you will need to defend yourself.

Salt creates a shield of energy around a person, a shield that protects that person from hateful thoughts of others. Since days of old, in lands not lit by manuscript, holy men of many religions have used salt to antagonize evil. And why would salt fight evil? Let me tell you.

It is because evil loves the lowlands of energy - and the bogs of depression; evil seeks out those who are electrically-wounded. Salt soaks help repair your electrical skin - and, by raising your valence, salt dispels your depression - and depression is the hall

of welcome for those on this side and the other, who wish to suck out, like juice from an orange, the remaining electrical force from your body's battery.

Salt protects a person from evil, because it fortifies the energy field around you - your aura; salt baths also fortify the electrical strength of the brain. For evil to destroy a person, it must attack the mind, the control center. If I wanted to bring someone down, I wouldn't go after their feet, I would knock them off balance in their mind, because, where the top goes, the bottom will follow.

*The Chalice
of Infirmities*

You can be the recipient of evil thoughts, just as you can be the recipient of prayers; either type of transmission can change your ability to generate electrical charge. Thinking can change matter and matter can change thinking. If a satellite transmitter out in space can fill your room with the signals of a television station, then a person sending evil thoughts can fill your room with *their* messages.

Unless you electrify your body's perimeter, you will change, as a result of their broadcasts. If your attacker is strong enough, the ratio of minerals in your body will become knocked off balance, and you will be made ill - because you are a battery which must hold its *charge* - or else. Thought-vehicles of all types travel your way daily, and through a habit of salt baths, you can build a fence of electrical force around your body.

My mistake during the spirit wars against me was to forget to use salt baths. I got busy - and did them at long intervals, which was when I remembered to do them. That was not enough.

I learned something else: you can overuse salt baths when you are desperate to protect yourself. You can only take so much salt, so much electrical charge. You want to fortify your perimeter, not burn it up. I could only do the salt baths twice a week, and I had to limit the ocean salt to a little more than a cup at a time, not the pounds of salt others have recommended. When I exceeded the amount of salt or the frequency that was good for me, I got night

fevers that weakened my body, making me more prone to suffer from evil wishes for my demise.

The answer is *regularity*, not upping the dose. If you feel better taking these salt baths every day when you are under emotional assault, you may need to drop the dose of ocean salts, and to put your body on what is known as a trickle-charger - a low dose of current that builds a battery up *slowly*.

Your biggest mistake is to do as I did, to forget because you are busy or too tired to bother, but the problem is that no single bath will protect you - only a *series* of them can help.

Ocean salt is a weapon against evil, not the only tool, and not the ultimate one, but it does help - and it does work.

DEFENDING THE HOMESTEAD

Use the power of sound to blow away evil.

Sound has the power to mold matter, and *defend* matter under attack - and *that* is the state you are in.

Sound can save you.

Defend yourself with sound, because it is a sword - bigger than a material one, because it propagates and is amplified by Angels 'til it reaches its target . . . them who vilify you. You are now ready - for a spirit war you cannot turn over to God, but He will fight it *with* you. Together, the little you and the galactic Him will win.

I shall now instruct you in how to guard the vault that is you. This is a Ceremony-with-Sound which you must take seriously. Do it with the purity of mind required in martial arts.

What is coming at you has as much *substance* as a pile of bricks: it is hate on its way to its destination - you. Break it with all of you, not when you are distracted. No-one breaks bricks while they are eating a sandwich.

If you have a loving partner in your life, do what I ask of you together, because what you do together is stronger; if you do not have a partner, then the extra help you need will come from the Other Side.

Protect your spirit home with this ceremony - done morning and evening if you are under bombardment. The reason for early protection is to guard the goodness of the coming hours, so that the day expresses *your* wishes for it - not the wishes of those who resent you. The reason for evening protection is so you are not attacked in bed, when your will may be weakened by fatigue.

Let us begin our ceremony to deflect evil.

Start by playing music sacred in nature, which places you in a mood to do something exalted. Skip not the music, because you are weaker without it.¹

Stand up if you can. Ask for assistance from Spirit Guides or Saints who have more power than you. Whom you call will come. Beside you they *will* stand - even though you may not see them. To the candle of your prayer they will add *their* torch.

Close your eyes; place your hands in front of you and imagine them filled with fire or light, and face your palms out in front of you, ready to push back evil.

It helps to say a simple prayer you believe in...and, if you can, say it out loud in its original language. All expressions of belief have the greatest force when uttered fiercely in the sounds of the native language in which they were first revealed. An example of this was seen in the motion picture, *The Passion of the Christ*, which used the language of Aramaic to tell the story of Jesus. There is a power in original language, even if you do not know the words.²

1. Any time of day (or even night) that you feel evil around, play sacred music to block its effect, or to reverse damage it has already caused. Use sound as a shield.

2. It may be possible to locate a favorite prayer in its language of origin - spelled out in phonetic form, from a local congregation or from the world-wide web. By typing the phrase, 'Lord's prayer aramaic,' in search engines, I was easily able to locate that prayer in its original language; other prayers of your choosing may also be available.

Next, proclaim the name of the person who assaults you. See them before you. Command them in the name of God to *be* there, even if their presence frightens you. They *must* face the one they are secretly or overtly trying to destroy - and *you* must confront and defeat them. Before you begin, know this: for you to succeed in defending your divine Self, you must *enlarge* your force to repel theirs; the way to do that is to open-up your heart; remember *how* they hurt you; remember some incident, some facial expression, some insult, some *thing* they have done.

Use your justified anger for a good purpose - to bust out of the walls of darkness they have placed over you, so that others among men *cannot see* the real and beautiful you, even though you keep trying to show them.

Evil is strong! To defeat it, you have no choice but to be fervent in your counter-attack. Fervent comes from the Latin root *fervere*, which means 'to boil.'

Feel the heat of your emotions. Focus is not enough. You need intensity - not neutrality. You need your fury... as a sparking and electrically-charged shield - and that shield must be glowing-hot with a storm surge of your emotional power *before* you raise it.

Say out loud, 'To _____ (insert their name) and all who are assisting you in your war of hate: In the name of God and through His infinite power, I return all of your evil to you - and I sever from my soul the tentacles of your hatred.'

As you say it, push your hands out in front of you with force: see in your mind an explosion of light from you and the allies of you, blowing a dark mass of hate *away* from you and back to its owner. I imagine a gale wind of God's bright power pushing their evil back to them, then I imagine swords of Angels cutting the tentacles of hate attached (or *trying* to attach) to my body.

Wait a moment. Repeat this for anyone else who has decided to war against your spirit. When you are done, say, 'For any other souls or entities, known or unknown to me, who are sending evil to me or my

family - or my work: In the name of God and through His infinite power, I return all of your evil to you - and I sever from my soul the tentacles of your hatred.'

End by saying out loud, 'May God's will be done today - and forever!'

You are done. Be sure to thank your Angels for their assistance. What you have done has *consequence*. It is sound soaked in the oil of your intent. You have begun a process of force redirection that is cumulative; each day's effort adds to the one before it. You are proclaiming your will by your action of returning the hate.

*The Chalice
of Infirmities*

Sometimes, as I am doing this ceremony, my Angels will offer the name of someone I had not thought of; I will add their name to this ceremony. You harm no-one with this; you are educating them. You are accelerating their salvation, which will only come when they understand how their *thoughts* - not just their actions, return to affect them.

Do this again in the early evening, *before* you are too tired to put any spirit-force into it.

You need to protect yourself from attacks, from hateful people who can 'visit' when you are sleeping. I have felt enemies around me at night; they have appeared in dreams in which I wake up and feel them in the room, and at times, I have seen their faces appear in front of me. I know *why* they are there - to express their rage - and to turn what are supposed to be hours of healing into a tortured time in which I weaken, from debilitating dreams of prior pains known to them, and which are purposely re-ignited by them. Lock the gates to your heart at night - and place sentries around your bed, by doing this ceremony in the evening.

Ask that God's Will be done that night, so that whatever rest, and instruction you are supposed to receive in the evening is not *blocked* by evil entry into your dozing spirit.

When I got depressed and thought this ceremony was useless - and felt stupid doing it, I saw things deteriorate in myself and in my family. I remember not doing this for weeks, though I knew I

was under attack. One morning, I could see with open eyes, black sticky cords of curdled hate wrapped all around me.

And one evening - after weeks of doubting and in a time of no self-protection, a time in which I was dis-spirited by depression, an encounter with evil occurred. I had left myself susceptible. At three-thirty in the morning, I was in my home office working and saw a dark, cloaked figure with no face, standing in the doorway - and he was about eight feet tall.

In earlier years, such things never happened, or I could not see them, but now I see evil when it appears, through open eyes.

This was not a ghost, but a thing inhuman that stood just feet from me, and it was full of a dread, harsh evil. It would be easy to say I am familiar with this - that I was not frightened, but I was. The predator delivered his message; I ordered him to leave in the name of God - and he did. Moments later, my wife staggered into the room, pale and violently-ill from what he had done to her.

I never used to see *any* of this; I believe I do now for a purpose, so I can communicate to you that this is as real as red tomatoes, and when besieged, you need to aid God by blowing back all hate to its headwaters inside someone's foul mind.

COLLAPSE OF THE TOWER

The tower that confines you will be destroyed by acts of Heaven.

Fight with the weapons you have. In the end, a bigger cannon will fire in your defense...one aimed from friends on high - and the force of its impact will split open a flaw within your enemy, and trigger his immediate downfall.

Their cannon will aim at the center of the fault-line inside the character of the hater, creating an earthquake of events around him, destroying his strength, disabling his health - or taking his life. And the exact nature of that righteous quake, and its timing,

are determined by a grand and holy power which is not under your mortal control - and never shall it be.

There *will* be justice on the morning of that earthquake, when a mile underneath the rock of the hater's power, an explosion of rage being returned begins to boil toward the surface, where it will discharge into the mouth of the hater - and in a roar of holy wrath, their reign will end.

*The Chalice
of Infirmities*

The death charge will be over. You will be free and will know the *taste* of life cracked open for the eating, and as for them, they will be buried under the tower of failure to which *they* had sent you for *your* internment.

By abusing power, theirs shall be forfeited - and yours shall commence, crowned by your education, paid for with pain, and acknowledged by the Divinity, who... upon completion of your studies, shall release you from this school of sorrows.

From the lash of death, you have learned the Law of Accretion, power assembles, but weakness dissipates - a principle that is in all places displayed. Some people glow; others are pale - lacking in themselves.

The worst deficiency that afflicts a body is not one of mineral dusts such as magnesium, but one of vacant spirit, for into a void of self rushes the cold feet of evil - as all vacuums must be filled - with *something*.

Conquer a death charge, and you have coronated yourself with a crown of warm light which no man can plunder.

LESSON NINETEEN



The Path to the Shore

WE HAVE TRAVELLED O'ER MOUNTAINS that stood in our way, and stumbled 'crost valleys as deep as the sea, in search of a passage, through lands darked by woe, through thunder and rainfall, and skies lit by lightnings of truths from Above, that set our direction and showed us a path, where no-one has wandered and come out to tell, through places of peril were we led by the hand - and made to be brave, where once we did weep, and now just before us, oh how can it be, is a path, is a parting, that leads to the sea, with sand that is scented, from life at the shore - as it was since forever, in aged days of yore.

The journey's not over, there's miles more to go, and things we must master, that as yet we don't know. The end it is certain, and

not a demise, a bright new beginning, a sun set to rise. The shore sits below, the gulls gaze on high, as waves churn the waters, they crash and go boom, o'er the squawks of the sea life that live in the froth - and no, not a mountain, that could shut out the sun, but a sea spreads before us, how it sparkles and shines, as it calls to us travellers, 'Come on down for a swim, and at dusk, let us dine!'

And onward we travel and prouder we stride, with hearts that now glow - a smile on our shoes, and one up above, for we know we have travelled where few ever go, to the deep of dark forests, not lit by the moon, but by eyes tense with hunger, in creatures of night, which stare into yours - as they pick their delight.

To the steps of a school not far from the sea, to a hall of great learning, of knowledge that grows, for that's where we're headed, 'aft we walk to the shore, our hearts filled with wonder to have made it this far.

The lamp that did guide us was our passion to grow, a new life inside us, which waits by the door of that blessed seashore.

And now that we've journeyed so far down the road, there's no one to stop us, or block our dear path, for long have we travelled, and hard's been the lessons that followed our fall. The journey's been bitter, but so full of grace, and to the steps of that school, we now go with haste. Soon we'll depart from cold peaks of great pain, to sleep by sweet waters and feast on fat dates, that will fall from the palms, as they wave to the sky - and feed you and I.

And we'll know in our heart and feel in our bones, that we've found *our* way - and after it all, we can rest by the bay.

CLASS IS IN SESSION

The day begins with a teaching.

Your path has been your class. The trials set before you have been your lessons. The road was charted by your Teacher, who

knew where you needed to go, and what it took to get you to this shore of learning. The beach of blessings on which you will lay will be your graduation from the school for the broken.

You are here because you asked for a release from the pains of your heart - and from the jaundice of your afflictions. Your joy at coming home to sands of self is a fruit which grows on the vines of suffering, and which ripens in the warm air of arrival - of your coming to this shore of power, to feel inside you what the ocean feels daily - the vastness of itself.

*The Path
to the Shore*

BREAD FOR THE TABLE

The bread that sustains life does not come from a bakery.

When I speak of bread, I mean money, one of the sources of woe to one who has broken. To be broken means to lack force, to be unable to express your will, or to not have much of one. And that has consequences that are financial, and these further break the broken.

Your place of sorrow is shaded from sun by clouds of worry over money. To bring back the light of security, understand this: money is a bird which flies away from those who are feeble and goes to sit at the side of them with power, whether they be of good or evil intent. Money is corruptible, and it does not care who it serves - only that its feathers be warmed by the glow of men who feed their purpose, and who do not deny their appetite to express it.

Money is a bird who will be the master of you, if you cannot feed it what it requires - for you cannot live without it. To keep it in your home, and bring more to nest around you, you must dine first, and the food that fills your mouth cannot be seasoned with fear, but with faith in One who sustained you since your days in

the cradle - and who will never exit your door, for you are a child of His in need. He will not abandon you on the highway of life.

You should know that your purpose was planned, as well as the means for its fulfillment. Your mission was assigned to you with full knowledge of your weaknesses, and in anticipation of the errors you would make, including mistakes that would affect your ability to secure a livelihood, and to be nourished by one.

Your choices may have been poor, but your parent Above was rich in love for you - and His foresight will insure that you make it through perilous passages of financial and physical frailty, and that a better life awaits you at the shore of your ability to believe in yourself.

The means of making money, they are as numerous as grains of sand, but one truth does not ever shift, and it is this: the bird of money comes to the call of a cheery voice; from fields afar will it fly o'er the ocean to sit in the hand of him who feeds it with seeds grown in the soil of self-expression.

To no other food will this creature be loyal, but only to that which is sweetened by the honey of a happy heart. From sour crusts of misery will it take flight, so guard the gates to the chamber of your desires, so that none who visit can deposit the excrement of their ill-will...or the filth of their pity; allow only them who will honor the majesty of your cause, and if none such as this appear - then quick, bar the gates.

You were chosen, then knighted for your purpose - and until you acknowledge this, the birds of money will spend their days in the pastures of others who can better provide for their care.

I never understood any of this, and suffered, during periods of my life, from financial stress, which made my health worse - and which put me into more depression. I used to study the teachings of great businessmen, which never helped, and all the while, I did everything out of a sense of duty, that I *had* to do it to earn a living.

I was so *un*-happy spending my life editing the words of healers - polishing and perfecting them, not knowing I had my *own* voice.

I have met many broken ones who wrongly thought they too had nothing inside them of financial value, who believed earning money was destined to be hard - and who could not understand how others earned it easily. They believed they lacked talent, but that was not it. It was a lack, but one of *awareness* of their mission. They *were* missing what others were born with, but it was not a deficiency of talent, but a deficiency in the ability to see that they had been given unique gifts that could be a source of happiness, and after that, and with much effort - a well of income.

*The Path
to the Shore*

Encoded inside a mission are its financial means - the methods of earning the funds required. All the experiences of your life, the events, and the crossings with the people who changed you, all of these are the rough rocks which polish the gem of your gifts; they prepare you to earn *your* way.

You are not expected to find fulfillment on an empty stomach; the only way to fill a stomach is to *never* follow another's path, for the path of others is for them - it is their financial fruit to eat; it is *poison* to your wallet, though at first bite, it may seem satisfying.

These are things I did not see myself, and I, like others, felt so poor *inside* - and that is the worst place to feel it.

All through my travels, I saw the sufferings of the broken, not just their diseases, but their relative poverty. Many of them try to rise above it by being spiritual, but it will continue to hurt until they understand that the Law of Accretion also applies to money: power assembles, but weakness dissipates.

When you fail to search for power from within, it runs away from without. You cannot *fool* money; it races from the weak and flies to the strong. You can be frugal, and what little you have will last longer, but that is no substitute for power, and though we have talked about power, what is it?

You need to understand this word, because a lack of it is the real cause of the pains of your body and the poverty of means that has settled in as a lingering house guest.

Bread for the Table Power can be defined as the strength to make the desires of your heart come to be; it is the ability to change your life when you need to change it; to lack power means you are a servant of the good will and approval of others.

What this definition explains is what you have not done, what you have not attended to, because *you did not know how*, or because you did not know *what* was wrong. Without a source of power within, you cannot project yourself into the world, and therefore, you cannot sustain your existence in a robust manner.

Power broadcasts a purpose, while weakness denies that there is one. Power will propagate, while weakness is barren - nothing comes out of you.

Power creates circumstances in which money appears. It is the rich soil in which it is easy to grow huge crops. Power and money *seem* like the same, but to believe that is to confuse cause with its effect. People with money appear powerful when they spend it, but if they lack power, they will eventually *lose* that money.

Your inheritance is inside and it is big, but all this is talk, my chatter, until you see that this is so, and once you find what was bequeathed to you, you have to claim it - and then *pro*-claim it.

Ownership of the bequest does not begin until you accept the transfer of some territory of spirit from the Divine to you, and in taking possession - begin to *develop* that personal land and apply the shovel of great effort to the gifts that were given you.

You are self-damned if you believe you lack the gifts to get the gold required to fulfill your purpose. You *do* have such gifts. And - if you *still* doubt, ask He-who-hid-them-within-you where they are.

THE PLAGUE

The broken are afflicted by a pestilence of depressed thoughts.

Sorrow is a trench that fills itself with disease; the place most afflicted is the organ that stores old thoughts and transmits new ones to its agents in the outlying territories of our tissues.

*The Path
to the Shore*

Worse than a sky filled with hailstones is a sad brain devoured by regrets. When your brain doesn't work, you cannot think clearly, and you make horrible decisions which you wince over for years - and which hurt your finances and cause you to suffer in affairs of the heart, the two areas of Great Human Error.

Inside your skull is the warehouse of your woes; it is the site of a plague that multiplies in the cavities of old defeats. The victims of this malady are branded upstairs, and are scarred by the heat of past wounds which burn their tissues, creating patterns which they cannot break - but they must.

The disease to be most feared by the broken is a plague called depression, and all its cousins and nephews, the many varieties of self-expression which reflect old pain, not fresh pleasure. Not all the broken are clinically-depressed, but most are darkened by what has occurred.

Because they are so chronically-down, they need more 'jolts' to feel alive. These jolts may be constant reassurance from others, or money-spending to pacify pain, or a compulsion for sex to try to feel a power that left a long while ago, or busying oneself with friends who are not true friends - to try to hush the scream of just how *much* pain they are in.

Left to themselves, in the quiet of a weekend, the broken settle into their true state, which is low, and hard to escape from, which frightens them, and which causes them to constantly re-examine their whole life. Their brain's natural tendency is to sink, because it has suffered damage from past encounters with life; it requires

physical assistance to correct its reduced ability to feel happy or to feel motivated.

You worry about diseases, but I must say to you: it is heaviness from past hurts that makes your tissues frail. What you require is light upstairs, a lantern of cheer - not medicines for every malady.

The Plague

A glad spirit will make its own medicines, but how does one brighten an organ tarnished by the salty air of past misfortunes? Let us begin our housework.

BRAIN POLISH

Buff your brain clean of its sadness.

As all housewives do, we shall start our task by getting out our cleaning supplies. But to work on a brain, no bar of soap will do. There must be something we can use, something strong enough to brighten our dirtied circuits and dust-laden machinery - and yet something that will not leave the foul residues of stuff from the store. I have an idea; we shall go outside for our cleansers, to a place where they can be found growing - in the forests and fields.

The fields of Nature send messages when you are in them - a primary one is peace. That message is communicated to you via scents that travel through air into your nose, and then into your brain, which has become detached from the joy present in things that grow. To break up dark thoughts that breed flies of disease, medicate yourself with happy chemicals that plants release into the air - their signature scent, the oil particles by which a plant will announce its presence in a field.

As quartermaster of the brigade of the broken, I say we need plant oils, who *are* - I must confess, now thought of as the sissies of the natural army, given desk jobs in the rear because they are considered too frail for active combat. Oh - what a waste of well-trained soldiers!

Plant oils come from plants, the same places herbs come from. Plants are hunted down by scientists to study how nature kills disease, so that they can create drugs that *copy* plant chemistry. So... save the snickering about oils for today's lunch break. I call plant oils nature's special forces, airborne paratroopers who can rapèl down your nose into your brain, and drop into places where the land-borne troops of natural pills cannot so easily enter.

Plant oils can change the energy around you, the pattern that presides, which is why you see priests shaking incense holders in religious ceremonies. It is not just ritual; it is real. You are a spirit, bobbing in a sea of energy which wraps itself around your body; that energy may be poisonous, due to your thoughts... or those of others. Plant oils disperse evil just as scents of citronella disperse mosquitoes. Plant oils can change the feeling in a room, from one of fretting into one of peace.

The oil of a plant is an energy-form, encapsulated within the molecules of viscous materials for its own protection, so that it may be dispersed intact via air - and from there into your spirit.

When you are depressed, you have a damaged energy-pattern. You can attack every outcropping of illness that grows in the soil of your darkness - or you can get a transfusion of a fresh energy-pattern, one healthier than the fog of thoughts keeping you low.

Plants can transfer *their* pattern to raise your own. It is more than a molecule of medicine which you require; it is a change in your pattern, and what is a pattern but a sequence of repeating events. Something is wrong in your thinking - and that which is wrong *keeps* occurring; that is why it is a pattern - and that is why you cannot escape from it.

All thoughts propagate; they multiply more thoughts just like themselves. When you are not happy, you propagate more misery; - and from one distressing thought, you soon have a head-full of disturbing ideas; they become a tone, a frequency that *jams* your brains' receptors.

You are trapped, until you use the tone, the precise pitch and higher frequencies broadcast by specific plant oils. Use them as a musician uses a tuning fork, a metal instrument which emits a pure frequency used to adjust *out-of-tune* pianos. A tuning fork causes the surface on which it rests to vibrate just as it does; it is a sympathetic vibration - a propagation of a pure frequency.

Use plants as a tuning fork for a sad brain, one which needs to be re-calibrated to factory specs, because - once your system has drifted far away from its assigned frequencies, Angelic Advisors have a harder time penetrating your fog. Plant oils induce a new tone in your head; you begin to resonate with *their* pattern - not your sickened one.

Once the tone in your brain has been adjusted, Angels can get through again; they insert new thought-seeds in you, and soon - *these* seeds start propagating, instead of your old thoughts full of birth defects, born out of the womb of your depression.

I notice that when I am down, my ability to write terminates. As soon as I use plant oils, the flow of words resumes, because a transmission bridge to higher thoughts has been re-established.

To do this therapy, you will use a small device called a diffuser or a nebulizer, a home unit which takes a few drops of plant oils and spreads them through your room. These work by heating the oil, blowing cold air over it, or vibrating it - which duplicate the action of the sun and wind in dispersing these oils, to mobilize the plant army - that you may be rescued.¹

1. These units can cost \$20 and higher - depending on the complexity of the device. You can also place a drop of the oil into each nostril for more treatment intensity. Do this to treat your brain while out of the house, and do it on arising from sleep, to swing a mind quickly to a high path of good thoughts.

TOP TARNISH REMOVERS

Strong plant chemicals will dissolve toxic brain darkness.

When there is damage upstairs - and there *always* is in broken ones, we need a chemical ladder for our brain cells to hold onto and climb out. Specific plant oils act like that. They are strong enough to grab a sad neuron and pull it up; I have tested them and found them potent for that purpose.

*The Path
to the Shore*

The oils I like are ones I call *working oils* which act in minutes to lift depression. They are like working dogs which herd sheep, as compared to dogs that strut around a ring for prizes: a sheepdog versus a show dog. Some oils smell pleasant but don't do much. I only want oils that after ten minutes, I can honestly say to myself, 'I feel better upstairs.'

The oils I have chosen are a band of six to fight off the thugs of depression. Some of them may work better on one day more than another, depending on what is stressing you. I use them all often, as favorite books from a library of scents.

Let me tell you about my experiences with oils - and give you my impressions, what I *feel* about them, what I know from using them - not what I read.

Let's begin with Angelica oil, from the plant Angel Root, called angelica archangelica. I call it *Guardian Angel Oil*, because when you turn its scent loose, the air around you feels like someone did something - a prayer, a holy chant, a benediction on your behalf. The essence of angelica is spirit protection from the evil thoughts of others. Whenever I use it, I feel as if I am expanding out into the room, instead of being confined to my body - I think because it feels safe for me to do so with angelica around me.

One morning, I saw angelica oil dramatically alter -for the good, the behavior of someone I knew to be secretly evil, who entered the room I was in by surprise, when this oil was being

used. We had a heart-felt conversation, something that had never occurred before, because I never felt I *could*. When the person left, I asked my Sandra, 'What was that all about? They were so nice.'

Top Tarnish
Removers

She reminded me that I had a diffuser going with angelica oil in it - and she was certain that was the reason. I don't know *how* an oil can alter evil intent, but *something* happened that morning. The effect of angelica oil is like being in the presence of a holy saint who guards you. It is like a feeling you get from being inside the walls of a cathedral in a time of trouble.

The second oil I love is Juniper berry; I call it *The Fighting Oil*, because that's what it arouses in you - a desire to fight back - to not give-up. It makes you fierce in fighting *to make something happen* - in spite of forces that block you: a tired body, obstacles put up by others (their actions, their attitudes), or barriers to conquest that are erected from your *own* fear. The oil protects you from evil not by driving it away, but by MAGNIFYING YOU. Juniper oil swells you with you: it is the antidote to impotency of the spirit, which is the inability to make life go the way you want, the inability to make things change for the better. Juniper is a medicine that can block the poisonous vapors of depression, which are given off by a mind which believes it is powerless. Juniper oil is an anti-evil oil - because it makes you punch back at opposition, and evil can only stick to people who have given-up. Juniper is bold; when I breathe it, it makes me more creative, because I feel more *sure* of my power, and that is why I hardly ever write without it. What will it do for you - when it fires up the coal furnace in your heart, the one you doused with a kettle of cold water from giving-up?

My next oil is Geranium bourbon, which I call *The Smiling Oil* - and that's what it does to your face. Geranium turns a room into a nursery for happy thoughts. Geranium is a strong bleach for a dark mood. You don't know *why*, but you start feeling good; you're up and nothing happened to make you up, and it was *The Smiling*

Oil that did it. You don't feel restless, or like running away from stress by distracting yourself at home - or by going out; geranium oil makes you feel happy - right where you are, and that happy lift in your cheeks gives you something as elusive as a good day - and that is a sense of confidence. Thank you geranium! Glad we met.

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Lavender oil is what I call *The Serene Saint*. He's so spiritual that you can't get him upset. You could feel like screaming about how you can't take this life anymore, and lavender says, 'I understand, but everything is about to change. Let's sit together in peace, way off on a cloudbank on the Other Side, where no-one can hurt you - and let's look down on the soothing sun of May days about to come onto your porch.' Lavender oil helps you depart from where you are; it takes you away, on a spirit-shuttle, to a holy garden, and no-one knows where you are, and your troubles don't have the telephone number, and they can't call you there. Sometimes you don't need happiness, you need *quiet*, and when you do, reach for *The Serene Saint*, who will sprinkle his holy water over your worries, 'til they start shrinking.²

Frankincense is an oil I call *The Furious Priest*. He is so mad at what people and evil entities have done to you that he is ready to do anything - throw hatchets at them, poison them, whatever he needs to do to break their arms until they let you live as *you* want.

Frankincense is furious; he doesn't mind delivering low kicks to your enemies. His angry scent is offensive to evil entities - and that pleases him. His underarms smell to them as the stench of a rotting carcass would be to you, and because of that, Reverend F. clears a space around you *free* of darkness. For thousand of years, priests have used him to crack the fingernails of evil entities, and when the angry preacher is around, evil runs. Reverend F. is not polite; he has people to evict - evil ones. If you want a nice cup of

2. The most potent lavender oil I found comes from lavender plants grown at high altitudes, which is something that oil sellers will note in their descriptions.

tea, get Sir Lavender to sit with you. But when things get ugly, it is time for someone with no social skills, just a love of fighting.

My final oil is the scent of a plant I love - the rose. I call it *The Sacred Oil*, because it takes you up high - closer to God, and that, by itself, protects you from darkness, from your own gloom - or from others. I never smelled anything with the power of rose oil to lift you 'bove the ordinary....up to the spirit world.

There is something about the scent that creates an uprush of exaltation. What does the verb 'to exalt' mean? It comes from the Latin root *altus*, which means high. Rose oil takes you to a raised state in which you are more aware of the *real* you, the divine one who cannot be knocked down.

For years, I craved roses without knowing *why*.

In my mountaintop garden, I grew the old fragrant varieties. Today's hybrid roses have had their fragrance bred *out* of them; they are like peaches bred for looks - not flavor. If you have the land, grow old roses at home; they still have the strong fragrance that roses used to have.

These oils are bodyguards ready for hire, to lift your darkness and stop spirit attackers. Oils protect your physical body and the treasure it holds in its fleshy vault - YOU! No one guard can do all you need, that's why I cover a choice of oils. Each oil has a unique set of anti-dark-thought, anti-evil skills - coded into the curves of its warrior waves. You may want to add one of these oils to the Ceremony I described earlier in *The Chalice of Infirmities*.

Whether you are just low from past practices of thinking your mind into a pit - or whether you are being encouraged to do so by outside forces, all these oils are ready to jump out of their bunks at any time of day, fully armed and ready to die for you, ready to disperse their protective scents, blocking invaders and signalling to your brain to take off from the runway of its low thoughts and become airborne - a safer place to be than stuck in foul mud.

Down is a dangerous state for broken ones; it is a vicious glue which keeps you stuck to a life that never changes. That is why these upper-oils are more important for you than they are for others of a merry disposition.

Isolated oils - a single pure frequency - are a mighty broadcast of plant energy-waves to unstick you from the down condition.³ No combination may ever do as much as a single oil when you are jammed, unable to restart your engines.

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I shall now give you one more weapon, a second sword to wear on the other side of your belt; a warrior always marches forward with more than one weapon.

Our next weapon is the married-oils, two oils that are mated, and to win some of your brain battles, you may need a pair of oils who are in love. Together as a couple, they do something that the pure tones cannot always make happen.

You do not need a combination of eight or more oils assembled by an oil wizard of great learning; the broken are a different race of spirits, and are not well-served by healing products which suit the masses. The problem with complex oil combinations is that some oils will go *against* what you need. Nothing is either neutral or a universal blessing, and no balmy language in a brochure can change that truth.

Here are two married-oil couples which I use to serve my own brain, and the effect is fantastic.

I make a combination of lavender with sage oil, with five parts lavender to one part sage. Sage is an oil to clear your mind - and WOW - it sure does that, to help you remember what you must; it decisively wakes you up to full alertness; you'll be more alive in your head. Sometimes you need to do both: to *remember* the good

3. *Finding good oils*: Go by reputation - not just price, when you choose companies who sell essential oils. There is a difference between people who want to cash-in on these oils as compared to people who are forever devoted to raising their quality. I cannot recommend any companies, because I cannot control their practices, nor can I investigate the long-term fidelity of owners towards the needs of the sick.

by waking up with sage - and, at the same time, to *forget* the bad for awhile, by having lavender remove it from your mind.⁴

Another combination I use is the ancient mix of frankincense and oil of myrrh. They are a husband and wife team, each strong enough to justify a spotlight, yet stronger together. I use about two parts of frankincense to one part myrrh - a rough guide to proportions. Frankincense is the male partner. I thought nothing could be stronger than this scent used by itself. Not true. Myrrh has a pure feeling; it's a holy smell and a light aroma that doesn't smell sweet, but it *feels* sweet, and when added, it softens the bite of frankincense. You might think myrrh makes the combination weaker; what happens is the opposite. It seemed like an explosion of power cleared a huge space in my room from heaviness. It felt like a boiling pot of holy chemicals was protecting me.

You can learn about other married plant oils, by asking your Advisors Upstairs, who have a Ph.D. in oil therapy and thousands of years of experience in curing distraught people. Their rates are reasonable, a small plate of humbleness, which they will accept as full payment - and they will proceed with pleasure to advise you on oil-marriages that will end up as a blessed match of plant frequencies - to rectify the problems in *your* brain.

Take a sword on each arm, the single pure tones on your left, the joyful married-oils on the right... and dash forward to make your thrilling escape from the dungeon of down.

4. The sage oil I use comes from the plant *Salvia officinalis*. Do not confuse it with a similar plant, Clary sage (*Salvia sclarea*), which produced a toned-down ineffective aroma, compared to true sage.

FUEL PROBLEMS

Your brain is damned if your fuel supply is flawed.

Into the brain, from the gas tanks of your body, flows the fuel that permits you to think. It is the sugars created from your diet.

When a brain is depressed, the cause can often be found in the fuel supply - and in your ability to *ignite* the gasoline provided. To think well, your brain must be lit by a *steady* fire - not a forest fire nor a paltry flame can it be.

Your food is the major source of your fuel, but it is not the only one, for under stress, your brain can break down body tissues to create the sugars it needs, and during anxiety, it can create a state of excess fuel supply - just as if you had eaten a big bowl of fruit, when you may not have eaten *anything* with sugar in it.

Inside the tissues of the defeated is often found a disturbance in sugars; it may not advance to the depth of diabetes, but it can be enough to disrupt their life, and to shroud the peaks of their brain in a mist of sugars - and prevent them from ever seeing the sun of clarity.

To clear the air of a fog of sugars is a task for those who wish to resurrect. It cannot be done by diet alone, but diet is where you will start.⁵

Be aware that it is easier when ill to eat foods which delight - rather than the proteins that build a better furnace. You will say, 'I do not have any appetite for the meat or the eggs, but I would love a banana, or a piece of toast.' Your appetite can deceive - as a sorcerer who casts a spell, who lies to you and says that energy

5. Never skip Zen weight-lifting, which should be a centerpiece of your efforts to stabilize sugar. Muscles eat more sugar than other tissues; their appetite for sugar can buffer you from surges of sugar caused by dietary error - or from anxieties. If you over-do Zen weight-lifting, it can temporarily raise blood sugar, but the effect goes off as the muscles repair.

will result from your eating. Instead of energy, you just locked your brain into a jail cell of high sugar, by choosing foods which seem lighter to eat than those *heavy* proteins.

To get the most results in controlling blood sugar and helping your brain, it is not just any good protein you need - but the *right* ones for you. A sword of proteins will set you free, but you must choose a weapon whose handle has been shaped to best fit your hands.

Not all proteins can secure your liberation. At a distance, they may look the same; they may contain the same bounty of amino acids, but lo - they are different swords. Not all are suitable for the fight, *your* fight, and not all can be used in your war against weakness, that battle to free your brain from the weights of the past. Go into battle well-fitted.

Step into the armory and look around. Pick up a sword and try it out. How does it feel? Take it home and work with it. My wife Sandra had hardly ever eaten beef, but it became her weapon of war. It makes her feisty - and has turned her from meek into little Miss Blunt.

I thought my weapon was the same; I always did, because, like coffee, beef has such a strong flavor. But beef weakens me in time - if I overdo it. That it is raw matters not. I enjoy its taste, but it is too strong a weapon for my excitable nature. It serves me best as a protein 'spice,' something I did not understand when younger. I have since learned that I primarily need fish as a staple, because it is a more calming food.

What is your weapon? What will fit your hand - the chemical pattern you were born into? Is it beef or is it lamb? Is it haddock or cod, or salmon from Alaska,⁶ or is it a melange of two proteins?

6. Wild raw salmon is one of the most healing raw proteins, and therefore the most potentially *cleansing*. Because it is so intense, you should start with small quantities, a few bites at a time, then a slightly larger quantity at another meal, until you are absolutely *sure* as to how your body will react.

Through pleasing your tongue and watching how you feel, you will know which weapon works best in *your* hands.

THE RAW RATIO

To stabilize sugars, control the ratio of raw vs. cooked proteins.

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After choosing your protein sword, you need to decide how much raw is right - because that will control how good you feel, and how stable is your sugar as you get stronger.

Raw heals. But how much? Too much healing is not a healing. Some people will require one hundred percent of their proteins to be raw, but this is definitely not true for all people. Many will require a lower percent of their proteins to be raw; it may be fifty percent.

Broken people require happiness from life to create healings - not a cleaning crew upstairs every week.

Setting the *right* raw ratio can be *as* important as picking the right proteins, because it controls how fast you will cleanse.

Your raw to cooked ratio may change as you rise up the ladder of recovery - as your ability to process the poisons coming out of a cleanse goes up - or declines due to high stress. Your body *will* cleanse itself on animal foods; this will come - in time; it does not have to be forced into happening by a pitchfork of herbs, jabbed into cells not yet ready to dump their garbage. Purification from proteins that are raw can be as intense as any herbal purification, but it won't happen next weekend - only when your system has repaired enough to tolerate a disruption.

Remember that raw food is active food - real active; it creates changes - *good* ones, which you have never had before - and these include the repair of organs and the stabilization of blood sugar.

Raw animal proteins give you a vitality you will never see from cooked proteins; that extra vitality from eating such foods will

make you *more* parasite-resistant. I do not live in fear of parasites or bacteria, for two reasons: 1) Ancient peoples of varied cultures - many existing today, eat raw proteins and raw fermented foods, full of live micro-organisms, and they have enormous vitality and ability to resist disease; and 2) I get my family's proteins from the best sources I can - organically-grown if possible, and to protect myself, I use a highly-sensitive instrument passed down to me by my parents - to evaluate the presence of freshness - and that tool is my Jewish nose. When I shop for proteins, I ask to smell them, and if they won't let me, I don't buy. I have eaten raw animal foods for years, and I always feel much stronger *on* them than off them.

One final thing: proteins are a sword of healing, but all swords are wrapped in a sheath - a protective layer of leather. The edge of a sword is sharp, and it needs to be - proteins can be harsh and be hard on you, when not wrapped in their sheath, the other whole foods in your feast - the vegetables and grains that round out your diet. The best vegetables for buffering the proteins are the green, leafy ones, and the highly-colored ones, above and below ground. Just as with your proteins, you can have your vegetables raw and cooked, because cooking vegetables provides access to nutrients that are not always available in the raw state. As for grains, test the ones from your native cuisine.

You need a second sheath to protect you from sugars in fruits - and that sheath is made of raw fats... butter, cream or cheese, which all slow down the absorption of sugars to a rate which is not so harsh on your body - and this keeps you more stable. I can remember a delicious old Danish recipe my mother used to make with oats and cream, mixed with summer berries. For you, fruits are a treat; the biggest danger is that they fill you up and replace raw proteins, the ones you need to rebuild.

I want you to love your foods, not endure a diet, so I shall not ask you to stand by a vegetable juicer for hours a week, grinding out juices for your salvation. If you love the green or beet juices,

and feel a benefit from them, then absolutely take them. But I did not, and I resented taking the time on things that caused me to feel nothing - or made me feel worse.

You need flavor as *much* as nutrients. You have had a hard life and to offset that, your food should bless you with delight in its deliciousness. I prefer the true Asian foods, with seasonings that are strong with flavor - not necessarily heat. I enjoy having small bits of protein mixed with vegetables fast-seared in a wok.⁷

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But you may prefer a different cuisine.

Go to the recipes of your distant past, and when I say distant, I mean distant in this life - or distant from a prior one, because you may hunger for a class of cuisine not part of your family's history - but it is - if you go back far enough. When I say go back, I do not mean to escape into strudel from childhood, but back into things that are wholesome.

If you are unfamiliar with how a traditional food or recipe can be made tasty, perhaps you can find a restaurant who prepares it well, to get you started...and ignite your appetite for the unusual - done right.

No-one can give you ideal food proportions, though many try. To feel good, to regulate sugar, each person has to figure out how much protein to eat compared to natural carbohydrates.

Over time, it will come naturally, just as you breathe without deliberation - you will begin to eat in a way that makes you into a Samson of Strength, and which appeals to the Henry the Eighth in all of us...that lusting for flavor in our food.

7. Like the Asian peoples, my wife occasionally enjoys using coconut oil in dishes; it is so delicious and so healing; I consider this oil an asset for broken people, superior for some than raw butter - and certainly more available. Sandra says that she can get through any day if she can have a little espresso, a little wine - and a little chocolate; she gets her chocolate as fine dark chocolates - or as a creamy concoction she makes with unsweetened cocoa powder dissolved in hot water, added to virgin coconut oil and raw honey. She eats it with a spoon and calls her concoction, 'Great goo.'

THE FLAME OF SUCCESS

Food is fuel; success is the fire that consumes it.

The Flame of Success

We are inert without fire; cold logs without a flame.

What is flame? It is more than being alive, because many who are alive, are alive... but broken; they eat well - but are depressed. Of fuel they have much; of flame they have little.

Flame is success; it is winning at something that matters to us. To succeed means to cross the goal-line of some effort with the football in *our* hands. Success is the end-purpose of metabolism.

To see success, to work for it, to have it - all those things make a big flame - not a pile of logs that sputters and sparks, but one which burns so large that you must stand back to safely enjoy its warming power.

Success is a flame which digests difficulties. Your fire must be stronger than the logs thrown at it, for if you cannot digest life, it will digest you; you must break down and conquer what is sent in your direction; if you don't, you will be crushed by the feet of harsh circumstance - or by men with steel in their soles.

Success is the fire you cannot live without. It is more needed than food, because with success, you will attract all the fuel you need, but without success, your supper will smolder.

Success is the fulfillment of your will; it is a *necessary* condition for controlling blood sugar. Every day, you need something to succeed at - even if the measure of that success is insignificant to someone else. Success could be cleaning a room you work in, or finally writing a thank-you note you had meant to do, or hanging a picture you wanted up - but were too tired to do.

The signs of sugar problems arise when your power is blocked, or when you are scared to use what little of it you feel you have. If your skin feels itchy, or your scalp develops dandruff, or your lips are covered with a sticky gum, all that is unburnt sugar, a poison

of powerlessness - the ultimate toxin, far worse than the bite of a rattlesnake, because it is self-injected.⁸

Consider this in the well of your down days...

POWER NOT USED TURNS INTO POISON.

It is a poison you cannot ever cleanse - except by endeavoring to succeed in some way that has meaning for you.

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High sugar is defeat; it is potential power that does not know where to go, sugar that wants to be used, desire that wants to be exercised - like a leg muscle that cries, 'Take me for a walk,' but if instead of walking it, you sit, your leg gets weaker; it becomes ill.

Your body is hardware - like the computer that sits on a desk. But it is controlled by software, your thinking, the invisible ideas that *are* you. Whether you are a general who commands armies or a maid who presses shirts for a living, you need to express power in some way that matters, or else you are a blocked spirit and in time - a defeated one. Power not expressed can kill. No surprise should it be that those with diabetes die of strokes, heart attacks and infections more than others. Diabetes is the inability to use the power of sugar. People point to the overuse of sweets as the cause of high sugar - but it is low power that creates the cravings.

The worst constipation is not down in the bowels, it is one of unexpressed spirit, an impaction of the self - a blockage of power that needs to come out. The most dangerous thing you can do to your sugar levels - and the biggest cause of depression, is not that piece of pie once in a while, or that small sliver of cheesecake you were planning to assault when no-one was looking. No, it is none of that, for the real menace to your sugar levels is when you stray from your path - or *refuse* to move forward on it.

8. Another sign of power not used is constipation or its electric opposite, diarrhea. In a broken person, the bowel either shuts down or panics - a response to the lack of security that is part of an unhappy existence, one in which the flame of success is not strong.

All animals in the jungle know there are times of the day when it is *safe* for them to come out and feed, and places they may roam, and times when they must migrate, and if they violate the terms of their existence, they are destroyed by predators who wait for such violations. You too are bounded.

Refuse to confront what was given you to confront, fail to say what is yours to say or do - and diabetes and its partners wait in the shadows, and the early signs of their approach is a depression you cannot dislodge. You either do what you are here for, or you will be removed - and you will *not like* the extraction process.

THE PASSAGE

Your trials are not over.

Though the sea is in sight, and a shore sits below, there is one more trial that will test you. It is the final exam, one last trough of troubles you must trudge through on your way to the peace of the shore.

It will appear long *after* you think there are no more tests on your path - that nothing but peaceful days remain on your route to the beach of your success, to the cure of your body, and to your deliverance from the shackles of suffering. What you want is a cure, but what you really need is an education, and no-one leaves a school like this without a final exam. It is not for others that you take this test, it is for yourself.

You need to know what you have learned since you began your journey in the dark woods of suffering - and which of the lessons you failed to capture. You need to understand the flaws in your faith, the weaknesses in your spirit that now lay so silent under the soil of your recovery.

You need a release from patterns that perpetuate your misery; there will be no release until these patterns are challenged - then

broken. It will take a final exam, the pain of one more challenge, before the wounded are granted *deliverance* from their woes, from failings which cannot live in the fresh waters of courage.

This test will not be announced, but it is coming. All teachers must test their pupils - and so will He. It is not to break you that He will test you, but to *free* you from the pain of your choices, and from your failure to grasp the consequences of your thinking.

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You will know when the test has begun, but not before. When it comes, the final exam may take different forms, just as a college entrance exam may contain multiple choice questions, an essay, a mathematics problem, and an interview with an examiner from a specific college.

Your final exam may include a return of the dominant illness of your life, or an intensification of the miseries of the world, or episodes of painful behavior inflicted upon you by the rudeness of others in your personal or business life, and which re-awaken the sites of old scars; it may be all of these - and whatever else it takes for you to release those wretched habits you have not yet severed from your old self... habits which breed *more* suffering.

MY MEAT-GRINDER

I want to reveal my exam, so you can prepare for yours.

When it began for me, it was a time in my life when I thought all my old problems were gone for this lifetime. Then I entered what I called The Meat-Grinder, a period of rough days in which I hurt and hurt and had no power to make anything better. Here are a few of the things that happened. There was so much more.

First, my ulcerative colitis returned; for me, it was a disease that could kill - not the embarrassment of diarrhea, but a disease like dysentery, in which flesh seems to dissolve and rot out from the insides, with an odor of death from my cells being destroyed.

Others would call it a healing crisis, a return of past symptoms as old poisons are sent packing, but it did not *feel* like that. I wasn't cleansing, I was breaking - again. I used nutrients that had cured me in the past, but they hardly worked, maybe only ten percent. I had no solution. This time, I was *not* in control.

My Meat-
Grinder

I said to Him upstairs about my colon collapse, 'This has to end: I have no power to stop it - and it can stop me.' The next morning, my condition changed from horrible to cured. I could not understand *this* kind of a change in a night's duration, and I asked for an explanation, 'What happened?' '*Intervention.*' I was so happy to be finished with all this and move on with life.

A week later, my health breaks down *again*. Another test, but why? I thought I was already done. I think He wanted to make *sure* I had learned my lesson - and as it turned out, I hadn't...

The emotional effect of this next attack of bleeding colitis was tougher; the depression that followed was harder to take than a physical disease.

Because of being so ill, and because this second bout of illness did not go away like the first, I sunk and sunk and was a mass of nausea - and something happened that hardly ever does: I lost my ability to write. It became hard to hear Angels as I always do; this almost broke me; with my power to write gone and with no way to bring it back I could think of, there was no purpose to be here. This was the most difficult part of my exam, and it was so hard, I started thinking thoughts I am ashamed of now.

Then the final exam got harder, because in that same week, my dear Scotty, Suzi - my night-time writing companion, collapsed; she went from health to the edge of death in just three days, and her collapse was in an area of health I was ignorant of. Nothing was good; everything was horrible. Then God made the furnace hotter. An enemy appeared, and his evil actions were at the edge of the law (a grey area he thrived in), not legal... but not *outright* illegal, that a top attorney could not stop the problems he made.

As these tests progressed, it became obvious to me what had never been this clear, but which sure *should* have been, and it was this: my protection was from Above, because I had no power to change *anything* that was going wrong. Not any pill, not any idea, not any action I could take, would solve any of my problems; I could only wait. I screamed at God, 'What do you want me to do?' All I heard in response were three soft words: 'Believe in Me.'

I always feared my future, waiting for catastrophes, because they have happened so often in my life - and in a dim past long before this one. Every time unexpected things happened to me, I feared more disasters were on the way, and not good surprises. I didn't trust Him with my future, and I didn't believe He would ever stop disasters from happening, so I kept holding fears inside my gut, and my innards inflamed from tension.

You have heard the expression, 'I can't stomach this anymore.' It means you can't tolerate a situation - or absorb its stress, and your stomach breaks. During my exam, I finally understood how the pattern of my thinking had created an inability to hold myself together, and for the first time, it took hold - that He would work everything out for me, now - and in all my forevers to come.

My legal knot untied itself - and went entirely in my favor, but I did lose my Suzi, who had stayed with me during the writing of most of my Course. On the day of her passing, an hour before she crossed over, I knelt down and told her, 'Suzi, I'll remember you for a thousand years.' As her loss descended down over my heart, I was in enormous pain, and I wanted some comfort from Him; I asked if there was *anything* He could tell me, and I thought I might hear something soothing like, 'Her spirit will be around you,' but that is *not* what I heard in my head.

What I did hear was, '*She will return to you.*' I was so humbled - because I know that all who love each other, whether animal or human, are ALWAYS reunited, either in new bodies - or in spirit, and either here . . . or Over There, and when my little Scotty-girl

returns, I shall name her Shira, a Jewish word for 'song,' a name that sounded inside me years earlier, and from the time it did, I *knew* it had once before been her name, and soon, it will be again.

LESSONS REVEALED

Lessons
Revealed *The exam makes clear what was not.*

During a final exam, everyone is lead through trials until they figure out what was *not clear* to them through all the years of their tough life- issues that were much bigger than which pill to take. Medicines of any kind do not have the power to correct failures in your core circuitry, the logic laid down on the motherboard of your genes. It was *you* who made the thought-grooves recorded on DNA-chips inside your cells, and - if these thoughts produce disease, you need to change them.

Your final exam is similar to the tough training that soldiers in our military special force units are put through - in which their instructors take them to the border of collapse to find out what is *concealed* deep within their character - cracks and flaws inside the turbines of their thinking - that must be *revealed* before they are granted their badges - and are admitted into an elite corps of men and women who are given special assignments.

Cracks within the metal of you may not show under the ease of normal life; they need to be *magnified* to be seen, and the lens of God's microscope is intensity... life amplified by stress.

Purifying a person is like the refining of gasoline from crude oil: it is done under heat and pressure. The necessary reactions do not occur at room temperature. What is to be elevated in spirit must first be *heated* so that impurities can be set free to evaporate.

Though electro-shock therapy is not favored any more in the institutions of men, it is oft' used by the Creator when you have

hardened your patterns *beyond* your ability to recast them. The current he applies to your head is the shock of disturbing events, to disrupt - to break or burn away - through agony of mind, those habits of thought that are cattle-fences which pen you inside the corral of the same suffering, year after year - or life after life.

You are a diamond, a jewel of light encrusted by old errors. He will polish off the darkness of your past between the grinding stones of this final passage. You are engaged in a process that will result in your purification. The purpose of this passage is not the removal of material wastes, but the expulsion of wrong thinking.

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to the Shore*

It is your old skin of habits, garments of your defeated mind - that this final exam shall tear off your back. To cross the tracks, from the neighborhoods of the beaten to the stone mansions of those who are confident - requires a wardrobe change upstairs.

Your liberation comes from the smashing of your self-forged leg irons, and there is pain when the shackles of old ways are torn from your flesh, which has become used to the imprint of wrong thinking. You will finish this exam, and be glad of it, once the bell of release has rung, because you will discover a strength of mind *within* the faltering you.

Your path was made rocky on purpose, because a slide to the shore would have allowed you to carry within yourself a cargo of the same thinking - and *that* could produce brand-new disasters.

To prevent you from going through more pain, your Teacher is hard on you, because when you love someone, you educate them well. You know that the pain of their exam is much less than the pain of a lesson you have *failed* to teach them.

The best way for your Father Above to protect you is to teach you well - and teach you hard, because later, when an enormous rock stands in front of you, a grizzly bear of an event or a person, you will not lower your eyes as a defeated one, but, having been

fortified by the lessons of a final exam, you will silently snarl and say to yourself, 'I know how to handle this.' Woe will there be for any would-be oppressor.

It is not upon the rigors of a final exam that you should rage, but on the *certainty* of coming success. It has been secured by the teeth of those lessons that have bitten hard into your hide. Better it is to be nicked by a teacher than torn by the fangs of a foe.

DELAYED GLORY

The brightest gold medal is the one you had to wait years for.

To be one of the broken is not a curse, though it feels like it until you exit that state. It is an opportunity - *if you make it one.*

You could have had an ordinary life, but that possibility was denied to you because you were broken. Instead, you now have a chance to lead an exalted life of high fury, because that is the only one you will now *accept* after years of vacant happiness.

Your age does not matter. I know it hurts that scads of others have begun to bloom early in their life cycle, and you may be over fifty - and have nothing in your basket but pain. You can give-up - or become great. It is better to shine, in your own way, for ten to thirty years - than to go on living in the cellar of life. You are not too old to resurrect, but you *are* too hurt to go on getting-by.

You have a chance not given to others. Because you have had no power, you now understand what it is and how to create it - and you will never *let-go* of the reins of your horse again. What is now clear to you is not visible to the ordinary chaps who whisk their way into obscurity - because they were never challenged - never destroyed as you were.

You were given a gift, but the wrapping paper that concealed it was woe. Your journey took you to places of spirit so dark - it does not seem that *anyone* could ever walk out of that harsh place, still holding the blue flame of joy that can ignite a smile - but oh, I say you will.

Until then, let us lock arms and stride o'er the rocks that have placed themselves between your grieving and that lamphouse on the other side - which flickers with the mistèd light of your hope.

*The Path
to the Shore*



Part Five
Rise from the Dead

LESSON TWENTY



A Pyramid of Treasures

IN THE STOREROOMS of a pyramid - in chambers yet unsealed, are wondrous works from chisels carved, that rest inside the tomb, of one who sleeps but never snores, whose body wakes no more, who lays besides his legacy, made with markings set in stone, in shapes and signs we cannot read - from a land that's not our own.

And if we could decipher, what words these rocks do say, we'd have a great big insight, into another day. We need to know the language - what the signs and symbols mean, to comprehend the message, that was as clear as day to them. And if a scribe should happen by, to tell us what he knows, then what is now a mess of words - of markings that defy us, would suddenly and evermore,

become a source of learning, of knowledge - oh and wonderment, of words that speak with meaning and can cross the great divide, 'tween times of old, of days gone by - and the hours that we live in. And we would be the wiser, if those secrets were revealed, if what was strange was made to speak, in a manner more familiar.

The tomb we find encased in gold, set in a mound of treasures, is radiant with riches that speak of wealth so grand, a symbol of great power - the cream of a sweetened land. We stand before the sarcophagus, a massive piece of stone, a work of art that dazzles us, a treasure and a home - for one who lived as royalty, in a time before TV. He died of *what*, we are not sure, but that he did, we're certain, for here he lays all wrapped in pomp - and shriveled in a coffin.

Oh, if we could talk to him, what tales he oft' could tell, of life royale amidst the palms, of evenings by the fountains, of courtiers who bowed before his every nod and nuance, of maidens fair who did compare to statues we now gaze at, but though he stood so high - and ruled the empire that must serve him, he was just a man who laughed and cried and coughed and ached, as do we of lesser rank, and in the end, he left his gold, his throne - and his position, to join his slaves who wore no satin and slept on mats made out of straw, and off he went - and on his own, to cross a river in the sky, way off and oh so far away, over on the Other Side.

Thus lived a man as mortal as a camel or a fly - and though he birthed as royalty, he died as will you and I. So it goes, for those who sigh, whose parents may be noble, for in the end, it matters not, whose robes be made from sable, 'cause when it's time, oh off they come and on we go, into boxes made of maple, though some be carved from stone - for the style it matters little; what weighs the most does count for naught when goodness it is tallied; there be no shame in lowly lot, nor sorrow in one's fiddle; it's what was done with noble heart - with pureness in the middle, that always counts far more it seems, than gold or earthly glitter.

A HOARD OF GOLD

I reveal thoughts of mine to give you a Pharaoh's vigor.

I say to you, and Pharaoh would concur: there can never be a resurrection without a resumption of power - without a blinding flare of ignition in a heart gone cold from the beatings of the past.

*A Pyramid
of Treasures*

Pharaoh's true treasures are the things he knew... things that we moderns who are ill do not understand. He knew the subjects of his desert kingdom as I know you - my pupils. Together, as a team of great war horses hitched to a chariot of old, Pharaoh and I will pull you across the borders of previous health limitations - on to lands of heartiness you have never eyed.

What you have learned thus far has been a necessary prelude - an imperative education, before you could go further, before you could move on to greater learning in the resurrecting of bodies.

You are now ready for more: what you shall learn will *multiply* the power of everything I have taught you 'til now. All rockets of Man leave their launchpad through millions of pounds of thrust, and your ascent from the grounding anchors of defeat had to be ignited by fiery learnings of enormous force, to lift you skyward from a basin of stillness. Now I will teach you second-stage ideas, to take you to higher altitudes you could not see from the ground windows of perpetual dreariness.

You have completed a long journey, and as an explorer who has crossed a continent of the unknown to arrive at a land of fabled ore, it is you, the stalwart, who deserve to be present, when doors are opened and articles of aged treasures are brought forth from chests which have been bolted shut during years of darkness.

And now, with a mighty crowbar of well-chosen words, I shall reveal with delight the contents of a vault of my thinking, packed with golden objects, ideas of high value, which I shall place into your hands, that you may take them with you on waiting camels

who shall deliver them acrost hot hills of suffering to the doors of your home, so that this treasure may serve you in the building of a new body, one that will rise over its past - as Pharaoh once did o'er the subjects of his dusty realm.

*A Hoard
of Gold* I once lived as a worshipful scribe, who set down the thoughts of those who ministered to the frail...and who proclaimed their lordship over all illness. But in the blackness of night, my pen wrote silently onto the parchment of my heart many thoughts of my own making, which I kept to myself lest I anger those who spoke of their greatness. Let me at once raise my steel macheté and slice...kraàck, through the hardened seal atop my memories - to reveal to your grasping eyes the beginning of a hoard of idea-treasures that shall swell the force of your wounded vessel.

Let us commence our examination of the treasures before us.

Oh - what a flash of light dashes into our eyes, as open flies the trunk of my thinking. And before us, set hard into shiny metal - from the searing acid of mistakes I saw being made in the healing of broken ones, have I engraved these words:

NO MAN CAN CURE WHAT HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND.

And now, in great detail, shall I explain what has been barred from your sight, a golden staircase on which you shall climb, and without which, you will remain....secluded, crawling in vain to escape from an echoing cavern of your earlier years.

To a blackboard of slate and chalk I now head. Prepare your pencils.

A PHARAOH AND A PHYSICIST

The physicist proved what the Pharaoh felt.

The Pharaoh *felt* power through the inhalation of his ideas - and the exhalation of his acts. The physicist *proved* why power

persists - or tends to. Power is force in action. It can be seen in people who are sure of themselves - and in heavenly objects who seem just as sure of themselves...as they speed across our sky.

Resurrection is a resurgence of power; to make a resurrection occur, you must understand the laws that control power, or else you may wish for it - and see it displayed in the bodies and lives of others, but never be able to acquire an ample portion for yourself.

I shall teach you an advanced principle of the resurrection of bodies. This law comes from the field of physics - and at first, it appears that it has nothing to do with curing the broken. Oh no - it has *everything* to do with their recovery.

This law is based on the First Law of Motion as propounded by Isaac Newton, a physicist who lived in the 17th century. His law is stated as follows...

Objects that are in motion tend to *stay* in motion. Objects at rest tend to *stay* at rest. This is the Law of Inertia - and inertia is defined as the tendency of an object to *resist any change* in its state of motion. In other words, a comet up in the sky tends to keep moving...unless it CRASHES into something. If it doesn't, it keeps on going on its path forever. A rock by the side of the road tends to *stay* there forever. It doesn't all of a sudden start shaking, fly up into the sky - and soar above the road below.

Objects do not change their state - or their path through the heavens, unless they are acted upon by an *unbalanced force*. If the force was balanced, equal in both directions, it would result in a stalemate. There would be no change. This is the state of an apple in a tree. It pulls down with its weight - its gravity, but the stem pulls up with an *equal* force - so there is no motion. The forces are balanced, until the stem bends from the weight of the fruit, then they become unbalanced, and...as gravity wins, the apple falls.

If you want to change the state of an object - and I am talking, not just about non-breathing objects - but about your life, it will take an *off-balance* force - an upsetting, disruptive, and unsettling

energy, and if you do not introduce that force, you will be no more than a piece of background scenery for other people's adventures.

You may be in a state of rest - like a rock, but where you have settled is not a good place to hang-out. You may be comfortable there - and that is the problem, because you *shouldn't* be. You need to motivate your own flesh to move to a better location, a place where it can feel again - where it can want life again.

This is not a course on astronomy - or a discussion of the life of rocks near roads, so let me explain why this fundamental law of physics controls your recovery.

As applied to the cure of the broken, I shall re-state Newton's First Law of Motion, the Law of Inertia, as follows...

THOSE WHO HAVE POWER TEND TO KEEP THAT POWER;
THOSE WHO HAVE LOST POWER TEND TO REMAIN POWER-LESS.

A Pharaoh does not begin to think or act like a bricklayer after a poor dinner and a lack of sleep. And a lowly bricklayer does not turn into a Pharaoh after a hearty dinner and a fantastic snooze. You can feed and water and comfort a broken person - and they will feel better, and maybe even thank you, but they will tend to remain broken.

A Pharaoh is a Pharaoh - not because of what he ate tonight, though it probably was tastier than what you had, but because he can overcome bigger blockades to his wishes than the small ones *you* are prepared to knock down.

To overcome inertia, you need to go miles beyond your current physical and spiritual boundaries. If you do not, you will fail - and will *remain in that ditch* by the roadside of life, along with the other rocks who lack the energy of motion - to get up and leave.

To overcome the state of being broken requires much more than sustenance, much more than the correction of deficiencies. It takes a mighty program to give you the power to overcome the inertia, the *lack* of motion inherent in your collapsed condition.

Since the beginning of my Course, I have given you the means - and the methods, to rise up from the bottom; I have given you the base, the bottom of a pyramid, to make power possible - but that is not enough. *We have to do more.*

The reason we have to do more is that you, the broken, are in a chronic state of nervous and spirit-system collapse. It is not an acute nervous breakdown, not one in which you come apart, are sent to an institution, locked in a room - and they bring you food on a tray; you are not agoraphobic - afraid to leave your home, not afflicted by schizophrenia, not detached from reality.

*A Pyramid
of Treasures*

You cope well - and can interact marvelously with people, and to anyone who knows you, everything is fine, but the problem is, it is not - and you are not. Something is wrong; something is sick, and that something is not the liver you try to cleanse, though it is true, it may be quite clogged. No...that *something* that is wrong is another organ - it is your nervous system. The traumas of the past have caused a nervous system smash-up.

The normal bumps and irritations of life are hardships for you, because you are bruised in a place you cannot see. There are no blue marks on your skin; they are deeper, inside your nerves. The stupid insensitivities of life are rough on you; you tend to dwell on them because you can't help it; your nerves are damaged; they need help and because they are down, you are down - down and stuck by the road of a little life, and you lack the inertia to get up and rocket away, up to the peak you deserve.

You must now attend to the patient in Ward Six - the one who has been neglected - and that patient is your nerves.

Nerves are your physical antenna, the prongs within your skin that rise up and feel the electrical air, the environment of energy around you. Eyes can see - but nerves can feel, not just what you touch; they register what *touches you*...but has no physical body - the energy of others. When you are a broken spirit, your nerves have fallen; you are like the oft'-damaged space station, Starship

Enterprise, from the motion picture, *Star Trek*...your sensors are down.

Broken nerves are unstable nerves; they are like cranky kids, tired because they are sleepy, but irritable because of exhaustion.

Broken nerves are frayed and fried, but they feel dead. They are unstable, which makes you over-excitable; at the same time, they are under-responsive, which is why you often feel no happiness - even when you *should*.

To re-enter life...as a spaceship re-enters earth's atmosphere, you need a heat-resistant shield, to protect you from burning up. You need strong nerves to protect you from the irritations and knocks that slam into sensitive-you...once you are back in the midst of the thick atmosphere of heavy activities. You also need your nerves as part of your dual-processor radar. One part is your spirit guidance system, the software and data downloaded to you from God and His Angels Above; the other part of your radar are the physical sensors deep within your nerves, embedded inside the shell (the skin) of your dear spacecraft...your current body.

Muscles make you feel strong; nerves cause you to feel alive...when you feel alive, you *become* alive. To cure your nerves does not minister to specific conditions of health that shout for attention from inside your body, but curing your nerves may, over time, do more to strengthen the structures of you...so that your diseases can no longer find cracks in your chemistry, into which they can hook the tips of their hungry talons. Anything that assists us to heal our nerves is a bar of Pharaoh's gold bullion to you and me.

So let us restore your nerves, and bring them back to the state of power they had before you crashed them violently into events, - into diseases - and into people...which left them smoking and turned you into a rock. With the permission of Sir Isaac Newton and His Highness, my friend the Pharaoh, I shall continue.

RAISING ROCKS

Use the power of physics to get off the ground.

Newton is right about his physics, so we must comply.

On our own, we are not going anywhere soon - not even with good food. Unless we do something different, we will stay where we are, and so will our nerves - inside a tomb of deadness.

*A Pyramid
of Treasures*

Our problem is that we must break free of inertia, that innate *resistance* to a change in our stuck state, the constant downward pull of the pattern we are now in.

We have to go beyond Newton - for his laws pertain to the motion of inanimate objects, but we are *living*, maybe not as much as we would like, but still - we *are* alive. What shall we do?

Use the LAW OF LIBERATION, my restatement - and expansion, of Newton's First Law of Motion as applied to living bodies. Here is that law, followed by its explanation:

TO REGAIN POWER, USE THE SURGING OF CYCLES.

This is a law of healing cycles, cycles made up of three parts, as is every wave. There is the up cycle, the down cycle, and the time of no motion, a pause - in which the wave is at rest, going neither up nor down; it is at a standstill, a crossover point between two states of opposite motion.

There are two parts of the wave you can control - the force of the up cycle and the force of the down cycle, but the third part, the pause - is something completely out of your control. There is nothing whatsoever you can do, except... *stay out of the way* - and allow time for it to happen. It is not yours to administrate.

The up cycle is marked by stimulation, the down by sedation, and the crossover point - the pause, is marked by no action. You are rocking yourself out of a rut by repeated cycles of stimulate, sedate - and then wait.

Let me further explain the three parts of the healing wave, the cycles that are strong enough to shake you loose of the iron-claw of inertia.

I shall begin with the first segment of the healing wave - the up cycle. The up cycle is the *propulsion* part of the wave, the part of the cycle that lifts you out. To move you out of the ditch, you need to introduce an unbalanced force, and that is *stimulation*.

What is stimulation? We all know the word, but let me give you my definition, because it pulls back the cloth of common use to reveal parts of the meaning that may be hidden; this will help you to understand better what you need to do. Here is what stimulation means to me: *to agitate, irritate, or antagonize, for the purpose of arousing a person from a life-slumber. To create a temporary, potentially-unpleasant stress to save an organism from collapse.*

As you can gather, stimulation is not always pleasant, but so what? ... because neither is your rut.

Stimulation is essential; without it - you and your nerves will stay in shock. The necessity for kicks is that you and your organs have gotten used to the morgue of defeat; good nutrition alone will *not* awaken a life that has been lived in the trenches, where you have battled through more than your slice of setbacks.

Your territory has shrunk.

The expanse of your spirit's boundaries is no longer a region, but a patch, and your body has adapted to its restrictions, as does a ten-foot cell become home to the prisoner it secures within its unforgiving walls. To escape, you need to kick your body to make it climb those walls.

I have done this in plants, where I have to *shock* my orchids by putting them outside in cool fall weather for two weeks - to scare them to death, or else they will spend years growing leaves, but never blooming. Either challenge yourself (and your system) in appropriate ways - or God will do it *for* you, through disruptive events.

According to the Law of Liberation, the cycle of curing *begins* with a knock on the door of life called stimulation. But as much as you do need it, stimulation cannot work as a solo recording artist. It is not enough; it *cannot* be, and thus - I further clarify the full Law of Liberation as follows...

ALL STIMULATION MUST ALTERNATE WITH ITS POLAR OPPOSITE.

*A Pyramid
of Treasures*

The upside of all waves must be followed by a down stroke. Again I say: stimulate, sedate - then wait. The ups and downs are surges, to be followed by the silence... and the cycle is born again.

To rekindle bodies that are dead requires the jolt of kicks, but kicks by themselves are not enough; you cannot keep *pushing* to get better. There is not enough *in* you to sustain the recovery you want.

The pushes that re-ignite you also deplete your body - which is why you need *pulsing*, which means on and off, on and off. You must restock your body's energy-pond through the process of sedation, which is relaxation - an expansive force, the opposite of the contractive kick of stimulation.

But *this* sedation must be so much shorter, a comma's worth of time, not the long periods of sleep you sought earlier; the sleep you used to seek is the heroin of the broken, their addiction to running away.

Sleep by itself is a tomb for the frightened, a chamber of no challenges. The sleep that results at the end of a sedating day is to repair you - and that is *all* sedation is supposed to do; it is not the *home* you have made of it.

Sedation matters. If it did not, you could gulp down espresso and get well. Ah, if that were so, it would please me too. But you need both, the kick and the calm, as you need your right and left arm.

The sedation cycle may be shorter, but it is equal in weight to the stimulation. It is the rhythm of recovery - the *heartbeat* of your

rise back to power. A heart cannot contract without a release to draw in fresh blood, and an organ cannot continue to be kicked or cleansed. You need the ingathering of force, the contraction of stimulation, and its reversal, the expansion called sedation.

Raising Rocks Sedation is so much bigger than sleep; it means calming your nerve circuits... not retreating, running or hiding inside another depression. It takes two pedals to drive a car. You accelerate with your gas pedal - that is stimulation... and sedation means using a brake to slow down. Sedation is not a stop sign - a new collapse, it is a reduction in acceleration, not a pulling over to the side of the road to sleep. Sleep is a *part* of the sedation slow-down cycle - just a part, the last part; if you don't sleep well - you jeopardize your sedation cycle. That is why I gave you my recommendations for richer resting in my lesson, *A Sleep-over at Sam's*.

These then are the first two major elements of the cycle of life. We now come to the third, the cross-over phase between up and down. The third part of the healing wave is the wait - the *pause*.

During the up and down cycle, you are taking action. But the pause is Nature's *reaction*. There is nothing to do - because your doing is temporarily done. You are not the doer but the *recipient*; your work must stop for Nature's weekend.

A pause is an intermission between the acts of your life, and during an intermission, much happens *behind* the curtains that is not visible from the chair in which you, an audience of one, does sit and wait for more action - for the play to move forward, *again*.

A pause could be a day of rest after you finish pushing to get something done - a buffer between projects, a space between the grind to get ahead. Or - if you have gone through the buffeting of many cycles of harsh waves in rapid succession, your body may ask for a longer pause; you may require a long zone of nothing - an extended pause, one which you may call a *plateau*. Its purpose is for critical repairs due to damage suffered through collisions with hostile others, or for consolidation, to allow a higher level of

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functioning to be made *permanent*. These are times of no progress, because beams within are being bolted - and nothing can move forward... *until* they are secured.

Each period of consolidation frustrates you - as it did to me; it appears you are stuck again - going nowhere, when that is *not so*. After many cycles of stimulate and sedate, you *are* improved and you know it - but alas, that improvement is not secure.

*A Pyramid
of Treasures*

There hasn't been *enough time* to build chemical retaining walls inside your body, to stop you from sliding back under stress, and so - a period of waiting is now most urgent; this is not curing, but a process of reinforcement. Failure to tolerate the plateau - to let it proceed, can be the cause of the body-revenge called relapse. To exit a pause prematurely can provoke disaster.

These plateaus anger you, because things happen *so slowly* you could scream, so please know, they are only punctuations in your passage, to protect you from collapse, from danger on the road up - which you did not anticipate.

To rise from the bottom too fast can be as dangerous as deep-sea diving, in which the big error to avoid is, 'the bends.' It occurs when divers have been down too long under high atmospheric pressure, and if that pressure is released too quickly, they can go into shock, total collapse.... or death.

Something similar can happen to those who raise themselves up from the deep of a failed existence. As energy rises, there is an escape of memory bubbles which have been suppressed; there is horror as you realize what you have been through - and just *how* empty those bad years were. Part of the stress of recovery is the freshly-felt pain of your descent - memories of how little you had of *you* - because you were gone, and you weren't fighting... or you couldn't. I have seen people become anxiety-eaten or suicidal as health improved - then angry at themselves for allowing the past to have happened.

Thinking about the past re-creates the chemistry of your past, and is that something you *want* to bring back? To re-whip yourself over previous errors is to exalt the past - and demean the present.

A rhythmic rise is better; you need to blow off memory vapors slowly - as a pressure cooker leaks steam to keep it at safe levels.

Raising Rocks

Violate the sequence of the Law of Liberation and you weaken the body you struggle to build. Those who are broken cannot rise straight up; the kindest path to the top of a tall mountain is one that loops sideways back and forth, pausing to let you rest awhile at the next base camp established at a higher elevation, to soften the slight, but otherwise arduous ascent.

Desperation for health causes hurry, and rushing your way up promotes fresh collapse, not the resurgence you had asked for.

For full recovery from the broken condition, you need to rock the cradle; you are starting over again, an infant in the confining crib of a new beginning. For a third time, I say to you: stimulate, sedate - and please wait.

Stimulation alone causes more collapse.

Sedation alone intensifies your life-coma.

Waiting alone is more forgotten months of nothing.

Put them together and something happens that no *one* of them can produce: a resurrection. We now prepare to fix those things of flesh gone defunct, which have gone numb from the thorns of our pain.

PRACTICAL PHYSICS

How to introduce wave-like motion into a flattened life.

We need to stimulate, sedate - and pause, but how - oh how, shall we begin?

Lucky for us, it is easy - because you have been unconsciously and semi-consciously doing it all of your life. Now you will do it

with full awareness... and *because* of that awareness, you will add more *structure* to the time cycles in your life... and because of that, you will rise up and start to fly. Oh how wonderful!

Stimulate or sedate? Where shall you start? Which one do you do first, and how much? And what if you select the wrong one?

As with everything else, you have not been deposited on Earth into an information void, with no ability to know things that are essential to your life. Your need to know *has been anticipated* before your mind forms its question, because the stumbles of your toes over the steps of your passage (ouch!) were predicted, based on your past, and so the boys upstairs (your Angels) are prepared for what is coming at you. Because they are professionals, they will get through to you *somehow* - even if you are dense, and... as your confidence grows, so will the size of the balls of information they can toss your way.

*A Pyramid
of Treasures*

How long is your phase of stimulation before you sedate? You will know; when you over-stimulate, you wear out. Whatever is stimulating you has less effect. Stop and switch.

The same is true of sedation. When you over-sedate and are a soggy-groggy mess, you went too far.

When neither stimulation or sedation work, it is time to go off active duty, time for a sigh.... (aaaagh) - a pause.

Most people, like my wife Sandra, need more stimulation than sedation. But some, like me - need the opposite: I am so naturally agitated that my main need is to calm down, and when I do, I am able to rise above habits, to be who I should be. When you know *how* you are stuck, you will begin to consciously choose activities that can split you away - dislodge and disengage you, from stuck patterns that have become your daily life-state.

Almost anything you DO - or anything you TAKE, or any of the things I have mentioned in this Course - and many more, could stimulate, sedate - and free you, depending on *how* you use them.

To change a pattern, you have to disrupt it. To disrupt it, you have to introduce what Newton would call an unbalanced force, one which takes you out of neutral, one which moves you into a different state than the one you are *used to*.

Practical
Physics When I say we must stimulate or sedate, most of us think of physical materials, foods or beverages that either calm or excite us. But the activities we choose, or the actions (or projects) we select can act as strongly as an injection.

The invisible forces we surround ourselves with can be more altering than something we swallow. Let us look at an example of a common force, familiar to all, one which can consciously be used to greater effect - and that force is sound. The sounds of music are as strong as a medicine; they *are* a medicine, but how can that be?

Well, sound is vibrations, and vibrations are waves; they have the properties of light waves from the sun; they have amplitude (height); frequency (speed of repetition) - and force (light waves burn when focused; sound waves can shatter glass); therefore the waves within music can impact, dent, deform, then *transform* the solidified waves we call matter, the material stuffing of our cells.

In *A Forest of Fears*, I taught how sound molds substance; it is not about whether music is exciting or soothing, it is that sound waves are calving new substances within you, or modifying what is already there. Sounds *are* a form of medication. It is not mental - sounds are bending matter, just as your name affects the kind of person you become.

Change your music; change your chemistry.

Choose your music as carefully as you would pick a pill off a pharmacy shelf. All music can cure - if it is timed to your needs, and if it helps to abort bad frequencies within you, or if it works to *amplify* those that are good - the ones that need a boost.

It is more than listening to melodies which please you. That is nice - but not enough. You need chemical changes.

One favorite rouser for my wife is Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, a war-time anthem of the British, who played it on the radio as they fought against the murderer with the moustache. It sends a message of triumph, capped by its signature echo of DA DA DA DOH - two notes that form the 'V' of victory in the Morse Code (●●●—), made public about thirty-three years later (in 1837), a cosmic second after Beethoven heard them in his head.

Whoever you are, there is some piece of music that is a Fifth Symphony for *your* spirit. Music is a transmitter of secret data, of universal signals which are unlocking codes that release a desire to fight - in organisms stilled by defeat.

The Fifth Symphony does not do it for me. I am already way too agitated and do not need much rousing; I'm already *there*. I had to go to a type of music I would normally never pick - and that is often true of the music that can change you; it sits outside of your normal range of choices.

What wakes me up is music for meditation, *The Divine Gypsy* - from Paramahansa Yogananda's Cosmic Chants. It is not what my wife needs, because it makes her more detached, and she needs to be more *connected* to come alive.

This illustrates a major point: whatever activity or substance that stimulates one person may be a sedative to you. We tend to think of stimulants and sedatives as having *fixed* qualities, but that is not so, because two separate things are going on: there are the 'ingredients' (the energy, the chemicals) within a substance or activity, and there is the chemical soil (your body, your mind) into which you *place* it.

The type of human soil can change everything. It can turn one thing - at least its effect, into that of *another*. All gardeners know that when they plant hydrangeas, the type of soil can change the color of the blossom. Highly-acid soils will produce blue flowers; neutral or alkaline soils will produce pink flowers - all from the

same plant. Choose your safe stimulants and sedatives according to how they affect *you*.

Remember that anything that exists - a food, an herb, a sound, a homeopathic remedy, can have the *opposite* effect in you to what it does in others - at a normal dose.

Practical Fear not, because in time, you will make a map of yourself, and
Physics you will know your reactions and the doses of whatever it is that can help you.

Now we must attend to the final part of the Law of Liberation, and that is the wait cycle - the pause. Pausing is just as important as stimulating and sedating. Failure to make time for it can void your efforts to rise. The first two parts of our healing cycle were the crescendos of our peaks, intermixed with the pianissimos of our quieter times. After this, we must do nothing; we enter the zero zone. The plow of our efforts must rest; it is time for a pause, a break - a time for the seeds we planted to be left unattended.

One can easily confuse pausing with sedation... ah - but they are not the same!

Sedating is active, pausing is passive.

During a pause, you are *not* pushing. I am not saying you have permission to eat donuts for dinner, but other than that, you are off-duty, you are not a victim fighting to get well; you have done your work... and you are waiting. You have made your deposits in the bank of much effort, and in due course, you shall receive your statement of interest earned, of benefits accrued, and whilst your money is in God's kitty bank, the checks shall be forthcoming - and they shall appear without prior notice in the mailbox of your awareness. Your body will make such payments known, by way of improvements you had not expected, or which were tardy in their coming.

This is a time, however short or however long - to live off the investment of past efforts. A pause could be a single quiet day, a

week of no 'have-to's,' of no things you *must* do; it could be a long weekend; it could be a year or longer.

For a pause to be all it *should* be, I will dispense one more truth from my wagon of wisdom. It is this... ALL PAUSES HAVE A PLACE.

That place *may* be your home, or you may need to be somewhere else for a pause to proceed. A pause is like a plant; it requires the *right* place or it will not grow. I have covered the essentialities of place in my lesson, *Where the Grass Grows Tall*, but I shall say more.

During a pause, you may need half a year or more of bunking out in a cottage in Hawaii... and *that* may do more to restart your life than your years of visits to wholistic clinics, always pushing to see if one more therapy - this last one, can do everything that all the others failed to do. Try the therapy of nothing - the pause.

You may need to temporarily go and live near farm animals, as I have done, to experience the peace of the pasture. Pastures are such a healing mixture of sedation and seasonal life-awakenings that I call it '*the pasture cure*'... the days of no effort, of petting the hairy nose of a donkey who needs love and who sniffs for the bag of carrot pieces hidden in your pocket... and you *did* bring them, didn't you?

Others may need a city for their pause, a period of restoration, of being healed amidst the bustle of a city - that may never occur if they remain in a countryside of quiet, which to some is too dull. I have needed *both* at different intermissions in my life.

Pauses do not need to be prisons. You are not being detained; you are being fortified for the next phase - a bigger one. If you let yourself enjoy the pause, instead of raging at delays while others - (in your mind) - are racing ahead, you will come out of the period in better shape, ready for a leap up. If you waste a pause in anger, because you wanted to take command and march ahead, you will not be strong when the stars announce the dawning of a rare day of great promise. Only those who are rested and ready will be *able* to make good use of it.

*A Pyramid
of Treasures*

NEWTON'S NEXT LAW

Sir Isaac is back in our pyramid, and he is thirsty to speak.

Newton's
Next Law

What does the old man want? I thought he had gone to attend to his telescope.

It appears there are pressing matters he wishes to discuss, and so he is back inside our classroom in the crypt. Not prepared are we to serve him tea and cardamom crackers, so our stale ginger cookies and a canteen of warm water will have to do. He washes the dust off his throat - and prepares to elucidate.

He informs us of his Second Law of Motion, which he believes will be of considerable worth in our search for the treasure of earthly resurrection. Sir Isaac says he knows we are not comets or planets, but we are objects nevertheless, so his laws will apply to us, whether or not we care a gnat for the details of his physics, or the squiggles of chalk on the blackboard we have hastily set up for him.

He has dashed out an equation, and it appears so simple, there cannot be much to it, but we quash our grumble, as we look at his following Law...

$$F = M \times A$$

What on earth does the old man mean?

He says, in precise professorial English, that it means Force is equal to Mass multiplied by Acceleration. Mass is some quantity that measures how much stuff, how many molecules of whatever it is, are crammed into an earthly or astral object - basically, how big and heavy it is; is it a pebble or a two-ton boulder of stone for building a pyramid?

Acceleration means an increase in speed - the way people do their work faster when they know dinner is coming soon, or the

way a little rabbit races off when it sees a big critter inspecting it with hungry eyes.

So, if a pebble is accelerating rapidly, like if it blew out of some explosion and came through the air and hit you in the leg, it is a big deal. If a boulder increased its speed just slightly - and began to roll over your foot, that would be an even bigger deal.

The size of a thing - and the increase in its speed, both tell you how much or how little force we will be dealing with - a tap or a kabang.

*A Pyramid
of Treasures*

That is how Newton sees things. I am not a stargazer like he or a planetary motion-decoder, but a people-pusher, and I can see in his formula just what we need, to increase the amount of force, of usable energy which we are able to put on display in this world.

We need a formula for resurrection - and it appears that this second Law of old Isaac is a marvelous piece of work - but how so? Well, we learn from Newton's Second Law that there are two parts to your physical resurrection, mass and acceleration. I shall discuss acceleration first.

Whether by choice or calamity, you have been a rock by the road - going nowhere, and to go anywhere, anywhere *meaningful*, you need a massive increase in personal velocity. In other words, you need a huge acceleration. This is the acceleration required of a rocket at lift-off, to take it from zero miles per hour all the way to thousands of miles per hour.

The U.S. Space Shuttle requires almost eight million pounds of thrust to get off the ground, but only twelve thousand pounds of thrust from navigation engines to steer itself, once it's at cruising speed. You too need a massive increase in personal propulsion to rise up and resurrect. Like the Space Shuttle, it will take millions of pounds of effort to raise you the first inch, then the first foot, then the first mile.

To do that safely - so that you do not burn-up on lift-off, will require the surging of cycles, the use of the Law of Liberation, an

on-again, off-again rocket which burns a high-intensity fuel and uses the critical engine components I have given you throughout this Course.

Newton's
Next Law

But that is not enough - because there are two elements on the right side of Newton's equation, and the other one is mass. What is mass as applied to broken humans? It is not weight - it is spirit, because small-spirited, light-weight humans will always fall, but a large-spirited heavy person will roar up skyward like a Saturn rocket.

Mass means your spirit force; it means your awareness of what you have to offer - and why it is so needed by others in this world. If your awareness of your unique gifts is small, it is the same as having a small Mass - because you cannot use your gifts, if you believe they are *not there*.

If you have little mass but a lot of acceleration, it means your life has a lot of motion, but no substance - no guts. Acceleration may be enormous, but - if it is multiplied by a Mass of zero, the end result is a force of nothing. A lot of flapping of wings, but no golden egg left underneath.

But if you have a great mass, a huge heart and a God-enriched mind, you can still go nowhere without the physical acceleration that can only be provided by the stage-one rocket of a booming body. If you have Mass, but no acceleration, you may end up as a brilliant loser - a could-have-been, should-have-been kind of guy.

To increase your Mass, to have something *worth* accelerating, you need a medicine so strong - it is worth thousands of dollars an ounce, a medicine compounded in secrecy and silence by the Maker of Men, yet given away freely to those who pledge to use it for the good of all.

It is a tonic brewed by God for your daily consumption - and it is called *Syrup of Self*.

It is a thing most forgotten, in the haste to open up a cupboard door, to seek from the shelves within articles of commerce made

by men. The bubbly *Syrup of Self* sits in the cask of your heart, and through the fermentation of years, it contains millions of bubbles of self-expression which desire to force their way out of the cork of constrictions, and to gush with joy - when released from their confinement, as does champagne seek liberation from the bottle which contains it. O' that you should drink *more* of this, and swig it down with abandon, for it can fill you with a fizz of happiness, more uplifting than the wallop of any earthly stimulant.

I know you want *things* to take; I feel your need... I have it too. But pause and ponder this: it is *Syrup of Self* that can make all of your medicines work. It is the catalyst that clambers to be used by you, during those days in which you pine for an elixir to lift the heaviness of that sack of weary cells in which your spirit resides.

Take the tonic most fail to appreciate. I never did, because way back then, I didn't know *who* I was or *why* I mattered. Even when we acknowledge the power of this medicine, it is so easy - in the rush of life, to *forget* to take it regularly.

But a dose each day will make the veins of your extremities fill with the warmth of triumph, to battle doubts and win, to slog o'er the marshes of your indecision and to climb up its banks on the far side of certainty, to be far better at solving things today than you were yesterday - these are only a few of the changes that will accrue when you consume this tonic with the hearty thirst it deserves. It is a liquid you would mortgage your home for, if only you knew the steel of its strength. No man who consumes a jug of it each new day will ever stumble, stooping from the anemia of emptiness, but will be able to stand erect and to proudly say, as does our Father in Heaven, 'I AM THAT I AM.'

When I speak of *Syrup of Self*, it is not a question of mind over matter, because mind is *married* to matter. It had better be, or you are a ghost. Mind needs matter, and matter loves mind. Like any well-mated couple, they crave each other's company.

It is only when you have departed for the Other Side that mind and matter will, for awhile, separate (hopefully not for too long) and once that split occurs, you will be *only mind* - with no matter to report to - or fuss over. But for now (thank God for it), you are here, quite here, and matter does matter, so let us charge it up, as we have been doing since the beginning of this Course.

The Law of Liberation is a law of breathing: you breathe in a dose of power through stimulation, then you exhale through the act of sedation, then a pause....and you breathe again. What is wrong with the broken is that their breathing is shallow; they are too hurt to take in much air and expel it loudly - so instead of the snort of a creature who says by its sounds, '*I shall dominate*,' the broken sigh...auditory shorthand for, '*I give up. Life is too difficult*.'

I do not want you to be like my orchid Bob, short for his full name, *Phragmipedium Dominicanum* 'Bob Mac.' Bob is healthy, but in post-traumatic stress syndrome of some sort. Nothing is wrong, but nothing is right. He is not ill, yet he never grows. I shall kick him - for he cannot be happy.

I desire to see you suck in life through stimulation; your spirit has been snoring for too many years, but you were satisfied, and so you said to yourself, '*This is the best I can do under the circumstances*.' I wish I could be with you, and perhaps I shall - to see for myself when for the first time, you exhale as a victor, the blast of spent air exiting your nostrils and flowing out through your teeth, as a thoroughbred horse poses inside the winner's circle, surrounded by a crowd astonished at his dash to triumph, from behind in the pack - a photo finish that will ne'er be forgotten.

I do not care where you started, how low your beginnings, or how awkward your errors; it is the end of the race to which I fix my eyes. I yearn with more passion than a screaming bettor to see you take that last turn...edging ahead of the others, those who were so smug about their impending victory that they forgot you were even in the race, but you are - and you did what others said

could not happen, because something was *in* you that they did not see, did not understand, and now, as you whoosh by, maybe for the first time, they will *get-it*, but it matters not if they do, for they are seeing the back of your horse, and you are looking ahead to the celebration that shall pour onto the head of all champions.

By adding Newton's Laws to the stable of great changes I have already given you, you will no longer be a spectator in the stands, but will strut out front, in the open field, with a victor's garland of flowers around *your* chest. And the cheer inside your heart will be louder than all the screams around you.

*A Pyramid
of Treasures*



The Stride of Pharaoh

HE WALKS NO MORE - BUT HIS WAS A CADENCE OF MIGHT. Were he to be born again in rowdy Brooklyn, he would rise tall in the world of men, because his strength was not in his scepter - it was in his heart.

The Pharaoh *did* take it with him, but not like he thought. His urns and his ointments and his soup bowls and his stash of coins stayed right here - to be picked-over and plucked away by tomb robbers, but his net worth was not diminished by their thievery, for he carried his might, his wealth of self, inside him - and it will re-granulate when he lives again - as we all do, in a new body, one that displays whatever its owner has earned - and fully learned, from a bookshelf full of old lives, stored securely inside our spirit.

A LAND OF HEREOS

In your heart walks a strong person you admire.

Our triumphs are our treasures; the ore of their making comes not from dark of earth, but from a boldened heart that has defied an army of well-armed doubts - and slayed them. I want you to have the gold of a Pharaoh in *your* heart. I want you to walk with *his* stride, with muscles made strong by the memory of victories. I want you to be a conqueror over fear, in a land where many have fallen ... and that is in matters of a broken heart.

The greatest victories are earned after battle with the toughest opponents, and those are the ones strong enough to break us. To win after losses - huge ones, is what makes a Pharaoh a Pharaoh, and a man a man. No-one is immune to pain; no-one is so tough that he cannot feel it; no-one is so prepared for life that he cannot be thrown to the ground and left for dead - by a blow to his heart.

What makes a hero a hero is what happens *after* his body hits the ground. The strong rise after a time of weakness, long before they have recovered - to continue the fight while wounded, but for the beaten, the scene ends differently: they lay down longer - and when they rise off the earth, it is as a dead man, flesh but no fire.

Today, I come to tell you that the birth of resurrection begins in the grave of defeat, that a soul whose beating heart has been silenced by the sword can again know the ping of a pulse, *if* it does not surrender to the pain. The pain is only a prelude to a new life; the blood lost is but a stimulant to new growth. *This* is the thinking of a Pharaoh, and what separates him from one who has fallen is not the *size* of his wound, but the weapon of his will.

No man can live well without love, not a king nor a commoner. All are weaker when alone, stronger when mated. The substance that is flesh is conceived in matehood, lives under its tree when

young - and desires it upon maturing. No scholar could convince a healthy heart to live in solitude; all kings want a queen, and all that breathes with a merry chest hungers to hear the breath of another - breathing in tempo with its own tune.

The purpose of love is the perfection of union.

The object of battles that precede it is to *fight* for it, not to run off into the forest to live alone, or to live forever in the shade of a great pain. The woods that shelter the wounded *cannot* heal them - only hide them, for hearts only grow in the sunlight that is love.

*The Stride
of Pharaoh*

All men were given a crown by their Creator - and a throne to sit on: a purpose He has planned. All thrones come in pairs, one for the King, the other for his chosen Queen. The throne room is inside your heart, but if that heart is broken, then from where, oh where shall you rule?

When you give-up on your heart's happiness, you walk away from the throne your Father has granted you, and abdicate your authority - and from such actions will tears ever flow.

THE VACANT THRONE

Never walk away from the throne of love.

To abdicate in matters of the heart, to let hurts of love and sex defeat you, to dismiss them to their quarters as matters of small consequence, is to turn over your throne to a new ruler, and that ruler is unfit to command - and his name is Pain.

I say to you all: there is a river of disease that flows ever down from a throne ruled by pain, and it brings with it more and more physical sufferings for those who will not deal with the defeats of the past. The defeats that define you - and which are the cause of your illnesses, come from *outside* your home and from *inside* your bedroom. He who loses in one arena of life carries the ton-weight of that loss into the fields of the other.

Those who are broken have been defeated sexually, as well as in the great *Wars of Life*, and when you were used sexually, or hurt sexually - or made to *never* feel-good-enough, that pain became a radio station which broadcasted its message of weakness into all of your dealings. That song of weakness is what people respond to. It attracts those who hurt you in *other* ways - and that pain, which has never gone away - has already attracted the gaze of non-human entities, bacteria and viruses from this world, and evil ones from the Other Side, who will all dine on your despair, and grow fat.

You cannot run from pain and be resurrected, because those who run are found, and when found, are castrated of their power.

Sexual pain is a harsh whip which causes blood to flow away from the skin of your self-confidence; that blood is your spirit.

You cannot get well until you stop that hemorrhage, and you cannot say, 'It is just sex - and I have gone through too much and I can live without it.' Maybe so, but you cannot stop the growth of new diseases until you stop the pains that *keep* creating them.

I cannot leave you damaged in this way - and I shall not.

To solve this problem, let us go back to the beginning.

RECOVERING LOST TREASURE

You have buried the gold of happiness under a tarp of anguish.

Sex can be procreation; it can be recreation - but as intended by the Maker of Man, it is for the mating of spirits, who through sex express...and then acquire, a portion of Divine Power given only to those who manifest and multiply the reach of His Love.

The sex act is a courageous one; it requires for full bloom - not for the minimal needs of procreation, that the ones performing it (both of them) stand above the possibility of rejection from the other, and that what flows back and forth between the two is not

just a wash of fluids, but a cresting of waves of power that have been accumulated in the facing of fears, in the dominance over one's environment - and that, at the moment of orgasm, what is spent is what has been stored, a reservoir of force... of charge, of electrical capacity that has accumulated within from the whirl of the turbines of victory, and which - when released, is multiplied by being shared with one who has *also* won their battles outside of the bedroom - so that the combination of victor and victoress will be a new solar flare of love, in which more light will flow out than what either have added to this pulsed act of living.

This is what sex is supposed to be, but alas, often it is *not*. Any blow to your heart, any blood of emotions suffered during private acts intended for your elevation, is a worrisome, deep, and jagged wound that must be dressed and which cannot be left untreated.

That time has passed does not diminish the peril of the septic poisons that have seeped from this cracked and open wound into *all* aspects of your spirit...

That time has passed does not stop the flow of tears when the memories of that period are ever and again consulted...

That time has passed does not mean that you are more joyful as the distance between the *you* of today and the *old you* of then increases...

That time has passed means only that you do not *ask* as much from life; the measure of your defeat is *how much less* you are now willing to accept as *your* share of earthly happiness.

You must attend to pain that has been tolerated; the width of its significance has not been understood...yet you now begin to perceive the true dimensions of the crater created in the heart of you, when you were dagged by another, who did not recognize you as the holy child of a Divine Father who proudly birthed you, and delivered you onto this world...that you might be as loved by another as He e'er loves you. Yes, the blood of your wound *has* dried, but the staggering size of it exceeds your ability to heal it

by your own efforts - through acts of your will. Only through the clasp of another can you be cured...and yet, you resist.

Something has happened 'down there' - and it is not over.

There may be a reason you cannot feel, and it may not be a lack of a chemical, but because you do not *want* to, because you do not want to hurt all over again. So I ask you quietly, when no-one else is listening in...

Who has caused your life to become one long teardrop?

And who - because of the acidity of their actions, has scorched the cornea of your eyes so that they cannot see love - and do not *wish* to, and who - because of the caustic paste of hurtful words they have pressed into your chest, has hardened the fibers of your once soft and seeking heart - so that it now *fears* the flames of a dragon - and desires not the beat of a loving heart to lay next to?

Who has done this, and *how* did it happen - that one...once so innocent, should now be one so *scared*? The only cure for the bite of a snake is anti-venom, and the only cure for love gone wrong is to love again, and to be the recipient of not just the respect of one who admires you, but their need to physically meld with you.

You need to breathe the perfume of excitement, and to be most needed - in a way you *never* were, to the one who *said* they loved you - and maybe they did, for awhile, but then they hurt you in a way that has caused a wound so perfuse - no surgeon's stitches can repair it. You want a resurrection, but cannot have it without love - and you cannot build the granite of a strong new self on an oozing base of pain, and you cannot administer the anesthesia of life's diversions, and seek - from a flight into numbness, a celestial cure of sweet fire that can *only* come from love.

Your heart, though ever it weeps for what it wants, will not be fooled by the medicines you take to mend your cells, when what it seeks is a long-grieved-for salvation of its substance, its spirit.

What was torn away through love - or what was supposed to *be* love, must be mended by it.



Teardrops

TO THE GATES OF THE MANSION OF YOU have I endeavored to deliver your spirit - and it is from here that I must leave. The carriage of my words has arrived at its destination. With sad eyes must I depart with dispatch, and to the call of His needs shall I with haste attend. The day has been long with tales to tell, and I have been gladdened by your company.

The path through this Course of teachings has been set for me by spirits from Above - who led me that I might in turn shepherd you. Through the night of your suffering have I stood steadfast, to secure your rise from a bed of maladies in which you lay ill, from illnesses born from the breaking of your heart - and from woes

that tore from your arms the happiness which your earthly vessel requires, as much as lungs that heave to fill themselves with air.

To the day that soon dawns o'er the place of our parting I shall leave you, but not before I regale you with a last lesson from the satchel of my thoughts, as a mother would wrap a kerchief with sustenance from her pantry - to set inside your sack, that you may be fortified during the hungers that will appear during the hours to come, before you arrive back at her doorstep for a night's sleep.

THE HOUR OF ARISING

On the doorstep of your rebirth.

The lantern of the dawn has not yet displayed itself, and in the dark before day is the hour of preparation, a time to assemble the garments that shall dress your visage for its plunge onto the open stage of life. You have been selected to join the cast of a play that shall display your virtues in a most magnificent theatre, one that will open wide its weighty doors onto the Concourse of the Bold, on whose cobbled stones gather spirits mighty of heart and rich with scented purpose.

As the day ripens within a thinning shell of stars strewn above for your safety, and which have illuminated your slumber, you are about to step out onto a platform which has been erected for its main performer - which is you, and though you may quiver as one who is not prepared, you *are* ready - and the cords that shall pull back the curtain for your entrance are taut in anticipation of the opening of your great and gloried play.

The stage has been set with scenes that shall be a backdrop to display the glow of your talents; theatre hands called Angels have illuminated your passage across the hardwood floors of the stage on which a *reborn-you* shall stride from shadows at the side - and take command of the circumstances of the opening act, written

to best display the force that has gathered within you during the years of preparation for the role that shall establish you, one that no other was called on to play, because what they lack, you *have*.

Your role has been secured not by convenient connections to those in central casting, but because, out of thousands who lined up to try out for this role, only YOU were deemed desirable to best portray the intentions of the Master Playright, who will employ only those who can catch the eye of His favor, only those who can insure the success of His productions.

Tcardrops

You have been tutored and taught and sculpted and shaped to meet the needs of a play which has never been presented, but one which will never be forgotten, because it is one which the public has been needing - and without it, they are empty of education.

Your role in this play about to open is why you were sustained during years of sorrow; it is why you were *looked-after* during the days in which you decided that He had abandoned you - and it is why you have survived illnesses and blunders and perils and foes and blows that *could* have removed you - if He had allowed them to, but He chose to succor and shelter you from storms that have killed scores of others, and you were spared the knife of removal - because you were *needed*, and those who are needed are harbored.

It is not by *your* strength, but by His will that you are still here. It is His determination that you be present and prepared to act in His play, once He has assembled His troupe, His theatre, and at a time set by His watch. No member of His cast shall be allowed to perish once He has selected and outfitted them for a starring role in a play that must debut, despite all calamities that could keep it from ever opening, despite all furies that may destroy its funding, it *will* open its doors on schedule, whether that takes a miracle or ten dozen of them, and . . . if required, they will *all* occur.

To the door of that theatre you walk through a cold morning's air, not so sure of success as you *should* be, but more than before, and with the hall in sight, no one or no thing can stop you now,

and the play written by Him *will* be voiced by breath within you that longs to be let out, that seeks a release from the silence of the shadows, a breath of desire that *wants* to propel itself out into the spotlights of your opening night, that you may be heard, that you may be appreciated for the worth that is in you, that the passage of your heart from dimness to the stage lights of its glory shall be yours to accept, as a bouquet of roses to an actor, who, in giving his all, has lit a lamp of inspiration in the hearts of others - that they may know the sunshine of a light they so require for *their* blooming, and so it will be, and for *this* have you been spared, that your song should be a sign unto other sparrows who believe - as you once did, that their throat contains no sounds of beauty, and that *silence* is their fate - when instead, they too are full of song.

And thus is His plan, and the purpose of His play, set forth for you to see - that the muzzle He shall remove from your throat is also wrapped around the necks of your brothers and sisters, who if not for YOU, will walk to a grave with *their* song not sung. Amen.